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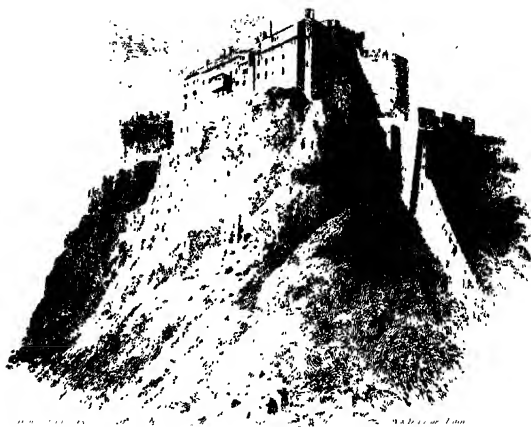
NOVELS AND TALES

OF

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

VOL. III.

GUY MANNERING.



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GUY MANNERING

OR,

THE ASTROLOGER

VOL. III.

GUY MANNERING;

OR,

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CHAPTER I.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily bend the stile a ;
A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad one tires in a mile a.

Winter's Tale.

LET the reader conceive to himself a clear frosty November morning, the scene an open heath, having for the back-ground that huge chain of mountains in which Skiddaw and Saddleback are pre-eminent ; let him look along that *blind road*, by which I mean that track so slightly marked by the passengers' footsteps, that it can but be traced by a slight shade of verdure from the darker heath around it, and, being only visible to the eye when at some distance, ceases to be distinguished while the foot is actually treading it—along this faintly-

traced path advances the object of our present narrative. His firm step, his erect and free carriage, have a military air, which corresponds well with his well-proportioned limbs, and stature of six feet high. His dress is so plain and simple that it indicates nothing as to rank—it may be that of a gentleman who travels in this manner for his pleasure, or of an inferior person of whom it is the proper and usual garb. Nothing can be on a more reduced scale than his travelling equipment. A volume of Shakespeare in one pocket, a small bundle with a change of linen in the other, an oaken cudgel in his hand, complete our pedestrian's accommodations, and in this equipage we present him to our readers.

Brown had parted that morning from his friend Dudley, and began his solitary walk towards Scotland.

The first two or three miles were rather melancholy, from want of the society to which he had of late been accustomed. But this unusual mood of his mind soon gave way to the influence of his natural good spirits, excited by the exercise and the bracing effects of the frosty air. He whistled as he went along, not “from want of thought,” but to give vent to those buoyant feelings which he had no other mode of expressing. For each peasant whom he chanced to meet, he had a kind greeting or a good-humoured jest; the hardy Cumbrians

grinned as they passed, and said, "That's a kind heart, God bless un!" and the market-girl looked more than once over her shoulder at the athletic form, which corresponded so well with the frank and blithe address of the stranger. A rough terrier dog, his constant companion, who rivalled his master in glee, scampered at large in a thousand wheels round the heath, and came back to jump up on him, and assure him that he participated in the pleasure of the journey. Dr Johnson thought life had few things better than the excitation produced by being whirled rapidly along in a post-chaise: but he who has in youth experienced the confident and independent feeling of a stout pedestrian in an interesting country, and during fine weather, will hold the taste of the great moralist cheap in comparison.

Part of Brown's view in chusing that unusual track which leads through the eastern wilds of Cumberland into Scotland, had been a desire to view the remains of the celebrated Roman Wall, which are more visible in that direction than in any other part of its extent. His education had been imperfect and desultory; but neither the busy scenes in which he had been engaged, nor the pleasures of youth, nor the precarious state of his own circumstances, had diverted him from the task of mental improvement.—"And this then is the Roman Wall," he said, scrambling up to a

height which commanded the course of that celebrated work of antiquity : “ What a people ! whose labours, even at this extremity of their empire, comprehended such space, and were executed upon a scale of such grandeur ! In future ages, when the science of war shall have changed, how few traces will exist of the labours of Vauban and Coehorn, while this wonderful people’s remains will even then continue to interest and astonish posterity ! Their fortifications, their aqueducts, their theatres, their fountains, all their public works, bear the grave, solid, and majestic character of their language ; and our modern labours, like our modern tongues, seem but constructed out of their fragments.” Having thus moralized, he remembered that he was hungry, and pursued his walk to a small public-house, at which he proposed to get some refreshment.

The ale-house, for it was no better, was situated in the bottom of a little dell, through which trilled a small rivulet. It was shaded by a large ash tree, against which the clay-built shed, that served the purpose of a stable, was erected, and upon which it seemed partly to recline. In this shed stood a saddled horse, employed in eating his corn. The cottages in this part of Cumberland partake of the rudeness which characterizes those of Scotland. The outside of this house promised little for the interior, notwithstanding the vaunt of a

sign, where a tankard of ale voluntarily decanted itself into a tumbler, and a hieroglyphical scrawl below attempted to express a promise of "good entertainment for men and horse." Brown was no fastidious traveller—he stooped and entered the cabaret.

The first object which caught his eye in the kitchen, was a tall, stout, country-looking man, in a large jockey great-coat, the owner of the horse which stood in the shed, who was busy discussing huge slices of cold boiled beef, and casting from time to time an eye through the window, to see how his steed sped with his provender. A large tankard of ale flanked his plate of victuals, to which he applied himself by intervals. The good woman of the house was employed in baking. The fire, as is usual in that country, was made on a stone hearth in the midst of an immensely large chimney, which had two seats extended beneath the vent. On one of these sat a remarkably tall woman, in a red cloak and slouched bonnet, with the appearance of a tinker or beggar. She was busily engaged with a short black tobacco-pipe.

At the request of Brown for some food, the landlady wiped with her mealy apron one corner of the deal table, placed a wooden trencher and knife and fork before the traveller, pointed to the round of beef, recommended Mr Dinmont's good example, and, finally, filled a brown pitcher with

her home-brewed. Brown lost no time in doing ample credit to both. For a while his opposite neighbour and he were too busy to take much notice of each other, except by a good-humoured nod as each in turn raised the tankard to his head. At length, when our pedestrian began to supply the wants of little Wasp, the Scotch store-farmer, for such was Mr Dinmont, found himself at leisure to enter into conversation.

“ A bonnie terrier that, sir—and a fell chield at the vermin, I warrant him—that is, if he’s been weel entered, for it a’ lies in that.”

“ Really, sir, his education has been somewhat neglected, and his chief property is being a pleasant companion.”

“ Ay, sir? that’s a pity, begging your pardon—it’s a great pity that—beast or body, education should aye be minded. I have six terriers at hame, forbye other dogs. There’s auld Pepper and auld Mustard, and young Pepper and young Mustard, and little Pepper and little Mustard—I had them a’ regularly entered, first wi’ rottens—then wi’ stots or weazles—and then wi’ the tods and brocks—and now they fear naething that ever cam wi’ a hairy skin on’t.”

“ I have no doubt, sir, they are thorough-bred—but, to have so many dogs, you seem to have a very limited variety of names for them?”

“ O, that’s a fancy of my ain to mark the breed,

sir—The Deuke himsell has sent as far as Charlies-hope to get ane o' Dandy Dinmont's Pepper and Mustard terriers—Lord, man, he sent Jamie Grieve the keeper, and sicken a day as we had wi' the four-marts and the tod's, and sicken a blythe gae-down as we had again c'en ! Faith, that was a night !”

“ I suppose game is very plenty with you ?”

“ Plenty, man !—I believe there's mair hares than sheep on my farm ; and for the moor-fowl, or the grey-fowl, they lie as thick as doo's in a docket—Did ye ever shoot a black-cock, man ?”

“ Really I had never even the pleasure to see one, except in the museum at Keswick.”

“ There now—I could guess that by your South-land tongue—It's very odd of these English folk that come here, how few of them has seen a black-cock !—I'll tell you what—ye seem to be an honest lad, and if you'll call on me—on Dandy Dinmont—at Charlies-hope—ye shall see a black-cock, and shoot a black-cock, and eat a black-cock too, man.”

“ Why, the proof of the matter is the eating, to be sure, sir ; and I shall be happy if I can find time to accept your invitation.”

“ Time, man ? what ails ye to gae hame wi' me now ? how d'ye travel ?”

“ On foot, sir ; and if that handsome poney be yours, I should find it impossible to keep up with you.”

“ No unless ye can walk up to fourteen mile an

hour—But ye can come ower the night as far as Riccarton, where there is a public—or if ye like to stop at Jockey Grieve's at the Heuch, they would be blithe to see ye, and I am just gaun to stop and drink a dram at the door wi' him, and I would tell him you're coming up—or stay—gudewife, could ye lend this gentleman the gudeman's galloway, and I'll send it ower the Waste in the morning wi' the callant?"

The galloway was turned out upon the fell, and was swear to catch—"Aweel, aweel, there's nae help for't. but come up the morn at ony rate.—And now, gudewife, I maun ride, to get to the Liddel or it be dark, for your Waste has but a kittle character, ye ken yoursell."

"Fie, fie, Mr Dinmont, that's no like you, to gie the country an ill name—I wot, there has been nane stirred in the Waste since Sawney Culloch, the travelling-merchant, that Rowley Overdees and Jock Penny suffered for at Carlisle twa years since. There's no anc in Bewcastle would do the like o' that now—we be a' true folk now."

"Ay, Tib, that will be when the deil's blind,—and his e'en's no sair yet. But hear ye, gudewife, I have been through maist feck o' Galloway and Dumfries-shire, and I have been round by Carlisle, and I was at the Staneshiebank fair the day, and I would like ill to be rubbit sae near hame, so I'll take the gate."

“ Hae ye been in Dumfries and Galloway ?” said the old dame, who sate smoking by the fire-side, and who had not yet spoke a word.

“ Troth have I, gudewife, and a weary round I’ve had o’t.”

“ Then ye’ll maybe ken a place they ca’ Ellangowan ?”

“ Ellangowan, that was Mr Bertram’s ?—I ken the place weel eneugh. The Laird died about a fortnight since, as I heard.”

“ Died !”—said the old woman, dropping her pipe, and rising and coming forward upon the floor—“ died !—are ye sure of that ?”

“ Troth, am I,” said Dinmont, “ for it made nae sma’ noise in the country-side. He died just at the roup of the stocking and furniture ; it stoppit the roup, and mony folk were disappointed. They said he was the last of an auld family too, and mony were sorry—for gude blude’s scarcer in Scotland than it has been.”

“ Dead !” replied the old woman, whom our readers have already recognised as their acquaintance Meg Merrilies—“ dead ! that quits a’ scores. And did ye say he died without an heir ?”

“ Ay did he, gudewife, and the estate’s sell’d by the same token ; for they said, they couldna have sell’d it, if there had been an heir-male.”

“ Sell’d !” echoed the gypsey, with something like a scream ; “ and wha durst buy Ellangowan that

was not of Bertram's blude?—and wha could tell whether the bonny knave-bairn may not come back to claim his ain?—wha durst buy the estate and the castle of Ellangowan?"

"Troth, gudewife, just ane o' thae writer chields that buys a' thing—they ca' him Glossin, I think."

"Glossin!—Gibbie Glossin!—that I have carried in my creels a hundred times, for his mother wasna muckle better than mysell—he to presume to buy the barony of Ellangowan!—Gude be wi' us—it is an awfu' warld!—I wished him ill—but no sic a downfa' as a' that neither—waes me! waes me to think o't!"—She remained a moment silent, but still opposing with her hand the farmer's retreat, who, betwixt every question, was about to turn his back, but good-humouredly stopped on observing the deep interest his answers appeared to excite.

"It will be seen and heard of—earth and sea will not hold their peace langer!—Can ye say if the same man be now the Sheriff of the county, that has been sae for some years past?"

"Na, he's got some other birth in Edinburgh, they say—but gudeday, gudewife, I maun ride."—She followed him to his horse, and, while he drew the girths of his saddle, adjusted the walise, and put on the bridle, still plied him with questions concerning Mr Bertram's death, and the fate of his

daughter ; on which, however she could obtain little information from the honest farmer.

“ Did ye ever see a place they ca’ Derncleugh, about a mile frae the Place of Ellangowan ? ”

“ I wot weel have I, gudewife,—a wild-looking den it is, wi’ a whin auld wa’s o’ shealings yonder—I saw it when I gaed ower the ground wi’ ane that wanted to take the farm.”

“ It was a blithe bit ance ! ” said Meg, speaking to herself—“ Did ye notice if there was an auld saugh tree that’s maist blawn down, but yet its roots are in the earth, and it hangs ower the bit burn—mony a day hae I wrought my stocking, and sat on my sunkie under that saugh.”

“ Hout, de’il’s i’ the wife, wi’ her saughs, and her sunkies, and Ellangowans—Godsake, woman, let me away—there’s saxpence t’ye to buy half a mutchkin, instead o’ clavering about thae auld-world stories.”

“ Thanks to ye, good-man—and now ye hae answered a’ my questions, and never spiered wherefore I asked them, I’ll gie you a bit canny advice, and ye mauna spier what for neither. Tib Mumps will be out wi’ the stirrup-dram in a gliffing—She’ll ask ye whether ye gang ower Willie’s brae, or through Conscowthart-moss—tell her ony ane ye like, but be sure (speaking low and emphatically) to tak the ane ye dinna tell her.” The farmer laughed and promised, and the gypsy retreated.

“ Will you take her advice ?” said Brown, who had been an attentive listener to this conversation.

“ That will I no—the randy quean !—Na, I had far rather Tib Mumps kenn’d which way I was gaun than her—Though Tib’s no muckle to lippen to neither, and I would wish ye on no account to stay in the house a’ night.”

In a moment after, Tib, the landlady, appeared with her stirrup-cup, which was taken off. She then, as Meg had predicted, enquired whether he went the hill or the moss road. He answered, the latter ; and, having bid Brown good-bye, and again told him, “ he depended on seeing him at Charlieshope, the morn at latest,” he rode off at a round pace.

CHAPTER II.

Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway.

Winter's Tale.

THE hint of the hospitable farmer was not lost on Brown. But, while he paid his reckoning, he could not avoid repeatedly fixing his eyes on Meg Merrilies. She was, in all respects, the same witch-like figure as when we first introduced her at Ellangowan-Place. Time had grizzled her raven locks, and added wrinkles to her wild features, but her height remained erect, and her activity was unimpaired. It was remarked of this woman, as of others of the same description, that a life of action, though not of labour, gave her the perfect command of her limbs and figure, so that the attitudes into which she most naturally threw herself, were free, unconstrained, and picturesque. At present, she stood by the window of the cottage, her person drawn up so as to shew to full advantage her masculine stature, and her head somewhat thrown back, that the large bonnet, with which

her face was shrouded, might not interrupt her steady gaze at Brown. At every gesture he made, and every tone he uttered, she seemed to give an almost imperceptible start. On his part, he was surprised to find that he could not look upon this singular figure without some emotion. "Have I dreamed of such a figure?" he said to himself, "or does this wild and singular-looking woman recal to my recollection some of the strange figures I have seen in our Indian pagodas?"

While he embarrassed himself with these discussions, and the hostess was engaged in rummaging out silver in change of half-a-guinea, the gypsy suddenly made two strides, and seized Brown's hand. He expected, of course, a display of her skill in palmistry, but she seemed agitated by other feelings.

"Tell me," she said, "tell me, in the name of God, young man, what is your name, and whence you came?"

"My name is Brown, mother, and I come from the East Indies."

"From the East Indies!" dropping his hand with a sigh, "it cannot be then—I am such an auld fool, that every thing I look on seems the thing I want maist to see. But the East Indies! that cannot be—Weel, be what ye will, ye hae a face and a tongue that puts me in mind of auld times. Good day—make haste on your road, and

if ye see ony of our folk, meddle not and make not, and they'll do you nae harm."

Brown, who had by this time received his change, put a shilling into her hand, bade his hostess farewell, and, taking the route which the farmer had gone before, walked briskly on, with the advantage of being guided by the fresh hoof-prints of his horse. Meg Merrilies looked after him for some time, and then muttered to herself, "I maun see that lad again—and I maun gang back to Ellangowan too.—The Laird's dead—aweel, death pays a' scores—he was a kind man ance.—The Sheriff's flitted, and I can keep canny in the bush—so there's no muckle hazard o' scouring the cramp-ring.—I would like to see bonny Ellangowan again or I die."

Brown, meanwhile, proceeded at a round pace along the 'moorish' track called the Waste of Cumberland. He passed a solitary house, towards which the horseman who preceded him had apparently turned up, for his horse's tread was evident in that direction. A little farther, he seemed to have returned again into the road. Mr Dinmont had probably made a visit there either of business or pleasure. "I wish," thought Brown, "the good farmer had staid till I came up; I should not have been sorry to ask him a few questions about the road, which seems to grow wilder and wilder."

In truth, nature, as if she had designed this track

of country to be the barrier between two hostile nations, has stamped upon it a character of wildness and desolation. The hills are neither high nor rocky, but the land is all heath and morass; the huts poor and mean, and at a great distance from each other. Around them there is generally some little attempt at cultivation; but a half-bred foal or two, straggling about with shackles on their hind legs, to save the trouble of inclosures, intimate the farmer's chief resource to be the breeding of horses. The people, too, are of a ruder and more inhospitable class than are elsewhere to be found in Cumberland, arising partly from their own habits, partly from their intermixture with vagrants and criminals, who make this wild country a refuge from justice. So much were the men of these districts in early times the objects of suspicion and dislike to their more polished neighbours, that there was, and perhaps still exists, a bye-law of the corporation of Newcastle, prohibiting any freeman of that city to take for apprentice a native of certain of these dales. It is pithily said, "Give a dog an ill name and hang him;" and it may be added, if you give a man, or race of men, an ill name, they are very likely to do something that deserves hanging. Of this Brown had heard something, and suspected more, from the discourse between the landlady, Dinmont, and the gypsey; but he was naturally of a fearless disposition, had nothing about him

that would tempt the spoiler, and trusted to get through the Waste with day-light. In this last particular he was likely to be disappointed. The way proved longer than he had anticipated, and the horizon began to grow gloomy, just as he entered upon an extensive morass.

Chusing his steps with care and deliberation, he proceeded along a path that sometimes sunk between two broken black banks of moss earth, sometimes crossed narrow but deep ravines, filled with a consistence between mud and water, and sometimes along heaps of gravel and stones, which had been swept together when some torrent or waterspout from the neighbouring hills overflowed the marshy ground below. He began to ponder how a horseman could make his way through such broken ground; the traces of hoofs, however, were still visible; he even thought he heard their sound at some distance, and, convinced that Mr Dinmont's progress through the morass must be still slower than his own, he resolved to push on, in hopes to overtake him, and have the benefit of his knowledge of the country. At this moment his little terrier sprang forward, barking most furiously.

Brown quickened his pace, and, attaining the summit of a small rising ground, saw the subject of the dog's alarm. In a hollow, about a gunshot below him, a man, whom he easily recognized to be

Dinmont, was engaged with two others in a desperate struggle. He was dismounted, and defending himself as he best could with the butt of his heavy whip. Our traveller hastened on to his assistance ; but, ere he could get up, a blow had levelled the farmer with the earth, and one of the robbers, improving his victory, struck him some merciless strokes on the head. The other villain, hastening to meet Brown, called to his companion to come along, “ for that one’s *content*,” meaning, probably, past resistance or complaint. One ruffian was armed with a cutlass, the other with a bludgeon ; but as the road was pretty narrow, “ bar fire-arms,” thought Brown, “ and I may manage them well enough.” They met accordingly, with the most murderous threats on the part of the ruffians. They soon found, however, that their new opponent was equally stout and resolute ; and, after exchanging two or three blows, one of them told him to “ follow his nose over the heath, in the devil’s name, for they had nothing to say to him.”

Brown rejected this composition, as leaving to their mercy the unfortunate man whom they were about to pillage, if not to murder outright ; and the skirmish had just recommenced, when Dinmont unexpectedly recovered his senses, his feet, and his weapon, and hasted to the scene of action. As he had been no easy antagonist, even when surprised and alone, the villains did not chuse to wait his join-

ing forces with a man who had singly proved a match for them both, but fled across the bog as fast as their feet could carry them, pursued by Wasp, who had acted gloriously during the skirmish, annoying the heels of the enemy, and repeatedly effecting a moment's diversion in his master's favour.

"Deil, but your dog's weel entered wi' the vermin now," were the first words uttered by the jolly farmer, as he came up, his head streaming with blood, and recognised his deliverer and his little attendant.

"I hope, sir, you are not hurt dangerously?"

"O, deil a bit—my head can stand a gay clour—nae thanks to them though, and mony to you. But now, hinney, ye maun help me to catch the beast, and ye maun get on behind me, for we maun off like whittrets before the whole clanjamfray be doun upon us—the rest o' them will no be far off." The galloway was, by good fortune, easily caught, and Brown made some apology for overloading the animal.

"Deil a fear, man," answered the proprietor, "Dumple would carry six folk, if his back was lang enough—but God's sake, haste ye, get on, for I see some folk coming through the slack yonder, that it may be just as weel no to wait for."

Brown was of opinion, that this apparition of five or six men coming across the moss towards them should abridge ceremony; he therefore mounted

Dumple *en croupe*, and the little spirited nag cantered away with two men of great size and strength, as if they had been children of six years old. The rider, to whom the paths of these wilds seemed intimately known, pushed on at a rapid pace, managing, with much dexterity, to chuse the safest route, in which he was aided by the sagacity of the galloway, who never failed to take the difficult passes exactly at the particular spot, and in the special manner, by which they could be most safely crossed. Yet, even with these advantages, the road was so broken, and they were so often thrown out of the direct course by various impediments, that they did not gain much on their pursuers. "Never mind," said the undaunted Scotchman to his companion, "if we were ance by Withershin's latch, the road's no near sae *saft*, and we'll show them fair play for't."

They soon came to the place he named, a narrow channel, through which soaked, rather than flowed, a small stagnant stream, mantled over with bright green mosses. Dinmont directed his steed towards a pass where the water appeared to flow with more freedom over a harder bottom; but Dumple backed from the proposed crossing place, put his head down as if to reconnoitre the swamp more nearly, stretched forward his fore-feet, and stood as fast as if he had been cut out of stone.

"Had we not better," said Brown, "dismount,

and leave him to his fate—or can you not urge him through the swamp?”

“Na, na,” said his pilot, “we maun cross Dumble at no rate—he has mair sense than mony a Christian.” So saying, he relaxed the reins, and shook them loosely. “Come now, lad, take your ain way o’t—let’s see where ye’ll take us through.”

Dumble, left to the freedom of his own will, trotted briskly to another part of the *latch*, less promising, as Brown thought, in appearance, but which the animal’s sagacity or experience recommended as the safer of the two, and where, plunging in, he attained the other side with little difficulty.

“I’m glad we’re out o’ that moss,” said Dinmont, “where there’s mair stables for horses than change-houses for men—we have the *Maiden-way* to help us now at ony rate.” Accordingly, they speedily gained a sort of rugged causeway so called, being the remains of an old Roman road, which traverses these wild regions in a due northerly direction. Here they got on at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, Dumble seeking no other respite than what arose from changing his pace from canter to trot. “I could gar him show mair action,” said his master, “but we are twa lang-legged chields after a’, and it would be a pity to stress Dumble—there wasna the like o’ him at Staneshiebank fair the day.”

Brown readily assented to the propriety of sparing the horse, and added, that, as they were now far out of reach of the rogues, he thought Mr Dinmont had better tie a handkerchief round his head, for fear of the cold frosty air aggravating the wound.

“What would I do that for?” answered the hardy farmer; “the best way’s to let the blood barken upon the cut—that saves plaisters, hinney.”

Brown, who in his military profession had seen a great many hard blows pass, could not help remarking, “he had never known such severe strokes received with so much apparent indifference.”

“Hout tout, man—I would never be making a hum-dudgcon about a scart on the pow—but we’ll be in Scotland in five minutes now, and ye maun gang up to Charlies-hope wi’ me, that’s a clear case.”

Brown readily accepted the offered hospitality. Night was now falling, when they came in sight of a pretty river winding its way through a pastoral country. The hills were greener and more abrupt than those which Brown had lately passed, sinking their grassy sides at once upon the river. They had no pretensions to magnificence of height, or to romantic shapes, nor did their smooth swelling slopes exhibit either rocks or woods. Yet the view was wild, solitary, and pleasingly rural. No inclosures, no roads, almost no tillage—it seemed

a land which a patriarch would have chosen to feed his flocks and herds. The remains of here and there a dismantled and ruined tower, showed that it had once harboured beings of a very different description from its present inhabitants; those freebooters, namely, to whose exploits the wars between England and Scotland bear witness.

Descending by a path towards a well-known ford, Duple crossed the small river, and then quickening his pace, trotted about a mile briskly up its banks, and approached two or three low thatched houses, placed with their angles to each other, with a great contempt of regularity. This was the farm-steading of Charlies-hope, or, in the language of the country, "the Town." A most furious barking was set up at their approach, by the whole three generations of Mustard and Pepper, and a number of allies, names unknown. The farmer made his well-known voice lustily heard to restore order—the door opened, and a half-dressed ewe-milker, who had done that good office, shut it in their faces, in order that she might run *ben the house*, to cry "Mistress, mistress, it's the master, and another man wi' him." Duple, turned loose, walked to his own stable-door, and there pawed and whinnied for admission, in strains which were answered by his acquaintances from the interior. Amid this bustle, Brown was fain to secure Wasp from the other dogs, who, with ardour correspond-

ing more to their own names than to the hospitable temper of their owner, were much disposed to use the intruder roughly.

.In about a minute a stout labourer was patting Duple, and introducing him into the stable, while Mrs Dinmont, a well-looking buxom dame, welcomed her husband with unfeigned rapture. "Eh, sirs! goodman, ye hae been a weary while away!"

CHAPTER III.

Liddell till now, except in Doric lays
Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song—though not a purer stream
Rolls towards the western main.

Art of Preserving Health.

THE present store-farmers of the south of Scotland are a much more refined race than their fathers, and the manners I am now to describe have either altogether disappeared, or are greatly modified. Without losing the rural simplicity of manners, they now cultivate arts unknown to the former generation, not only in the progressive improvement of their possessions, but in all the comforts of life. Their houses are more commodious, their habits of life regulated so as better to keep pace with those of the civilized world, and the best of luxuries, the luxury of knowledge, has gained much ground among their hills during the last thirty years. Deep drinking, formerly their greatest failing, is now fast losing ground; and, while the frankness of their extensive hospitality continues

the same, it is, generally speaking, refined in its character, and restrained in its excesses.

“Deil’s in the wife,” said Dandy Dinmont, shaking off his spouse’s embrace, but gently and with a look of great affection ;—“deil’s in ye, Ailie—d’ye no see the stranger gentleman?”

Ailie turned to make her apology—“Troth, I was sac weel pleased to see the gudeman, that—But, gude gracious, what’s the matter wi’ ye baith !”—for they were now in her little parlour, and the candle showed the streaks of blood which Dinmont’s wounded head had plentifully imparted to the clothes of his companion as well as to his own. “Ye’ve been fighting again, Dandy, wi’ some o’ the Bewcastle horse-coupers ! Wow, man, a married man, wi’ a bonny family like yours, should ken better what a father’s life’s worth in the world.”—The tears stood in the good woman’s eyes as she spoke.

“Whisht ! whisht ! gudewife,” said her husband, with a smack that had much more affection than ceremony in it ; “Never mind—never mind—there’s a gentleman that will tell you, that just when I had ga’en up to Lourie Lowther’s, and had biddin the drinking of twa cheerers, and gotten just in again upon the moss, and was whigging caunily awa hame, twa land-loupers jumpit out of a peat-hag on me or I was thinking, and got me down, and knevelled me sair ancuch, or I

could gar my whip walk about their lugs—and troth, gudewife, if this honest gentleman hadna come up, I would have gotten mair licks than I like, and lost mair siller than I could weel spare; so ye maun be thankful to him for it, under God.” With that he drew from his side-pocket a large greasy leather pocket-book, and bade the gudewife lock it up in his kist.

“God bless the gentleman, and e’en God bless him wi’ a’ my heart—but what can we do for him, but to gie him the meat and quarters we wadna refuse to the poorest body on earth—unless (her eye directed to the pocket-book, but with a feeling of natural propriety which made the inference the most delicate possible,) unless there was ony other way”——Brown saw, and estimated at its due rate, the mixture of simplicity and grateful generosity which took the downright way of expressing itself, yet qualified with so much delicacy; he was aware his own appearance, plain at best, and now torn and spattered with blood, made him an object of pity at least, and perhaps of charity. He hastened to say his name was Brown, a captain in the —— regiment of cavalry, travelling for pleasure, and upon foot, both from motives of independence and economy; and he begged his kind landlady would look at her husband’s wounds, the state of which he had refused to permit him to examine. Mrs Dinmout was used to her husband’s broken heads

more than to the presence of a captain of dragoons. She therefore glanced at a table-cloth not quite clean, and conned over her proposed supper a minute or two, before, patting her husband on the shoulder, she bade him sit down for "a hard-headed loon, that was aye bringing himsell and other folk into collie-shangies."

When Dandy Dinmont, after executing two or three caprioles, and cutting the Highland-fling, by way of ridicule of his wife's anxiety, at last deigned to sit down, and commit his round, black, shaggy bullet of a head to her inspection, Brown thought he had seen the regimental surgeon look grave upon a more trifling case. The goodwife, however, showed some knowledge of chirurgery—she cut away with her scissars the gory locks, whose stiffened and coagulated clusters interfered with her operations, and clapped on the wound some lint besmeared with a vulnerary salve, esteemed sovereign by the whole dale, (which afforded upon Fair nights considerable experience of such cases)—she then fixed her plaister with a bandage, and, spite of her patient's resistance, pulled over all a night-cap, to keep every thing in its right place. Some contusions on the brow and shoulders she fomented with brandy, which the patient did not permit till the medicine had paid a heavy toll to his mouth. Mrs Dinmont then simply, but candidly, offered her assistancc to Brown.

He assured her he had no occasion for any thing but the accommodation of a basin and towel.

“ And that’s what I should have thought of sooner,” she said ; “ and I did think o’t, but I durst na open the door, for there’s a’ the bairns, poor things, sae keen to see their father.”

This explained a great drumming and whining at the door of the little parlour, which had somewhat surprised Brown, though his kind landlady had only noticed it by fastening the bolt as soon as she heard it begin. But on her opening the door to seek the basin and towel, (for she never thought of showing the guest to a separate room,) a whole tide of white-headed urchins streamed in, some from the stable, where they had been seeing Duple, and giving him a welcome home with part of their four-hours scones ; others from the kitchen, where they had been listening to auld Elspith’s tales and ballads ; and the youngest half-naked, out of bed, all roaring to see daddy, and to enquire what he had brought home for them from the various fairs he had visited in his peregrinations. Our knight of the broken head first kissed and hugged them all round, then distributed whistles, penny-trumpets, and ginger-bread, and, lastly, when the tumults of their joy and welcome got beyond bearing, exclaimed to his guest—“ This is a’ the gudewife’s fault, captain—she will gie the bairns a’ their ain way.”

“ Me! Lord help me,” said Ailie, who at that instant entered with the basin and ewer, “ how can I help it?—I have naething else to gie them, poor things !”

Dinmont then exerted himself, and, between coaxing, threats, and shoving, cleared the room of all the intruders, excepting a boy and girl, the two eldest of the family, who could, as he observed, behave themselves “ distinctly.” For the same reason, but with less ceremony, all the dogs were kicked out, excepting the venerable patriarchs, old Pepper and Mustard, whom frequent castigation and the advance of years had inspired with such a share of passive hospitality, that, after mutual explanation and remonstrance in the shape of some growling, they admitted Wasp, who had hitherto judged it safe to keep beneath his master’s chair, to a share of a dried wedder’s skin, which, with the wool uppermost and unshorn, served all the purposes of a Bristol hearth-rug.

The active bustle of the mistress (so she was called in the kitchen, and the gudewife in the parlour) had already signed the fate of a couple of fowls, which, for want of time to dress them otherwise, soon appeared reeking from the gridiron—or brander, as Mrs Dinmont denominated it. A huge piece of cold beef-ham, eggs, butter, cakes, and barley-meal bannocks in plenty, made up the

entertainment, which was to be diluted with home-brewed ale of excellent quality, and a case-bottle of brandy. Few soldiers would find fault with such cheer after a day's hard exercise, and a skirmish to boot ; accordingly Brown did great honour to the eatables. While the gudewife partly aided, partly instructed, a great stout servant girl, with cheeks as red as her top-knot, to remove the supper matters, and supply sugar and hot water, (which, in the damsel's anxiety to gaze upon an actual live captain, she was in some danger of forgetting,) Brown took an opportunity to ask his host, whether he did not repent of having neglected the gypsey's hint.

“Wha kens?” answered he ; “they're queer deevils ;—maybe I might just have 'scaped ae gang to meet the other. And yet I'll no say that neither ; for if that randy wife was coming to Charlies-hope, she should have a pint bottle o' brandy and a pound o' tobacco to wear her through the winter. They're queer deevils, as my auld father used to say—they're warst where they're warst guided—there's baith gude and ill about the gypsies.”——

This, and some other desultory conversation, served as a “shoeing-horn” to draw on another cup of ale and another *cheerer*, as Dinmont termed it in his country phrase, of brandy and water. Brown then resolutely declined all farther conviviality for

that evening, pleading his own uneasiness and the effects of the skirmish,—being well aware that it would have availed nothing to have remonstrated with his host on the danger that excess might have occasioned to his own raw wound and bloody coxcomb. A very small bed-room, but a very clean bed, received the traveller, and the sheets made good the courteous vaunt of the hostess, “that they would be as pleasant as he could find ony gate, for they were washed wi’ the fairy-well water, and bleached on the bonnie white gowans, and beetled by Nelly and hersell, and what could woman, if she was a queen, do mair for them?”

They indeed rivalled snow in whiteness, and had, besides, a pleasant fragrance from the manner in which they had been bleached. Little Wasp, after licking his master’s hand to ask leave, couched himself on the coverlet at his feet; and the traveller’s senses were soon lost in grateful oblivion.

CHAPTER IV.

—Give ye, Britons, then
Your sportive fury, pitiless to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold.
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.

THOMSON'S *Seasons*.

BROWN rose early in the morning, and walked out to look at the establishment of his new friend. All was rough and neglected in the neighbourhood of the house ;—a paltry garden, no pains taken to make the vicinity dry or comfortable, and a total absence of all those little neatnesses which give the eye so much pleasure in looking at an English farm-house. There were, notwithstanding, evident signs that this arose only from want of taste or ignorance, not from poverty, or the negligence which attends it. On the contrary, a noble cow-house, well filled with good milk-cows, a feeding-house, with ten bullocks of the most approved breed, a stable, with two good teams of

horses, the appearance of domestics active, industrious, and apparently contented with their lot ; in a word, an air of liberal though sluttish plenty indicated the wealthy farmer. The situation of the house above the river formed a gentle declivity, which relieved the inhabitants of the nuisances which might otherwise have stagnated around them. At a little distance was the whole band of children, playing and building houses with peats around a huge doddered oak-tree, which was called Charlie's-Bush, from some tradition respecting an old freebooter who had once inhabited the spot. Between the farm-house and the hill-pasture was a deep morass, termed in that country a slack—it had once been the defence of a fortalice, of which no vestiges now remained, but which was said to have been inhabited by the same doughty hero we have now alluded to. Brown endeavoured to make some acquaintance with the children, but “ the rogues fled from him like quicksilver ”—though the two eldest stood peeping when they had got to some distance. The traveller then turned his course towards the hill, crossing the aforesaid swamp by a range of stepping-stones, neither the broadest nor steadiest that could be imagined. He had not climbed far up the hill when he met a man descending.

He soon recognized his worthy host, though a *mand*, as it is called, or a grey shepherd's-plaid,

supplied his travelling jockey-coat, and a cap, faced with wild-cat's fur, more commodiously covered his bandaged head than a hat would have done. As he appeared through the morning mist, Brown, accustomed to judge of men by their thewes and sinews, could not help admiring his height, the breadth of his shoulders, and the steady firmness of his step. Dinmont internally paid the same compliment to Brown, whose athletic form he now perused somewhat more at leisure than he had done formerly. After the usual greetings of the morning, the guest enquired whether his host found any inconvenient consequences from the last night's affray."

"I had maist forgotten't," said the hardy Borderer, "but I think this morning, now that I am fresh and sober, if you and I were at the Wither-shins' Latch, wi' ilka ane a gude oak souple in his hand, we wadna turn back, no for half a dozen o' yon scaff-raff."

"But are you prudent, my good sir, not to take an hour or two's repose after receiving such severe contusions?"

"Confusions! Lord, Captain, naething confuses my head—I ance jumped up and laid the dogs on the fox after I had tumbled from the tap o' Christenbury Craig, and that might have confused me to purpose. Na, naething confuses me, unless it be a screed o' drink at an orra time. Besides, I

behooved to be round the hirsle this morning, and see how the herds were coming on—they're apt to be negligent wi' their foot-balls, and fairs, and trysts, when ane's away. And there I met wi' Tam o' Todshaw, and a whin o' the rest o' the billies on the water side ; they're a' for a fox-hunt this morning,—ye'll gang ? I'll gie ye Duple, and take the brood mare mysell."

" But I fear I must leave you, Mr Dinmont."

" The fiend a bit o' that—I'll no part wi' ye at ony rate for a fortnight mair—Na, na ; we dinna meet sic friends as you on a Bewcastle moss every night."

Brown had not designed his journey should be a speedy one ; he therefore readily compounded with this hearty invitation, by agreeing to pass a week at Charlies-hope.

On their return to the house, where the good-wife presided over an ample breakfast, she heard news of the proposed fox-hunt, not indeed with approbation, but without alarm or surprise. " Dand ! ye're the auld man yet—naething will make ye take warning till ye're brought hame some day wi' your feet foremost."

" Tut, lass ! ye ken yoursell I am never a prin the waur o' my rambles."

So saying, he exhorted Brown to be hasty in dispatching his breakfast, as, " the frost having given way, the scent would lie this morning primely."

Out they sallied accordingly for Otterscope-scaurs, the farmer leading the way. They soon quitted the little valley, and involved themselves among hills as steep as they could be without being precipitous. The sides often presented gullies, down which, in the winter season, or after heavy rain, the torrents descended with great fury. Some dappled mists still floated along the peaks of the hills, the remains of the morning clouds, for the frost had broken up with a smart shower. Through these fleecy screens were seen a hundred little temporary streamlets, or rills, descending the sides of the mountains like silver threads. By small sheep-tracks along these steeps, over which Dinmont trotted with the most fearless confidence, they at length drew near the scene of sport, and began to see other men, both on horse and foot, making toward the place of rendezvous. Brown was puzzling himself to conceive how a fox-chase could take place among hills, where it was barely possible for a pony, accustomed to the ground, to trot along, but where, quitting the track for half a yard's breadth, the rider might be either bogged, or precipitated down the bank. This wonder was not diminished when he came to the place of action.

They had gradually ascended very high, and now found themselves on a mountain-ridge, overhanging a glen of great depth, but extremely narrow. Here the sportsmen had collected, with an appa-

tus which would have shocked a member of the Pychely Hunt ; for, the object being the removal of a noxious and destructive animal, as well as the pleasures of the chase, poor Reynard was allowed much less fair play than when pursued in form through an open country. The strength of his habitation, however, and the nature of the ground by which it was surrounded on all sides, supplied what was wanting in the courtesy of his pursuers. The sides of the glen were broken banks of earth, and rocks of rotten stone, which sunk sheer down to the little winding stream below, affording here and there a tuft of scathed brush-wood, or a patch of furze. Along the edges of this ravine, which, as we have said, was very narrow, but of profound depth, the hunters on horse and foot ranged themselves ; almost every farmer had with him at least a brace of large and fierce greyhounds, of the race of those deer-dogs which were formerly used in that country, but greatly lessened in size from being crossed with the common breed. The huntsman, a sort of provincial officer of the district, who receives a certain supply of meal, and a reward for every fox he destroys, was already at the bottom of the dell, whose echoes thundered to the chiding of two or three brace of fox-hounds. Terriers, including the whole generation of Pepper and Mustard, were also in attendance, having been sent forward under the care of a shepherd. Mongrel, whelp,

and cur of low degree, filled up the burthen of the chorus. The spectators on the brink of the ravine, or glen, held their greyhounds in leash, in readiness to slip them at the fox, as soon as the activity of the party below should force him to abandon his cover.

The scene, though uncouth to the eye of a professed sportsman, had something in it wildly captivating. The shifting figures on the mountain ridge, having the sky for their back-ground, appeared to move in air. The dogs, impatient of their restraint, and maddened with the baying beneath, sprung here and there, and strained at the slips, which prevented them from joining their companions. Looking down, the view was equally striking. The thin mists were not totally dispersed in the glen, so that it was often through their gauzy medium that the eye strove to discover the motions of the hunters below. Sometimes a breath of wind made the scene visible, the blue rill glittering as it twined itself through its rude and solitary dell. They then could see the shepherds springing with fearless activity from one dangerous point to another, and cheering the dogs on the scent, the whole so diminished by depth and distance, that they looked like pigmies. Again the mists close over them, and the only signs of their continued exertions are the halloos of the men, and the clamours of the hounds, ascending as it were

out of the bowels of the earth. When the fox, thus persecuted from one strong-hold to another, was at length obliged to abandon his valley, and to break away for a more distant retreat, those who watched his motions from the top slipped their greyhounds, which, excelling the fox in swiftness, and equalling him in ferocity and spirit, soon brought the plunderer to his life's end.

In this way, without any attention to the ordinary rules and decorums of sport, but apparently as much to the gratification both of bipeds and quadrupeds as if all had been followed, four foxes were killed on this active morning; and even Brown himself, though he had seen the princely sports of India, and ridden a-tiger-hunting upon an elephant with the Nabob of Arcot, professed to have received a morning's excellent amusement. When the sport was given up for the day, most of the sportsmen, according to the established hospitality of the country, went to dine at Charles's-hope.

During their return homeward, Brown rode for a short time beside the huntsman, and asked him some questions concerning the mode in which he exercised his profession. The man showed an unwillingness to meet his eye, and a disposition to be rid of his company and conversation, for which he could not easily account. He was a thin, dark, active fellow, well framed for the hardy profession which he exercised. But his face had not the

frankness of the jolly hunter ; he was down-looking, embarrassed, and avoided the eyes of those who looked hard at him. After some unimportant observations on the success of the day, Brown gave him a trifling gratuity, and rode on with his landlord. They found the goodwife prepared for their reception—the fold and the poultry-yard furnished the entertainment, and the kind and hearty welcome made amends for all deficiencies in elegance and fashion.

CHAPTER V.

The Elliots and Armstrongs did convene,

They were a gallant company !

Ballad of Johnnie Armstrong.

WITHOUT noticing the occupations of an intervening day or two, which, as they consisted of the ordinary sylvan amusements of shooting and coursing, have nothing sufficiently interesting to detain the reader, we pass to one in some degree peculiar to Scotland, which may be called a sort of salmon-hunting. This chase, in which the fish is pursued and struck with barbed spears, or a sort of long-shafted trident, called a *waster*, is much practised at the mouth of the Fisk, and in the other salmon rivers of Scotland. The sport is followed by day and night, but most commonly in the latter, when the fish are discovered by means of torches, or fire-grates, filled with blazing fragments of tar-barrels, which shed a strong, though partial light upon the water. Upon the present occasion, the principal party were embarked in a crazy boat upon a part

of the river which was enlarged and deepened by the restraint of a mill-wear, while others, like the ancient Bacchanals in their gambols, ran along the banks, brandishing their torches and spears, and pursuing the salmon, some of which endeavoured to escape up the stream, while others, shrouding themselves under roots of trees, fragments of stones, and large rocks, attempted to conceal themselves from the researches of the fishermen. These the party in the boat detected by the slightest indications ; the twinkling of a fin, the rising of an air-bell, was sufficient to point out to these adroit sportsmen in what direction to use their weapon.

The scene was inexpressibly animating to those accustomed to it ; but as Brown was not practised to use the spear, he soon tired of making efforts, which were attended with no other consequences than jarring his arms against the rocks at the bottom of the river, upon which, instead of the devoted salmon, he often bestowed his blow. Nor did he relish, though he concealed feelings which would not have been understood, being quite so near the agonies of the expiring salmon, as they lay flapping about in the boat, which they moistened with their blood. He therefore requested to be put ashore, and, from the top of a *heugh*, or broken bank, enjoyed the scene much more to his own satisfaction. Often he thought of his friend Dudley the artist, when he observed the effect produced by the strong

red glare on the romantic banks under which the boat glided. Now the light diminished to a distant star that seemed to twinkle on the waters, like those which, according to the legends of the country, the water-kelpy sends for the purpose of indicating the watery grave of his victims. Then it advanced nearer, brightening and enlarging as it again approached, till the broad flickering flame rendered bank, and rock, and tree, visible as it passed, tinging them with its own red glare of dusky light, and resigning them gradually to darkness, or to pale moonlight, as it receded. By this light also were seen the figures in the boat, now holding high their weapons, now stooping to strike, now standing upright, bronzed, by the same red glare, into a colour which might have befitted the regions of Pandæmonium.

Having amused himself for some time with these effects of light and shadow, Brown strolled homewards towards the farm-house, gazing in his way at the other persons engaged in the sport, two or three of whom are generally kept together, one holding the torch, the others with their spears, ready to avail themselves of the light it affords to strike their prey. As he observed one man struggling with a very weighty salmon which he had speared, but was unable completely to raise from the water, Brown advanced close to the bank to see the issue of his exertions. The man who held

the torch in this instance was the huntsman, whose sulky demeanour Brown had already noticed with surprise—"Come here, sir! come here, sir! look at this ane! He turns up a side like a sow."—Such was the cry from the assistants when some of them observed Brown advancing.

"Ground the waster weel, man! ground the waster weel!—haud him down—ye haena the pith o' a cat!"—were the cries of advice, encouragement, and expostulation, from those who were on the bank, to the sportsman engaged with the salmon, who stood up to his middle in water, jingling among broken ice, struggling against the force of the fish and the strength of the current, and dubious in what manner he should attempt to secure his booty. As Brown came to the edge of the bank, he called out—"Hold up your torch, friend huntsman," for he had already distinguished his dusky features by the strong light cast upon them by the blaze—But the fellow no sooner heard his voice, and saw, or rather concluded it was Brown who approached him, than, instead of advancing his light, he let it drop, as if accidentally, in the water.

"The deil's in Gabriel!" said the spearman, as the fragments of glowing wood floated half-blazing, half-sparkling, but soon extinguished, down the stream—"the deil's in the man!—I'll never master him without the light—and a braver kipper,

could I but land him, never reisted abune a pair o' clecks."—Some dashed into the water to lend their assistance, and the fish, which was afterwards found to weigh nearly thirty pounds, was landed in safety.

The behaviour of the huntsman struck Brown, although he had no recollection of his face, nor could conceive why he should, as it appeared he evidently did, shun his observation. Could he be one of the footpads he had encountered a few days before?—The supposition was not altogether improbable, although unwarranted by any observation he was able to make upon the man's figure and face. To be sure the villains wore their hats much slouched, had loose coats, and their size was not in any way so peculiarly discriminated as to enable him to resort to that criterion. He resolved to speak to his host Dinmont on the subject, but for obvious reasons concluded it were best defer the explanation until a cool hour in the morning.

The sportsmen returned loaded with fish, upwards of one hundred salmon having been killed within the range of their sport. The best were selected for the use of the principal farmers, the others divided among their shepherds, cottars, dependants, and others of inferior rank who attended. These fish, dried in the turf smoke of their cabins, or shealings, formed a savoury addition to the mess of potatoes, mixed with onions, which

were the principal part of their winter food. In the meanwhile a liberal distribution of ale and whisky was made among them, besides what was called a kettle of fish,—two or three salmon, namely, plunged into a cauldron, and boiled for their supper. Brown accompanied his jolly landlord and the rest of his friends into the large and smoky kitchen, where this savoury mess reeked on an oak-table, massy enough to have dined Johnnie Armstrong and his merry-men. All was hearty cheer and huzza, and jest and clamorous laughter, and bragging alternately, and raillery between whiles. Our traveller looked earnestly around for the dark countenance of the fox-hunter, but it was nowhere to be seen.

At length he hazarded a question concerning him. “That was an awkward accident, my lads, of one of you, who dropped his torch in the water when his companion was struggling with the large fish.”

“Awkward!” returned a shepherd, looking up, (the same stout young fellow who had speared the salmon,) “he deserved his paiks for’t—to put out the light when the fish was on ane’s witters!—I’m weel convinced Gabriel drapped the *roughies* in the water on purpose—he doesna like to see ony body do a thing better than himsell.”

“Ay,” said another, “he’s sair shamed o’ him-

sell, else he would have been up here the night—Gabriel likes a little o' the gude thing as weel as ony o' us."

"Is he of this country?" said Brown.

"Na, na, he's been but shortly in office, but he's a fell hunter—he's frae down the country, some gate on the Dumfries side."

"And what's his name, pray?"

"Gabriel."

"But Gabriel what?"

"Oh, Lord kens that; we dinna mind folks after-names muckle here, they run sae much into clans."

"Ye see, sir," said an old shepherd, rising, and speaking very slow, "the folks hereabout are a' Armstrongs and Elliots, and sic like—twa or three given names—and so, for distinction's sake, the lairds and farmers have the names of their places that they live at—as for example, Tam o' Todshaw, Will o' the Flat, Hobbie o' Sorbietrees, and our good master here, o' the Charlies-hope—Aweel, sir, and then the inferior sort o' people, ye'll observe, are kend by sorts o' bye-names some o' them, as Glaiket Christie, and the Dewke's Gibbie, or may be, like this lad Gabriel, by his employment, as for example, Tod Gabbie, or Hunter Gabbie. He's no been lang here, sir, and I dinna think ony body kens him by ony other name—But it's no right to rin him doun ahint his back, for he's a

fell fox-hunter, though he's maybe no just sae clever as some o' the folk here awa' wi' the waster."

After some further desultory conversation, the superior sportsmen retired to conclude the evening after their own manner, leaving the others to enjoy their mirth unawed by their presence. That evening, like all those which Brown had passed at Charlies-hope, was spent in much innocent mirth and conviviality. The latter might have approached to the verge of riot but for the good women; for several of the neighbouring *mistresses* (a phrase of a signification how different from what it bears in more fashionable life !) had assembled at Charlies-hope to witness the event of this memorable evening. Finding the punch-bowl was so often replenished, that there was some danger of their gracious presence being forgotten, they rushed in valourously upon the recreant revellers, headed by our good mistress Ailie, so that Venus speedily routed Bacchus. The fiddler and piper next made their appearance, and the best part of the night was gallantly consumed in dancing to their music.

An otter-hunt the next day, and a badger-baiting the day after, consumed the time merrily.—I hope our traveller will not sink in the reader's estimation, sportsman though he may be, when I inform him, that upon this last occasion, after young Pepper had lost a fore-foot, and Mustard the second had been nearly throttled, he begged, as a

particular and personal favour of Mr Dinmont, that the poor badger, who had made so gallant a defence, should be permitted to retire to his earth without farther molestation.

The farmer, who would probably have treated this request with supreme contempt had it come from any other person, was contented, in Brown's case, to express the utter extremity of his wonder. —“ Weel,” he said, “ that's queer aneugh !—But since ye take his part, deil a tyke shall meddle wi' him mair in my day—we'll e'en mark him, and ca' him the Captain's brock—and I'm sure I'm glad I can do ony thing to oblige you—but, Lord safe us, to care about a brock !”

After a week spent in rural sport, and distinguished by the most frank attentions on the part of his honest landlord, Brown bade adieu to the banks of the Liddel, and the hospitality of Charlies-hope. The children, with all of whom he had now become an intimate and a favourite, roared manfully in full chorus at his departure, and he was obliged to promise twenty times that he would soon return, and play over all their favourite tunes upon the flageolet till they had got them by heart—“ Come back again, captain,” said one little sturdy fellow, “ and Jenny will be your wife.” Jenny was about eleven years old—she ran and hid herself behind her mammy.

“ Captain, come back,” said a little fat roll-about

girl of six, holding her mouth up to be kissed, "and I'll be your wife my ain sell."

They must be of harder mould than I, who could part from so many kind hearts with indifference. The good dame too, with matron modesty, and an affectionate simplicity that marked the olden time, offered her cheek to the departing guest—"It's little the like of us can do," she said, "little indeed—but yet—if there were but ony thing"—

"Now, my dear Mrs Dinmont, you embolden me to make a request—would you but have the kindness to weave me, or work me, just such a grey plaid as the goodman wears?" He had learned the language and feelings of the country even during the short time of his residence, and was aware of the pleasure the request would confer.

"A tait o' woo' would be scarce amang us," said the goodwife, brightening, "if ye shouldna hae that, and as gude a tweel as ever cam aff a pirn. I'll speak to Johnnie Goodsire, the weaver at the Castletown, the morn. Fare ye weel, sir;—and may ye be just as happy yoursell as ye like to see a' body else—and that would be a sair wish to some folk."

I must not omit to mention, that our traveller left his trusty attendant Wasp to be a guest at Charlies-hope for a season. He foresaw that he might prove a troublesome attendant in the event of his being in any situation where secrecy and

concealment might be necessary. He was therefore consigned to the care of the eldest boy, who promised, in the words of the old song, that he should have

“ A bit of his supper, a bit of his bed,”

and that he should be engaged in none of those perilous pastimes in which the race of Mustard and Pepper had suffered frequent mutilation. Brown now prepared for his journey, having taken a temporary farewell of his trusty little companion.

There is an odd prejudice in these hills in favour of riding. Every farmer rides well, and rides the whole day. Probably the extent of their large pasture farms, and the necessity of surveying them rapidly, first introduced this custom; or a very zealous antiquary might derive it from the times of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, when twenty thousand horsemen assembled at the light of the beacon-fires. But the truth is undeniable; they like to be on horseback, and can be with difficulty convinced, that any one chuses walking from other motives than those of convenience or necessity. Accordingly, Dinmont insisted upon mounting his guest, and accompanying him upon horseback as far as the nearest town in Dumfries-shire, where he had directed his baggage to be sent, and from which he proposed to pursue his intended

journey towards Woodbourne, the residence of Julia Mannering.

Upon the way he questionod his companion concerning the character of the fox-hunter ; but gain-ed little information, as he had been called to that office while Dinmont was making the round of the Highland fairs. “ He was a shake-rag like fellow,” he said, “ and, he dared to say, had gypsey blood in his veins—but at ony rate he was nane o’ the smacks that had been on their quarters in the moss—he would ken them weel if he saw them again. There were some no bad folk amang the gypsies too, to be sic a gang—if ever I see that auld randle-tree of a wife again, I’ll gi’e her something to buy tobacco—I have a great notion she meant me very fair after a’.”——

When they were about finally to part, the good farmer held Brown long by the hand, and at length said, “ Captāin, the woo’s sae weel up the year, that it’s paid a’ the rent, and we have naething to do wi’ the rest o’ the siller when Ailie has had her new gown, and the bairns their bits o’ duds—now I was thinking of some safe hand to put it into, for it’s ower muckle to ware on brandy and sugar—now I have heard that you army gentlemen can sometimes buy yoursells up a step ; and if a hundred or twa would help ye on such an occasion, the bit scrape o’ your pen would be as good to me as the siller, and ye might just take ye’re ain time o’

settling it—it wad be a great convenience to me.” Brown, who felt the full delicacy that wished to disguise the conferring an obligation under the show of asking a favour, thanked his grateful friend most heartily, and assured him he would have recourse to his purse, without scruple, should circumstances ever render it convenient for him. And thus they parted with many expressions of mutual regard.

CHAPTER VI.

If thou hast any love of mercy in thee,
Turn me upon my face that I may die.

JUANNA BAILLIE.

OUR traveller hired a post-chaise at the place where he separated from Dinmont, with the purpose of proceeding to Kippletringan, there to enquire into the state of the family at Woodbourne, before he should venture to make his presence in the country known to Miss Mannering. The stage was a long one of eighteen or twenty miles, and the road lay across the country. To add to the inconveniences of the journey, the snow began to fall pretty quickly. The postillion, however, proceeded upon his journey for a good many miles, without expressing doubts or hesitation. It was not until the night was completely set in, that he intimated his doubts whether he were in the right road. The increasing snow rendered this intimation rather alarming, for as it drove full in the lad's face, and lay whitening all around him, it

served in two different ways to confuse his knowledge of the country, and to diminish the chance of his recovering the right track. Brown then himself got out and looked round, not, it may be well imagined, from any better hope than that of seeing some house at which he might make enquiry. But none appeared—he could therefore only tell the lad to drive steadily on. The road on which they were, run through plantations of considerable extent and depth, and the traveller therefore conjectured that there must be a gentleman's house at no great distance. At length, after struggling wearily on for about a mile, the post-boy stopped, and protested his horses would not budge a foot farther; “but he saw,” he said, “a light among the trees, which must proceed from a house; the only way was to enquire the road there.” Accordingly he dismounted, heavily encumbered with a long great-coat, and a pair of boots which might have rivalled in thickness the seven-fold shield of Ajax. As in this guise he was plodding forth upon his voyage of discovery, Brown's impatience prevailed, and, jumping out of the carriage, he desired the lad to stop where he was, by the horses, and he would himself go to the house—a command which the driver joyfully obeyed.

He groped along the side of the inclosure from which the light glimmered, in order to find some mode of approaching in that direction, and after

proceeding for some space, at length found a stile in the hedge, and a pathway leading into the plantation, which in that place was of great extent. This promised to lead to the light which was the object of his search, and accordingly Brown proceeded in that direction, but soon totally lost sight of it among the trees. The path, which at first seemed broad and well marked by the opening of the wood through which it winded, was now less easily distinguishable, although the whiteness of the snow afforded some reflected light to assist his search. Directing himself as much as possible through the more open parts of the wood, he proceeded almost a mile without either recovering a view of the light, or seeing anything resembling a habitation. Still, however, he thought it best to persevere in that direction. It must surely have been a light in the hut of a forester, for it shone too steadily to be the glimmer of an *ignis fatuus*. The ground at length became broken, and declined rapidly, and although Brown conceived he still moved along what had once at least been a pathway, it was now very unequal, and the snow concealing those breaches and inequalities, the traveller had one or two falls in consequence. He began now to think of turning back, especially as the falling snow, which his impatience had hitherto prevented his attending to, was coming on thicker and faster.

Willing, however, to make a last effort, he still advanced a little way, when, to his great delight, he beheld the light opposite at no great distance, and apparently upon a level with him. He quickly found that this last appearance was deception, for the ground continued so rapidly to sink, as made it obvious there was a deep dell, or ravine of some kind, between him and the object of his search. Taking every precaution to preserve his footing, he continued to descend until he reached the bottom of a very steep and narrow glen, through which winded a small rivulet, whose course was then almost choked with snow. He now found himself embarrassed among the ruins of cottages, whose black gables, rendered more distinguishable by the contrast with the whitened surface from which they rose, were still standing; the side-walls had long since given way to time, and, piled in shapeless heaps, and covered with snow, offered frequent and embarrassing obstacles to our traveller's progress. Still, however, he persevered, crossed the rivulet, not without some trouble, and at length, by exertions which became both painful and perilous, ascended its opposite and very rugged bank, until he came on a level with the building from which the gleam proceeded.

It was difficult, especially by so imperfect a light, to discover the nature of this edifice; but it seemed a square building of small size, the upper part

of which was totally ruinous. It had, perhaps, been the abode, in former times, of some lesser proprietor, or a place of strength and concealment, in case of need, for one of greater importance. But only the lower vault remained, the arch of which formed the roof in the present state of the building. Brown first approached the place from whence the light proceeded, which seemed to be a long narrow slit or loop-hole, such as are usually to be found in old castles. Impelled by curiosity to reconnoitre the interior of this strange place before he entered, Brown gazed in at this aperture. A scene of greater desolation could not well be imagined. There was a fire upon the floor, the smoke of which, after circling through the apartment, escaped by a hole broken in the arch above. The walls, seen by this smoky light, had the rude and waste appearance of a ruin of three centuries old at least. A cask or two, with some broken boxes and packages, lay about the place in confusion. But the inmates chiefly occupied Brown's attention. Upon a lair composed of straw, with a blanket stretched over it, lay a figure, so still, that, except that it was not dressed in the ordinary habiliments of the grave, Brown would have concluded it to be a corpse. On a steadier view he perceived it was only on the point of becoming so, for he heard one or two of those low, deep, and hard-drawn sighs, that precede dissolution when

the frame is tenacious of life. A female figure, dressed in a long cloak, sate on a stone by this miserable couch; her elbows rested upon her knees, and her face, averted from the light of an iron lamp beside her, was bent upon that of the dying person. She moistened his mouth from time to time with some liquid, and between whiles sung, in a low monotonous cadence, one of those prayers, or rather spells, which, in some parts of Scotland, and the north of England, are used by the vulgar and ignorant to speed the passage of a parting spirit, like the tolling of the bell in catholic days. She accompanied this dismal sound with a slow rocking motion of her body to and fro, as if to keep time with her song. The words ran nearly thus :—

Wasted, weary, wherefore stay,
 Wrestling thus with earth and clay ?
 From the body pass away ;—
 Hark ! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,
 Mary Mother be thy speed,
 Saints to help thee at thy need ;—
 Hark ! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,
 Sleet, or hail, or levin blast ;
 Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
 And the sleep be on thee cast
 That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
Earth flits fast, and time draws on,—
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking.

The songstress paused, and was answered by one or two deep and hollow groans, that seemed to proceed from the very agony of the mortal strife—"It will not be," she muttered to herself—"He cannot pass away with that on his mind—it tethers him here—

'Heaven cannot abide it,
Earth refuses to hide it.'

"I must open the door;" and, rising, she faced towards the door of the apartment, observing heedfully not to turn back her head, and, withdrawing a bolt or two, (for, notwithstanding the miserable appearance of the place, the door was cautiously secured,) she lifted the latch,

"Open lock—end strife,
Come death, and pass life."

Brown, who had by this time moved from his post, stood before her as she opened the door. She stepped back a pace, and he entered, instantly recognizing, but with no comfortable sensation, the same gypsy woman whom he had met in Bewcastle. She also knew him at once, and her attitude, figure, and the anxiety of her countenance, assumed the

appearance of the well-disposed ogress of a fairy tale, warning a stranger not to enter the dangerous castle of her husband. The first words she spoke (holding up her hands in a reproving manner,) were, "Said I not to ye, Make not, meddle not?—Beware of the redding strake! you are come to no house o' fair-strae death." So saying, she raised the lamp, and turned its light on the dying man, whose rude and harsh features were now convulsed with the last agony. A roll of linen about his head was stained with blood, which had soaked also through the blankets and the straw. It was, indeed, under no natural disease that the wretch was suffering. Brown started back from this horrible object, and, turning to the gypsey, exclaimed, "Wrctched woman, who has done this?"

"They that were permitted," answered Meg Merrilies, while she scanned with a close and keen glance the features of the expiring man,—“He has had a sair struggle—but it's passing—I kenn'd he would pass when you came in.—That was the death-ruckle—he's dead.”

Sounds were now heard at a distance, as of voices. "They are coming," said she to Brown; "you are a dead man if ye had as mony lives as hairs." Brown eagerly looked round for some weapon of defence. There was none near. He then rushed to the door, with the intention of plunging among the trees, and making his escape by flight, from what he now es-

teemed a den of murderers, but Merrilies held him with a masculine grasp. "Here," she said, "here—be still and you are safe—stir not, whatever you see or hear, and nothing shall befall you."

Brown, in these desperate circumstances, remembered this woman's intimation formerly, and thought he had no chance of safety but in obeying her. She caused him to couch down among a parcel of straw on the opposite side of the apartment from the corpse, covered him carefully, and flung over him two or three old sacks which lay about the place. Anxious to observe what was to happen, Brown arranged, as softly as he could, the means of peeping from under the coverings by which he was hidden, and awaited with a throbbing heart the issue of this strange and most unpleasant adventure. The old gypsy, in the mean time, set about arranging the dead body, composing its limbs, and straitening the arms by its side. "Best to do this," she muttered, "ere he stiffen." She placed on the dead man's breast a trencher, with salt sprinkled upon it, set one candle at the head, and another at the feet of the body, and lighted both. Then she resumed her song, and awaited the approach of those whose voices had been heard without.

Brown was a soldier, and a brave one; but he was also a man, and at this moment his fears mastered his courage so completely, that the cold drops

burst out from every pore. The idea of being dragged out of his miserable concealment by wretches, whose trade was that of midnight murder, without weapons or the slightest means of defence, except entreaties, which would be only their sport, and cries for help, which could never reach other ear than their own—his safety entrusted to the precarious compassion of a being associated with these felons, and whose trade of rapine and imposture must have hardened her against every human feeling—the bitterness of his emotions almost choaked him. He endeavoured to read in her withered and dark countenance, as the lamp threw its light upon her features, something that promised those feelings of compassion, which females, even in their most degraded state, can seldom altogether smother. There was no such touch of humanity about this woman. The interest, whatever it was, that determined her in his favour, arose not from the impulse of compassion, but from some internal, and probably capricious, association of feelings, to which he had no clew. It rested, perhaps, on a fancied likeness, such as Lady Macbeth found to her father in the sleeping monarch. Such were the reflections that passed in rapid succession through Brown's mind, as he gazed from his hiding-place upon this extraordinary personage. Meantime the gang did not yet approach, and he was almost prompted to resume his original intention of attempting an es-

cape from the hut, and cursed internally his own irresolution, which had consented to his being cooped up where he had neither room for resistance nor flight.

Meg Merrilies seemed equally on the watch. She bent her ear to every sound that whistled round the old walls. Then she turned again to the dead body, and found something new to arrange or alter in its position. "He's a bonny corpse," she muttered to herself, "and weel worth the streaking."—And in this dismal occupation she appeared to feel a sort of professional pleasure, entering slowly into all the minutiae, as if with the skill and feelings of a connoisseur. A long dark-coloured sea-cloak, which she dragged out of a corner, was disposed for a pall. The face she left bare, after closing the mouth and eyes, and arranged the capes of the cloak so as to hide the bloody bandages, and give the body, as she muttered, "a mair decent appearance."

At once three or four men, equally ruffians in appearance and dress, rushed into the hut. "Meg, ye limb of Satan, how dare you leave the door open?" was the first salutation of the party.

"And wha ever heard of a door being barred when a man was in the dead-thraw?—how d'ye think the spirit was to get awa' through bolts and bars like thae?"

"Is he dead then?" said one who went to the side of the couch to look at the body.

“Eye, eye—dead enough,” said another—“but here’s what shall give him a rousing like-wake.” So saying, he fetched a keg of spirits from a corner, while Meg hastened to display pipes and tobacco. From the activity with which she undertook the task, Brown conceived good hope of her fidelity towards her guest. It was obvious that she wished to engage the ruffians in their debauch, to prevent the discovery which might take place, if, by accident, any of them should approach too nearly the place of Brown’s concealment.

CHAPTER VII.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
Nor roof nor latched door,
Nor kind mate, bound, by holy vow,
To bless a good man's store.
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day ;
Uprouse ye then, my merry men !
And use it as ye may.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

BROWN could now reckon his foes—they were five in number ; two of them were very powerful men, who appeared to be either real seamen, or strollers who assumed that character ; the other three, an old man and two lads, were slighter made, and, from their black hair and dark complexion, seemed to belong to Meg's tribe. They passed from one to another the cup out of which they drank their spirits. " Here's to his good voyage !" said one of the seamen, drinking ; " a squally night he's got, however, to drift through the sky in."

We omit here various execrations with which these honest gentlemen garnished their discourse,

retaining only such of their expletives as are least offensive.

“ ‘A does not mind wind and weather—’A has had many a north-easter in his day.”

“ He had his last yesterday,” said another gruffly, “ and now old Meg may pray for his last fair wind, as she’s often done before.”

“ I’ll pray for nane o’ him,” said Meg, “ nor for you neither, you randy dog. The times are sair altered since I was a kitchen-mort. Men were men then, and fought other in the open field, and there was nae milling in the darkmans. And the gentry had kind hearts, and would have given baith lap and pannel to ony puir gypsey ; and there was not one, from Johnnie Faa the upright man, to little Christie that was in the panniers, would cloyed a dud from them. But ye are a’ altered from the gude auld rules, and no wonder that you scour the cramp ring, and trine to the cheat sac often. Yes, ye are a’ altered—you’ll eat the goodman’s meat, drink his drink, sleep on the trammel in his barn, and break his house and cut his throat for his pains ! There’s blood on your hands too, ye dogs—mair than ever came there by fair fighting. See how ye’ll die then—lang it was ere he died—he strove, and strove sair, and could neither die nor live ;—but you—half the country will see how ye’ll grace the woodie.”

The party set up a hoarse laugh at Meg's prophecy.

"What made you come back here, ye auld beldam?" said one of the gypsies; "could ye not have staid where you were, and spaed fortunes to the Cumberland flats?—Bing out and tour, ye auld devil, and see that nobody has scented; that's a' you're good for now."

"Is that a' I am good for now? I was good for mair than that in the great fight between our folk and Patrico Salmon's; if I had not helped you with these very fables, (holding up her hands,) Jean Baillie would have frummagem'd you, ye feckless do-little!"

There was here another laugh at the expence of the hero who had received this amazon's assistance.

"Here, mother," said one of the sailors, "here's a cup of the right for you, and never mind that bully-huff."

Meg drank the spirits, and, withdrawing herself from farther conversation, sate down before the spot where Brown lay hid, in such a posture that it would have been difficult for any one to have approached it without her rising. The men, however, shewed no disposition to disturb her.

They closed around the fire, and held deep consultation together; but the low tone in which they spoke, and the canting language which they used, prevented Brown from understanding much of their

conversation. He gathered in general, that they expressed great indignation against some individual. "He shall have his gruel," said one, and then whispered something very low into the ear of his comrade.

"I'll have nothing to do with that," said the other.

"Are you turned hen-hearted, Jack?"

"No, by G——, no more than yourself,—but I won't—it was something like that stopped all the trade fifteen or twenty years ago—You have heard of the Loup?"

"I have heard *him* (indicating the corpse by a jerk of his head) tell about that job. G—d, how he used to laugh when he shewed us how he fetched him off the perch!"

"Well, but it did up the trade for one while."

"How should that be?"

"Why, the people got rusty about it, and would not deal, and they had bought so many brooms that"——

"Well, for all that, I think we should be down upon the fellow one of these darkmans, and let him get it well."

"But old Meg's asleep now," said another; "she grows a driveller, and is afraid of her shadow. She'll sing out, some of these odd-come-shortlies, if you don't look sharp."

“Never fear,” said the old gypsey man; “Meg’s true-bred; she’s the last in the gang that will start—but she has some queer ways, and often cuts queer words.”

With more of this gibberish, they continued the conversation; rendering it thus, even to each other, a dark obscure dialect, eked out by significant nods and signs, but never expressing distinctly, or in plain language, the subject on which it turned. At length one of them, observing Meg was still fast asleep, or appeared to be so, desired one of the lads “to hand in the black Peter, that they might flick it open.” The boy stepped to the door, and brought in a portmanteau, which Brown instantly recognized for his own. His thoughts immediately turned to the unfortunate lad he had left with the carriage. Had the ruffians murdered him? was the horrible doubt that crossed his mind. The agony of his attention grew yet keener, and while the villains pulled out and admired the different articles of his clothes and linen, he eagerly listened for some indication that might intimate the fate of the postillion. But the ruffians were too much delighted with their prize, and too much busied in examining its contents, to enter into any details concerning the manner in which they had acquired it. The portmanteau contained various articles of apparel, a pair of pistols, a leathern case with a few papers and some money, &c. &c. At any other

time it would have provoked Brown excessively to see the unceremonious manner in which the thieves shared his property, and made themselves merry at the expence of the owner. But the moment was too perilous to admit any thoughts but what had immediate reference to self-preservation.

After a sufficient scrutiny into the portmanteau, and an equitable division of its contents, the ruffians applied themselves more closely to the serious occupation of drinking, in which they spent the greater part of the night. Brown was for some time in great hopes that they would drink so deep as to render themselves insensible, when his escape would have been an easy matter. But their dangerous trade required precautions inconsistent with such unlimited indulgence, and they stopped short on this side of absolute intoxication. Three of them at length composed themselves to rest, while the fourth watched. He was relieved in this duty by one of the others, after a vigil of two hours. When the second watch had elapsed, the sentinel awakened the whole, who, to Brown's inexpressible relief, began to make some preparations as if for departure, bundling up the various articles which each had appropriated. Still, however, there remained something to be done. Two of them, after some rummaging, which not a little alarmed Brown, produced a mattock and shovel, another took a pick-axe from behind the straw on which the dead

body was extended. With these implements they all left the hut but three, and these, two of whom were the seamen, very strong men, still remained in garrison.

After the space of about half an hour, one of those who had departed again returned, and whispered the others. They wrapped up the dead body in the sea-cloak which had served as a pall, and went out, bearing it along with them. The aged sybil then arose from her real or feigned slumbers. She first went to the door, as if for the purpose of watching the departure of her late inmates, then returned, and commanded Brown, in a low and stifled voice, to follow her instantly. He obeyed; but, on leaving the hut, he would willingly have repossessed himself of his money, or papers at least, but this she prohibited in the most peremptory manner. It immediately occurred to him that the suspicion of having removed any thing, of which he might repossess himself, would fall upon this woman, by whom, in all probability, his life had been saved. He therefore immediately desisted from his attempt, contenting himself with seizing a cutlass, which one of the ruffians had flung aside among the straw. On his feet, and possessed of this weapon, he already found himself half delivered from the dangers which beset him. Still, however, he felt stiffened and cramped, both with the cold, and by the constrained and unaltered po-

sition which he had occupied all night. But as he followed the gypsy from the door of the hut, the fresh air of the morning, and the action of walking, restored circulation and activity to his benumbed limbs.

The pale light of a winter's morning was rendered more clear by the snow, which was lying all around, crisped by the influence of a severe frost. Brown cast a hasty glance at the landscape around him, that he might be able again to know the spot. The little tower, of which only a single vault remained, forming the dismal apartment in which he had spent this remarkable night, was perched on the very point of a projecting rock overhanging the rivulet. It was accessible only on one side, and that from the ravine or glen below. On the other three sides the bank was precipitous, so that Brown had on the preceding evening escaped more dangers than one ; for, if he had attempted to go round the building, which was once his purpose, he must have been dashed to pieces. The dell was so narrow that the trees met in some places from the opposite sides. They were now loaded with snow instead of leaves, and thus formed a sort of frozen canopy over the rivulet beneath, which was marked by its darker colour, as it soaked its way obscurely through wreaths of snow. In one place, where the glen was a little wider, leaving a small piece of flat ground between the rivulet and the

bank, were situated the ruins of the hamlet in which Brown had been involved on the preceding evening. The ruined gables, the insides of which were jappanned with turf-smoke, looked yet blacker, contrasted with the patches of snow, which had been driven against them by the wind, and with the drifts which lay around them.

Upon this wintry and dismal scene, Brown could only at present cast a very hasty glance ; for his guide, after pausing an instant, as if to permit him to indulge his curiosity, strode hastily before him down the path which led into the glen. He observed, with some feelings of suspicion, that she chose a track already marked by several feet, which he could only suppose were those of the depredators who had spent the night in the vault. A moment's recollection, however, put his suspicions to rest. It was not to be thought that the woman, who might have delivered him up to her gang when in a state totally defenceless, would have suspended her supposed treachery until he was armed, and in the open air, and had so many better chances of defence or escape. He therefore followed his guide in confidence and silence. They crossed the small brook at the same place where it previously had been passed by those who had gone before. The foot-marks then proceeded through the ruined village, and from thence down the glen, which again narrowed to a ravine, after the small opening in

which they were situated. But the gypsey no longer followed the same track : she turned aside, and led the way by a very rugged and uneven path up the bank which overhung the village. Although the snow in many places hid the pathway, and rendered the footing uncertain and unsafe, Meg proceeded with a firm and determined step, which indicated an intimate knowledge of the ground she traversed. At length they gained the top of the bank, though by a passage so steep and intricate, that Brown, though convinced it was the same by which he had descended on the night before, was not a little surprised how he had accomplished the task without breaking his neck. Above, the country opened wide and uninclosed for about a mile or two on the one hand, and on the other were thick plantations of considerable extent.

Meg, however, still led the way along the bank of the ravine out of which they had ascended, until she heard beneath the murmur of voices. She then pointed to a deep plantation of trees at some distance.—“ The road to Kippletringan,” she said, “ is on the other side of these inclosures—Make the speed ye can : there’s mair rests on your life than on other folk’s.—But you have lost all—stay.” She fumbled in an immense pocket, from which she produced a greasy purse—“ Many’s the *awmous* your house has gi’en Meg and hers—and she

has lived to pay it back in a small degree ;”—and she placed the purse in his hand.

“The woman is insane,” thought Brown ; but it was no time to debate the point, for the sounds he heard in the ravine below probably proceeded from the banditti. “How shall I repay this money,” he said, “or how acknowledge the kindness you have done me ?”

“I hae twa boons to crave,” answered the sybil, speaking low and hastily ; “one, that you will never speak of what you have seen this night ; the other, that you will not leave this country till you see me again, and that you leave word at the Gordon-arms where you are to be heard of ; and when I next call for you, be it in church or market, at wedding or at burial, Sunday or Saturday, meal-time or fasting, that ye leave every thing else and come with me.”

“Why, that will do you little good, mother.”

“But ’twill do yoursell muckle, and that’s what I’m thinking o’.—I am not mad, although I have had enough to make me sac—I am not mad, nor doating, nor drunken—I know what I am asking, and I know it has been the will of God to preserve you in strange dangers, and that I shall be the instrument to set you in your father’s seat again.—Sae give me your promise, and mind that you owe your life to me this blessed night.”

“There’s wildness in her manner, certainly,”

thought Brown, "and yet it is more like the wildness of energy than of madness."

"Well, mother, since you do ask so useless and trifling a favour, you have my promise. It will at least give me an opportunity to repay your money with additions. You are an uncommon kind of creditor, no doubt, but"—

"Away, away, then !" said she, waving her hand. "Think not about the goud—it's a your ain ; but remember your promise, and do not dare to follow me or look after me." So saying, she plunged again into the dell, and descended it with great agility, the icicles and snow-wreaths showering down after her as she disappeared.

Notwithstanding her prohibition, Brown endeavoured to gain some point of the bank, from which he might, unseen, gaze down into the glen ; and with some difficulty, (for it must be conceived that the utmost caution was necessary,) he succeeded. The spot which he attained for this purpose was the point of a projecting rock, which rose precipitously from among the trees. By kneeling down among the snow, and stretching his head cautiously forward, he could observe what was going on in the bottom of the dell. He saw, as he expected, his companions of the last night, now joined by two or three others. They had cleared away the snow from the foot of the rock, and dug a deep pit, which was designed to serve the purpose of a

grave. Around this they now stood, and lowered into it something wrapped in a naval cloak, which Brown instantly concluded to be the dead body of the man he had seen expire. They then stood silent for half a minute, as if under some touch of feeling for the loss of their companion. But if they experienced such, they did not long remain under its influence, for all hands went presently to work to fill up the grave ; and Brown, perceiving that the task would be soon ended, thought it best to take the gypsy-woman's hint, and walk as fast as possible until he should gain the shelter of the plantation.

Having arrived under cover of the trees, his first thought was of the gypsy's purse. He had accepted it without hesitation, though with something like a feeling of degradation, arising from the character of the person by whom he was thus accommodated. But it relieved him from a serious though temporary embarrassment. His money, excepting a very few shillings, was in his portmanteau, and that was in possession of Meg's friends. Some time was necessary to write to his agent, or even to apply to his good host at Charlies-hope, who would gladly have supplied him. In the mean time, he resolved to avail himself of Meg's subsidy, confident he would have a speedy opportunity of replacing it with a handsome gratuity. " It can be but a trifling sum," he said to himself, " and I

dare say the good lady may have a share of my bank-notes to make amends."

With these reflections he opened the leathern-purse, expecting to find at most three or four guineas. But how much was he surprised to discover that it contained, besides a considerable quantity of gold pieces, of different coinages and various countries, the joint amount of which could not be short of a hundred pounds, several valuable rings and ornaments set with jewels, and, as appeared from the slight inspection he had time to give them, of very considerable value.

Brown was equally astonished and embarrassed by the circumstances in which he found himself, possessed, as he now seemed to be, of property to a much greater amount than his own, but which had been obtained in all probability by the same nefarious means through which he had himself been plundered. His first thought was to enquire after the nearest justice of peace, and to place in his hands the treasure of which he had thus unexpectedly become the depository, telling, at the same time, his own remarkable story. But a moment's consideration brought several objections to this mode of procedure. In the first place, he should break his promise of silence, and was certain by that means to involve the safety, perhaps the life, of this woman, who had risked her own to preserve his, and who had voluntarily endowed him

with this treasure,—a generosity which might thus become the means of her ruin. This was not to be thought of. Besides, he was a stranger, and, for a time at least, unprovided with means of establishing his own character and credit to the satisfaction of a stupid or obstinate country magistrate. “I will think over the matter more maturely,” he said; “perhaps there may be a regiment quartered at the county-town, in which case my knowledge of the service, and acquaintance with many officers of the army, cannot fail to establish my situation and character by evidence which a civil judge could not sufficiently estimate. And then I shall have the commanding officer’s assistance in managing matters so as to screen this unhappy madwoman, whose mistake or prejudice has been so fortunate for me. A civil magistrate might think himself obliged to send out warrants for her at once, and the consequence in case of her being taken is pretty evident—No, she has been upon honour with me if she were the devil, and I will be equally upon honour with her—She shall have the privilege of a court-martial, where the point of honour can qualify strict law. Besides I may see her at this place, Kipple—Couple—what did she call it?—and then I can make restitution to her, and e’en let the law claim its own when it can secure her. In the meanwhile, however, I cut rather an awkward figure for one who has the honour to bear his majesty’s commis-

sion, being little better than the receiver of stolen goods."

With these reflections, Brown took from the gypsey's treasure three or four guineas, for the purpose of his immediate expences, and tying up the rest in the purse which contained them, resolved not again to open it, until he could either restore it to her by whom it was given, or put it into the hands of some public functionary. He next thought of the cutlass, and his first impulse was to leave it in the plantation. But when he considered the risk of meeting with these ruffians, he could not resolve upon parting with his arms. His walking-dress, though plain, had so much of a military character as suited not amiss with his having such a weapon. Besides, though the custom of wearing swords by persons out of uniform had been gradually becoming antiquated, it was not yet so totally forgotten as to occasion any particular remark towards those who chose to adhere to it. Retaining, therefore, his weapon of defence, and placing the purse of the gypsey in a private pocket, our traveller strode gallantly on through the wood in search of the promised high-road.

CHAPTER VIII.

All school-day's friendship, childhood innocence,
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Julia Mannering to Matilda Marchmont.

“ How can you upbraid me, my dearest Matilda, with abatement in friendship or fluctuation in affection? Is it possible for me to forget that you are the chosen of my heart, in whose faithful bosom I have deposited every feeling which your poor Julia dares to acknowledge to herself? And you do me equal injustice in upbraiding me with exchanging your friendship for that of Lucy Bertram. I assure you she has not the materials I must seek for in a bosom confidante. She is a charming girl, to be sure, and I like her very much, and I confess our forenoon and evening engagements have left

me less time for the exercise of my pen than our proposed regularity of correspondence demands. But she is totally devoid of elegant accomplishments, excepting the knowledge of French and Italian, which she acquired from the most grotesque monster you ever beheld, whom my father has engaged as a kind of librarian, and whom he patronizes, I believe, to show his defiance of the world's opinion. Colonel Mannering seems to have formed a determination, that nothing shall be considered as ridiculous, so long as it appertains to or is connected with him. I remember in India he had picked up somewhere a little mongrel cur, with bandy legs, a long back, and huge flapping ears. Of this uncouth creature he chose to make a favourite, in despite of all taste and opinion ; and I remember one instance which he alleged, of what he called Brown's petulance, was, that he had criticized severely the crooked legs and drooping ears of Bingo. On my word, Matilda, I believe he nurses his high opinion of this most awkward of all pedants upon a similar principle. He seats the creature at table, where he pronounces a grace that sounds like the scream of the man in the square that used to cry mackarel, flings his meat down his throat by shovelfulls, like a person loading a cart, and apparently without the most distant perception of what he is swallowing,—then bleats forth another unnatural set of tones, by way of returning

thanks, stalks out of the room, and immerses himself among a parcel of huge worm-eaten folios that are as uncouth as himself ! I could endure the creature well enough, had I any body to laugh with ; but Lucy Bertram, if I but verge on the border of a jest affecting this same Mr Sampson, (such is the horrid man's horrid name) looks so piteous, that it deprives me of all spirit to proceed, and my father knits his brow, flashes fire from his eye, bites his lip, and says something that is extremely rude and uncomfortable to my feelings.

“ It was not of this creature, however, that I meant to speak to you—only that, being a good scholar in the modern, as well as the ancient languages, he has contrived to make Lucy Bertram mistress of the former, and she has only, I believe, to thank her own good sense or obstinacy, that the Greek, Latin, (and Hebrew, for aught I know,) were not added to her acquisitions. And thus she really has a great fund of information, and I assure you I am daily surprised at the power which she seems to possess of amusing herself by recalling and arranging the subjects of her former reading. We read together every morning, and I began to like the Italian much better than when we were teased by that conceited animal Cicipici ;—this is the way to spell his name, and not Chichipichi—you see I grow a connoisseur.

“ But perhaps I like Miss Bertram more for the

accomplishments she wants, than for the knowledge she possesses. She knows nothing of music whatever, and no more of dancing than is here common to the meanest peasant, who, by the way, dance with great zeal and spirit. So that I am instructor in my turn, and she takes with great gratitude lessons from me upon the harpsichord, and I have even taught her some of *La Pique's* steps, and you know he thought me a promising scholar.

“ In the evening papa often reads, and I assure you he is the best reader of poetry you ever heard—not like that actor, who made a kind of jumble between reading and acting, staring, and bending his brow, and twisting his face, and gesticulating as if he were on the stage, and dressed out in all his costume. My father's manner is quite different—it is the reading of a gentleman, who produces effect by feeling, taste, and inflection of voice, not by action or mummery. Lucy Bertram rides remarkably well, and I can now accompany her on horseback, having become emboldened by example. We walk also a good deal in spite of the cold—So, upon the whole, I have not quite so much time for writing as I used to have.

“ Besides, my love, I must really use the apology of all stupid correspondents, that I have nothing to say. My hopes, my fears, my anxieties about Brown are of a less interesting cast, since I know that he is at liberty, and in health. Besides, I must

own, I think that by this time the gentleman might have given me some intimation what he was doing. Our intercourse may be an imprudent one, but it is not very complimentary to me, that Mr Vanbeest Brown should be the first to discover that, and to break off in consequence. I can promise him that we might not differ much in opinion should that happen to be his, for I have sometimes thought I have behaved extremely foolishly in that matter. Yet I have so good an opinion of poor Brown, that I cannot but think there is something extraordinary in his silence.

“ To return to Lucy Bertram—No, my dearest Matilda, she can never, never rival you in my regard, so that all your affectionate jealousy on that account is without foundation. She is, to be sure, a very pretty, a very sensible, a very affectionate girl, and I think there are few persons to whose consolatory friendship I could have recourse more freely in what are called the *real evils* of life. But then these so seldom come in one’s way, and one wants a friend who will sympathize with distresses of sentiment, as well as with actual misfortune. Heaven knows, and you know, my dearest Matilda, that these diseases of the heart require the balm of sympathy and affection as much as the evils of a more obvious and determinate character. Now Lucy Bertram has nothing of this kindly sympathy—nothing at all, my dearest Matilda.

Were I sick of a fever, she would sit up night after night to nurse me with the most unrepining patience ; but with the fever of the heart, which my Matilda has soothed so often, she has no more sympathy than her old tutor. And yet what provokes me is, that the demure monkey actually has a lover of her own, and that their mutual affection (for mutual I take it to be) has a great deal of complicated and romantic interest. She was once, you must know, a great heiress, but was ruined by the prodigality of her father, and the villainy of a horrid man in whom he confided. And one of the handsomest young gentlemen in the country is attached to her, but as he is heir to a great estate, she discourages his addresses on account of the disproportion of their fortune.

“ But with all this moderation, and self-denial, and modesty, and so forth, Lucy is a sly girl—I am sure she loves young Hazlewood, and I am sure he has some guess of that, and would probably bring her to acknowledge it too, if my father or she would allow him an opportunity. But you must know the Colonel is always himself in the way to pay Miss Bertram those attentions which afford the best indirect opportunities for a young gentleman in Hazlewood’s situation. I would have my good papa take care that he does not himself pay the usual penalty of meddling folks. I assure you, if I were Hazlewood, I should look on his

compliments, his bowings, his cloakings, his shawl-ings, and his handings, with some little suspicion ; and truly I think Hazlewood does so too at some odd times. Then imagine what a silly figure your poor Julia makes upon such occasions ! Here is my father making the agreeable to my friend ; there is young Hazlewood watching every word of her lips, and every motion of her eye ; and I have not the poor satisfaction of interesting a human being—not even the exotic monster of a parson, for even he sits with his mouth open, and his huge round goggling eyes fixed like those of a statue, admiring Mess Baartram !

“ All this makes me sometimes a little nervous, and sometimes a little mischievous. I was so provoked at my father and the lovers the other day for turning me completely out of their thoughts and society, that I began an attack upon Hazlewood, from which it was impossible for him, in common civility, to escape. He insensibly became warm in his defence—I assure you, Matilda, he is a very clever, as well as a very handsome young man, and I don't think I ever remember having seen him to the same advantage—when, behold, in the midst of our lively conversation, a very soft sigh from Miss Lucy reached my not ungratified ears. I was greatly too generous to prosecute my victory any farther, even if I had not been afraid of papa. Luckily for me, he had at that moment got into a

long description of the peculiar notions and manners of a certain tribe of Indians, who live far up the country, and was illustrating them by making drawings on Miss Bertram's work-patterns, three of which he utterly damaged, by introducing among the intricacies of the pattern his specimens of oriental costume. But I believe she thought as little of her own gown at the moment as of the India turbands and cummerbands. However, it was quite as well for me that he did not see all the merit of my little manœuvre, for he is as sharp-sighted as a hawk, and a sworn enemy to the slightest shade of coquetry.

“ Well, Matilda, Hazlewood heard this same half-audible sigh, and instantly repented his temporary attentions to such an unworthy object as your Julia, and, with a very comical expression of consciousness, drew near to Lucy's work-table. He made some trifling observation, and her reply was one in which nothing but an ear as acute as that of a lover, or a curious observer like myself, could have distinguished any thing more cold and dry than usual. But it conveyed reproof to the self-accusing hero, and he stood abashed accordingly. You will admit that I was called upon in generosity to act as mediator. So I mingled in the conversation, in the quiet tone of an unobserving and uninterested third party, led them into their former habits of easy chat, and, after having served

awhile as the channel of communication through which they chose to address each other, set them down to a pensive game at chess, and very dutifully went to teaze papa, who was still busied with his drawings. The chess-players, you must observe, were placed near the chimney, beside a little work-table, which held the board and men, the Colonel, at some distance, with lights upon a library table,—for it is a large old-fashioned room, with several recesses, and hung with grim tapestry, representing what it might have puzzled the artist himself to explain.

‘Is chess a very interesting game, papa?’

‘I am told so,’ without honouring me with his attention.

‘I should think so, from the attention Mr Hazlewood and Lucy are bestowing on it.’

“He raised his head hastily, and held his pencil suspended for an instant. Apparently he saw nothing that excited his suspicions, for he was resuming the folds of a Mahratta’s turban in tranquillity, when I interrupted him with—‘How old is Miss Bertram, sir?’

‘How should I know, Miss? about your own age, I suppose.’

‘Older, I should think, sir. You are always telling me how much more decorously she goes through all the honours of the tea-table—Lord,

papa, what if you should give her a right to preside once and for ever !”

‘ Julia, my dear, you are either a fool outright, or you are more disposed to make mischief than I have yet believed you.’

‘ Oh, my dear sir ! put your best construction upon it—I would not be thought a fool for all the world.’

‘ Then why do you talk like one ?’

‘ Lord, sir, I am sure there is nothing so foolish in what I said just now—every body knows you are a very handsome man,’ (a smile was just visible) ‘ that is, for your time of life,’ (the dawn was overcast) ‘ which is far from being advanced, and I am sure I don’t know why you should not please yourself if you have a mind. I am sensible I am but a thoughtless girl, and if a graver companion could render you more happy’——

“ There was a mixture of displeasure and grave affection in the manner in which my father took my hand, that was a severe reproof to me for trifling with his feelings. ‘ Julia,’ he said, ‘ I bear with much of your petulance, because I think I have in some degree deserved it, by neglecting to superintend your education sufficiently closely. Yet I would not have you give it the rein upon a subject so delicate. If you do not respect the feelings of your surviving parent towards the memory of her whom you have lost, attend at least to the sacred

claims of misfortune ; and observe, that the slightest hint of such a jest reaching Miss Bertram's ears, would at once induce her to renounce her present asylum, and go forth, without a protector, into a world she has already felt so unfriendly.'

"What could I say to this, Matilda?—I only cried heartily, begged pardon, and promised to be a good girl in future. And so here am I neutralized again, for I cannot, in honour, or common good nature, tease poor Lucy by interfering with Hazlewood, although she has so little confidence in me ; and neither can I, after this grave appeal, venture again upon such delicate ground with papa. So I burn little rolls of paper, and sketch 'Turks' heads upon visiting cards with the blackened end—I assure you I succeeded in making a superb Hyder-Ally last night—and I jingle on my unfortunate harpsichord, and begin at the end of a grave book and read it backward.—After all, I begin to be very much vexed about Brown's silence. Had he been obliged to leave the country, I am sure he would at least have written to me—Can it be possible that my father can have intercepted his letters ? But no—that is contrary to all his principles—I don't think he would open a letter addressed to me to-night, to prevent my jumping out of window to-morrow—What an expression I have suffered to escape my pen ! I should be ashamed of it, even to you, Matilda, and used in jest. But

I need not take much merit for acting as I ought to do—This same Mr Vanbeest Brown is by no means so very ardent a lover as to hurry the object of his attachment into such inconsiderate steps. He gives one full time to reflect, that must be admitted. However, I will not blame him unheard, nor permit myself to doubt the manly firmness of a character which I have so often extolled to you. Were he capable of doubt, of fear, of the shadow of change, I should have little to regret.

“And why, you will say, when I expect such steady and unalterable constancy from a lover, why should I be anxious about what Hazlewood does, or to whom he offers his attentions?—I ask myself the question a hundred times a-day, and it only receives the very silly answer, that one does not like to be neglected, though one would not encourage a serious infidelity.—

“I write all these trifles, because you say that they amuse you, and yet I wonder how they should. I remember in our stolen voyages to the world of fiction, you always admired the grand and the romantic—tales of knights, dwarfs, giants, and distressed damsels, soothsayers, visions, beckoning ghosts, and bloody hands,—whereas I was partial to the involved intrigues of private life, or at farthest, to so much only of the supernatural as is conferred by the agency of an eastern genie or a beneficent fairy. *You* would have loved to shape your

course of life over the broad ocean, with its dead calms and howling tempests, its tornadoes, and its billows mountain high,—whereas I should like to trim my little pinnace to a brisk breeze in some inland lake or tranquil bay, where there was just difficulty of navigation sufficient to give interest and to require skill, without any great degree of danger. So that, upon the whole, Matilda, I think you should have had my father, with his pride of arms and of ancestry, his chivalrous point of honour, his high talents, and his abstruse and mystic studies—You should have had Lucy Bertram too for your friend, whose fathers, with names which alike defy memory and orthography, ruled over this romantic country, and whose birth took place, as I have been indistinctly informed, under circumstances of deep and peculiar interest—You should have had, too, our residence surrounded by mountains, and our lonely walks to haunted ruins—And I should have had, in exchange, the lawns and shrubs, and green-houses, and conservatories of Pine-park, with your good quiet indulgent aunt, her chapel in the morning, her nap after dinner, her hand at whist in the evening, not forgetting her fat coach-horses and fatter coachman. Take notice, however, that Brown is not included in this proposed barter of mine—his good humour, lively conversation, and open gallantry, suit my plan of life, as

well as his athletic form, handsome features, and high spirit, would accord with a character of chivalry. So as we cannot change altogether out and out, I think we must e'en abide as we are."

CHAPTER IX.

I renounce your defiance ; if you parley so roughly I'll barricado my gates against you—Do you see yon bay window ? Storm,—I care not, serving the good Duke of Norfolk.

Merry Devil of Edmonton.

Julia Mannering to Matilda Marchmont.

“ I RISE from a sick-bed, my dearest Matilda, to communicate the strange and frightful scenes which have just passed. Alas ! how little we ought to jest with futurity ! I closed my letter to you in high spirits, with some flippant remarks on your taste for the romantic and extraordinary in fictitious narrative. How little I expected to have had such events to record in the course of a few days ! And to witness scenes of terror, or to contemplate them in description, is as different, my dearest Matilda, as to bend over the brink of a precipice holding by the frail tenure of a half-rooted shrub, or to admire the same precipice in the land-

scape of Salvator. But I will not anticipate my narrative.

“ The first part of my story is frightful enough, though it had nothing to interest my feelings. You must know that this country is particularly favourable to the commerce of a set of desperate men from the Isle of Man, which is nearly opposite. These smugglers are numerous, resolute, and formidable, and have at different times become the dread of the neighbourhood, when any one has interfered with their contraband trade. The local magistrates, from timidity or worse motives, are become shy of acting against them, and impunity has rendered them equally daring and desperate. With all this, my father, a stranger in the land, and invested with no official authority, had, one would think, nothing to do. But it must be owned, that, as he himself expresses it, he was born when Mars was lord of his ascendant, and that strife and bloodshed find him out in circumstances and situations the most retired and pacific.

“ About eleven o'clock on last Tuesday morning, while Hazlewood and my father were proposing to walk to a little lake about three miles distance, for the purpose of shooting wild-ducks, and while Lucy and I were busied with arranging our plan of work and study for the day, we were alarmed by the sound of horses' feet, advancing very fast up the avenue. The ground was hardened by a severe

frost, which made the clatter of the hoofs sound yet louder and sharper. In a moment, two or three men, armed, mounted, and each leading a spare horse loaded with packages, appeared on the lawn, and without keeping upon the road, which makes a small sweep, pushed right across the lawn for the door of the house. Their appearance was in the utmost degree hurried and disordered, and they frequently looked back like men who apprehended a close and deadly pursuit. My father and Hazlewood hurried to the front door to demand who they were, and what was their business. They were revenue officers, they stated, who had seized these horses, loaded with contraband articles, at a place about three miles off. But the smugglers had been reinforced, and were now pursuing them with the avowed purpose of recovering the goods, and putting to death the officers who had presumed to do their duty. The men said, that their horses being loaded, and the pursuers gaining ground upon them, they had fled to Woodbourne, conceiving, that as my father had served the king, he would not refuse to protect the servants of government, when threatened to be murdered in the discharge of their duty.

“ My father, to whom, in his enthusiastic feelings of military loyalty, even a dog would be of importance if he came in the king’s name, gave prompt orders for securing the goods in the hall, arming the servants, and defending the house in

case it should be necessary. Hazlewood seconded him with great spirit, and even the strange animal they call Sampson stalked out of his den, and seized upon a fowling-piece, which my father had laid aside, to take what they call a rifle-gun, with which they shoot tygers, &c. in the East. The piece went off in the awkward hands of the poor parson, and very nearly shot one of the excisemen. At this unexpected and involuntary explosion of his weapon, the Dominie (such is his nickname) exclaimed ‘Prodigious!’ which is his usual ejaculation when astonished. But no power could force the man to part with his discharged piece, so they were content to let him retain it, with the precaution of trusting him with no ammunition. This (excepting the alarm occasioned by the report) escaped my notice at the time, you may easily believe; but in talking over the scene afterwards, Hazlewood made us very merry with the Dominie’s ignorant but zealous valour.

“When my father had got every thing into proper order for defence, and his people stationed at the windows with their fire-arms, he wanted to order us out of danger—into the cellar, I believe—but we could not be prevailed upon to stir. Though terrified to death, I have so much of his own spirit, that I would look upon the peril which threatens us rather than hear it rage around me without knowing its nature or its progress. Lucy,

looking as pale as a marble statue, and keeping her eyes fixed on Hazlewood, seemed not even to hear the prayers with which he conjured her to leave the front of the house. But, in truth, unless the hall-door should be forced, we were in little danger—the windows were almost blocked up with cushions and pillows, and, what the Dominie most lamented, with folio volumes, brought hastily from the library, leaving only spaces through which the defenders might fire upon the assailants.

“ My father had now made his dispositions, and we sat in breathless expectation in the darkened apartment, the men remaining all silent upon their posts, in anxious contemplation probably of the approaching danger. My father, who was quite at home in such a scene, walked from one to another, and reiterated his orders, that no one should presume to fire until he gave the word. Hazlewood, who seemed to catch courage from his eye, acted as his aide-de-camp, and displayed the utmost alertness in bearing his directions from one place to another, and seeing them properly carried into execution. Our force, with the strangers included, might amount to about twelve men.

“ At length the silence of this awful period of expectation was broken by a sound, which, at a distance, was like the rushing of a stream of water, but, as it approached, we distinguished the thick-beating clang of a number of horses advancing very

fast. I had arranged a loop-hole for myself, from which I could see the approach of the enemy. The noise increased and came nearer, and at length thirty horsemen and more rushed at once upon the lawn. You never saw such horrid wretches ! Notwithstanding the severity of the season, they were most of them stripped to their shirts and trowsers, with silk handkerchiefs knotted about their heads, and all well armed with carbines, pistols, and cutlasses. I, who am a soldier's daughter, and accustomed to see war from my infancy, was never so terrified in my life as by the savage appearance of these ruffians, their horses reeking with the speed at which they had rode, and their furious exclamations of rage and disappointment, when they saw themselves baulked of their prey. They paused, however, when they saw the preparations made to receive them, and appeared to hold a moment's consultation among themselves. At length, one of the party, his face blackened with gunpowder by way of disguise, came forward with a white handkerchief on the end of his carbine, and asked to speak with Colonel Mannering. My father, to my infinite terror, threw open a window near which he was posted, and demanded what he wanted. ' We want our goods, which we have been robbed of by these sharks,' said the fellow ; ' and our lieutenant bids me say, that if they are delivered, we'll go off for this bout without clearing scores with the ras-

cals who took them ; but if not, we'll burn the house, and have the heart's blood of every one in it ;'—a threat which he repeated more than once, graced by a fresh variety of imprecations, and the most horrid denunciations that cruelty could suggest.

' And which is your lieutenant ?' said my father in reply.

' That gentleman upon the grey horse,' said the miscreant, ' with the red handkerchief bound about his brow.'

' Then be pleased to tell that gentleman, that if he, and the scoundrels who are with him, do not ride off the lawn this instant, I will fire upon them without ceremony.' So saying, my father shut the window, and broke short the conference.

" The fellow no sooner regained his troop, than, with a loud hurra, or rather a savage yell, they fired a volley against our garrison. The glass of the windows was shattered in every direction, but the precautions already noticed saved the party within from suffering. Three such volleys were fired without a shot being returned from within. My father then observed them getting hatchets and crows, probably to assail the hall door, and called aloud, ' Let none fire but Hazlewood and I—Hazlewood, mark the ambassador.' He himself aimed at the man on the grey horse, who fell on receiving his shot. Hazlewood was equally suc-

cessful. He shot the spokesman, who had dismounted, and was advancing with an axe in his hand. Their fall discouraged the rest, who began to turn round their horses ; and a few shots fired at them soon sent them off, bearing along with them their slain or wounded companions. We could not observe that they suffered any farther loss. Shortly after their retreat a party of soldiers made their appearance, to my infinite relief. These men were quartered at a village some miles distant, and had marched upon the first rumour of the skirmish. A part of them escorted the terrified revenue officers and their seizure to a neighbouring sea-port as a place of safety, and at my earnest request two or three files remained with us for that and the following day, for the security of the house from the vengeance of these banditti.

“ Such, dearest Matilda, was my first alarm. I must not forget to add, that the ruffians left, at a cottage on the road-side, the man whose face was blackened with powder, apparently because he was unable to bear transportation. He died in about half an hour after. Upon examining the corpse, it proved to be that of a boor in the neighbourhood, a person notorious as a poacher and smuggler. We received many messages of congratulation from the neighbouring families, and it was generally allowed that a few such instances of spirited resistance would greatly check the presump-

tion of these lawless men. My father distributed rewards among his servants, and praised Hazlewood's courage and coolness to the skies. Lucy and I came in for a share of his applause, because we had stood fire with firmness, and had not disturbed him with screams or expostulations. As for the Dominie, my father took an opportunity of begging to exchange snuff-boxes with him. The honest gentleman was much flattered with the proposal, and extolled the beauty of his new snuff-box excessively. 'It looked,' he said, 'as well as if it were real gold from Ophir'—Indeed it would be odd if it should not, being formed in fact of that very metal; but, to do this honest creature justice, I believe the knowledge of its real value would not enhance his sense of my father's kindness, supposing it, as he does, to be pinchbeck gilded. He has had a hard task replacing the folios which were used in the barricade, smoothing out the creases and dogs-ears, and repairing the other disasters they have sustained during their service in the fortification. He brought us some pieces of lead and bullets which these ponderous tomes had intercepted during the action, and which he had extracted with great care; and, were I in spirits, I could give you a comic account of his astonishment at the apathy with which we heard of the wounds and mutilation suffered by Thomas Aquinas, or the venerable Chrysostom. But I am not in spi-

rits, and I have yet another and a more interesting incident to communicate. I feel, however, so much fatigued with my present exertion, that I cannot resume the pen till to-morrow. I will detain this letter notwithstanding, that you may not feel any anxiety upon account of your own

“ JULIA MANNERING.”

CHAPTER X.

Here's a good world !

———— Knew you of this fair work ?

King John.

Julia Mannering to Matilda Marchmont.

“ I MUST take up the thread of my story, my dearest Matilda, where I broke off yesterday.

“ For two or three days we talked of nothing but our siege and its probable consequences, and dinned into my father's unwilling ears a proposal to go to Edinburgh, or at least to Dumfries, where there is remarkably good society, until the resentment of these outlaws should blow over. He answered with great composure, that he had no mind to have his landlord's house and his own property at Woodbourne destroyed ; that, with our good leave, he had usually been esteemed competent to taking measures for the safety or protection of his family ; that if he remained quiet at home, he con-

ceived the welcome the villains had received was not of a nature to invite a second visit, but should he shew any signs of alarm, it would be the sure way to incur the very risk which we were afraid of. Heartened by his arguments, and by the extreme indifference with which he treated the supposed danger, we began to grow a little bolder, and to walk about as usual. Only the gentlemen were sometimes invited to take their guns when they attended us, and I observed that my father for several nights paid particular attention to having the house properly secured, and required his domestics to keep their arms in readiness in case of necessity.

“ But three days ago chanced an occurrence, of a nature which alarmed me more by far than the attack of the smugglers.

“ I told you there was a small lake at some distance from Woodbourne, where the gentlemen sometimes go to shoot wild-fowl. I happened at breakfast to say I should like to see this place in its present frozen state, occupied by skaters and curlers, as they call those who play a particular sort of game upon the ice. There is snow on the ground, but frozen so hard that I thought Lucy and I might venture to that distance, as the footpath leading there was well beaten by the repair of those who frequented it for pastime. Hazlewood instantly offered to attend us, and we stipulated that he

should take his fowling-piece. He laughed a good deal at the idea of going a-shooting in the snow, but, to relieve our tremors, desired that a groom, who acts as game-keeper occasionally, should follow us with his gun. As for Colonel Mannering, he does not like crowds or sights of any kind where human figures make up the show, unless indeed it were a military review—so he declined the party.

“ We set out unusually early, upon a fine frosty exhilarating morning, and we felt our minds, as well as our nerves, braced by the elasticity of the pure air. Our walk to the lake was delightful, or at least the difficulties were only such as diverted us, a slippery descent for instance, or a frozen ditch to cross, which made Hazlewood’s assistance absolutely necessary. I don’t think Lucy liked her walk the less for these occasional embarrassments.

“ The scene upon the lake was beautiful. One side of it is bordered by a steep crag, from which hung a thousand enormous icicles all glittering in the sun ; on the other side was a little wood, now exhibiting that fantastic appearance which the pine-trees present when their branches are loaded with snow. On the frozen bosom, of the lake itself were a multitude of moving figures, some flitting along with the velocity of swallows, some sweeping in the most graceful circles, and others deeply interested in a less active pastime, crowding round the spot where the inhabitants of two rival parishes con-

tended for the prize at curling,—an honour of no small importance, if we were to judge from the anxiety expressed both by the players and bystanders. We walked round the little lake, supported by Hazlewood, who lent us each an arm. He spoke, poor fellow, with great kindness, to old and young, and seemed deservedly popular among the assembled crowd. At length we thought of retiring.—

“ Why do I mention these trivial occurrences? —not, heaven knows, from the interest I can now attach to them—but because, like a drowning man who catches at a brittle twig, I seize every apology for delaying the subsequent and dreadful part of my narrative. But it must be communicated—I must have the sympathy of at least one friend under this heart-rending calamity.

“ We were returning home by a footpath, which led through a plantation of firs. Lucy had quitted Hazlewood’s arm—it is only the plea of absolute necessity which reconciles her to accept his assistance. I still leaned upon his other arm. Lucy followed us close, and the servant was two or three paces behind us. Such was our position, when at once, and as if he had started out of the earth, Brown stood before us at a short turn of the road! He was very plainly, I might say, coarsely dressed, and his whole appearance had in it something wild and agitated. I screamed between surprise and

terror—Hazlewood mistook the nature of my alarm, and, when Brown advanced towards me as if to speak, commanded him haughtily to stand back, and not to alarm the lady. Brown replied, with equal asperity, he had no occasion to take lessons from him how to behave to that or any other lady. I rather believe that Hazlewood, impressed with the idea that he belonged to the band of smugglers, and had some bad purpose in view, heard and understood him imperfectly. He snatched the gun from the servant, who had come up on a line with us, and, pointing the muzzle at Brown, commanded him to stand off at his peril. My screams, for my terror prevented my finding articulate language, only hastened the catastrophe. Brown, thus menaced, sprung upon Hazlewood, grappled with him, and had nearly succeeded in wrenching the fowling-piece from his grasp, when the gun went off in the struggle, and the contents were lodged in Hazlewood's shoulder, who instantly fell. I saw no more, for the whole scene reeled before my eyes, and I fainted away; but, by Lucy's report, the unhappy perpetrator of this action gazed a moment on the scene before him, until her screams began to alarm the people upon the lake, several of whom now came in sight. He then bounded over a hedge, which divided the foot-path from the plantation, and has not since been heard of. The servant made no attempt to stop or secure him, and the report

he made of the matter to those who came up to us, induced them rather to exercise their humanity in recalling me to life, than shew their courage by pursuing a desperado, described by the groom as a man of tremendous personal strength, and completely armed.

“ Hazlewood was conveyed home, that is to Woodbourne, in safety—I trust his wound will prove in no respect dangerous, though he suffers much. But to Brown the consequences must be most disastrous. He is already the object of my father’s resentment, and he has now incurred danger from the law of the country, as well as from the clamorous vengeance of the father of Hazlewood, who threatens to move heaven and earth against the author of his son’s wound. How will he be able to shroud himself from the vindictive activity of the pursuit? how to defend himself, if taken, against the severity of laws which I am told may even affect his life? and how can I find means to warn him of his danger? Then poor Lucy’s ill-concealed grief, occasioned by her lover’s wound, is another source of distress to me, and every thing round me appears to bear witness against that indiscretion which has occasioned this calamity.

“ For two days I was very ill indeed. The news that Hazlewood was recovering, and that the person who had shot him was no where to be traced, only that for certain he was one of the leaders of

the gang of smugglers, gave me some comfort. The suspicion and pursuit being directed towards those people, must naturally facilitate Brown's escape, and, I trust, has, ere this, ensured it. But patrols of horse and foot traverse the country in all directions, and I am tortured by a thousand confused and unauthenticated rumours of arrests and discoveries.

“ Meanwhile, my greatest source of comfort is the generous candour of Hazlewood, who persists in declaring, that with whatever intentions the person by whom he was wounded approached our party, he is convinced the gun went off in the struggle by accident, and that the injury he received was undesigned. The groom, on the other hand, maintains that the pique was wrenched out of Hazlewood's hands, and deliberately pointed at his body, and Lucy inclines to the same opinion—I do not suspect them of wilful exaggeration, yet such is the fallacy of human testimony, for the unhappy shot was most unquestionably discharged unintentionally. Perhaps it would be the best way to confide the whole secret to Hazlewood—but he is very young, and I feel the utmost repugnance to communicate to him my folly. I once thought of disclosing the mystery to Lucy, and began by asking what she recollected of the person and features of the man whom we had so unfortunately met—but she ran out into such a horrid description of a hedge-

ruffian, that I was deprived of all courage and disposition to own my attachment to him. I must say Miss Bertram is strangely biassed by her prepossessions, for there are few handsomer men than poor Brown. I had not seen him for a long time, and even in his strange and sudden apparition on this unhappy occasion, and under every disadvantage, his form seems to me, on reflection, improved in grace, and his features in expressive dignity.— Shall we ever meet again? Who can answer that question?—Write to me kindly, my dearest Matilda—but when did you otherwise?—yet, again, write to me soon, and write to me kindly. I am not in a situation to profit by advice or reproof, nor have I my usual spirits to parry them by raillery. I feel the terrors of a child, who has, in heedless sport, put in motion some powerful piece of machinery; and, while he beholds wheels revolving, chains clashing, cylinders rolling around him, is equally astonished at the tremendous powers which his weak agency has called into action, and terrified for the consequences which he is compelled to await, without the possibility of averting them.

“ I must not omit to say that my father is very kind and affectionate. The alarm which I have received forms a sufficient apology for my nervous complaints. My hopes are, that Brown has made his escape into the sister kingdom of England, or perhaps to Ireland, or the Isle of Man. In either

case he may wait the issue of Hazlewood's wound with safety and with patience, for the communication of these countries with Scotland, for the purpose of justice, is not (thank Heaven) of an intimate nature. The consequences of his being apprehended would be terrible at this moment. I endeavour to strengthen my mind by arguing against the possibility of such a calamity. Alas ! how soon have sorrows and fears, real as well as severe, followed the uniform and tranquil state of existence at which so lately I was disposed to repine ! But I will not oppress you any longer with my complaints. Adieu, my dearest Matilda !

“ JULIA MANNERING.”

CHAPTER XI.

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes.—Look with thine ears : See how yon justice rails upon yon simple thief. Hark in thine ear—Change places ; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?

King Lear.

AMONG those who took the most lively interest in endeavouring to discover the person by whom young Charles Hazlewood had been way-laid and wounded, was Gilbert Glossin, Esquire, late writer in —, now Laird of Ellangowan, and one of the worshipful commission of justices of the peace for the county of —. His motives for exertion upon this occasson were manifold ; but we presume that our readers, from what they already know of this gentleman, will acquit him of being actuated by any zealous or intemperate love of abstract justice.

The truth was, that this respectable personage felt himself less at ease than he had expected, when his machinations put him in possession of his benefactor's estate. His reflections within doors, where

so much occurred to remind him of former times, were not always the self-congratulations of successful stratagem. And when he looked abroad, he could not but be sensible that he was excluded from the society of the gentry of the country, to whose rank he conceived he had raised himself. He was not admitted to their clubs, and at meetings of a public nature found himself thwarted and looked upon with coldness and contempt. Both principle and prejudice co-operated in creating this dislike ; for the gentlemen of the country despised him for the lowness of his birth, while they hated him for the means by which he had raised his fortune. With the common people his reputation stood still worse. They would neither yield him the territorial appellation of Ellangowan, nor the usual compliment of *Mr Glossin* ;—with them he was bare Glossin, and so incredibly was his vanity interested by this trifling circumstance, that he was known to give half-a-crown to a beggar, because he had thrice called him Ellangowan, in beseeching him for a penny. He therefore felt acutely the general want of respect, and particularly when he contrasted his own character and reception in society with that of Mr Mac-Morlan, who, in far inferior worldly circumstances, was beloved and respected both by rich and poor, and was slowly but securely laying the foundation of a moderate fortune, with the general good-will and esteem of all who knew him.

Glossin, while he repined internally at what he would fain have called the prejudices and prepossessions of the country, was too wise to make any open complaint. He was sensible his elevation was too recent to be immediately forgiven, and the means by which he had attained it too odious to be soon forgotten. But time, thought he, diminishes wonder and palliates misconduct. With the dexterity, therefore, of one who made his fortune by studying the weak points of human nature, he determined to lie by for opportunities to make himself useful even to those who most disliked him ; confiding that his own abilities, the disposition of country gentlemen to fall into quarrels when a lawyer's advice becomes precious, and a thousand other contingencies, of which, with patience and address, he doubted not to be able to avail himself, would soon place him in a more important and respectable light to his neighbours.

The attack upon Colonel Mannering's house, followed by the accident of Hazlewood's wound, appeared to Glossin a proper opportunity to impress upon the country at large the service which could be rendered by an active magistrate, (for he had been in the commission for some time) well acquainted with the law, and no less so with the haunts and habits of the illicit traders. He had acquired the latter kind of experience by a former close alliance with some of the most desperate

smugglers, in consequence of which he had occasionally acted, sometimes as partner, sometimes as legal adviser, with these persons. But the connection had been dropped many years ; nor, considering how short the race of eminent characters of this description, and the frequent circumstances which occur to make them retire from particular scenes of action, had he the least reason to think that his present researches could possibly compromise any old friend who might possess means of retaliation. The having been concerned in these practices abstractedly, was a circumstance which, according to his opinion, ought in no respect to interfere with his now using his experience in behalf of the public, or rather to further his own private views. To acquire the good opinion and countenance of Colonel Mannering would be no small object to a gentleman who was much disposed to escape from Coventry ; and to gain the favour of old Hazlewood, who was a leading man in the county, was of more importance still. Lastly, if he should succeed in discovering, apprehending, and convicting the culprits, he would have the satisfaction of mortifying, and in some degree disparaging, Mac-Morlan, to whom, as Sheriff-substitute of the county, this sort of investigation properly belonged, and who would certainly suffer in public opinion, should the voluntary exertions of Glossin be more successful than his own.

Actuated by motives so stimulating, and well acquainted with the lower retainers of the law, Glossin set every spring in motion to detect and apprehend, if possible, some of the gang who had attacked Woodbourne, and more particularly the individual who had wounded Charles Hazlewood. He promised high rewards, he suggested various schemes, and used his personal interest among his old acquaintances who favoured the trade, urging that they had better make sacrifice of an understrapper or two than incur the odium of having favoured such atrocious proceedings. But for some time all these exertions were in vain. The common people of the country either favoured or feared the smugglers too much to afford any evidence against them. At length, this busy magistrate obtained information, that a man, having the dress and appearance of the person who had wounded Hazlewood, had lodged on the evening before the rencontre at the Gordon-arms in Kippletringan. Thither Mr Glossin immediately went, for the purpose of interrogating our old acquaintance, Mrs Mac-Candlish.

The reader may remember that Mr Glossin did not, according to this good woman's phrase, stand high in her books. She therefore attended his summons to the parlour slowly and reluctantly, and, on entering the room, paid her respects in the

driest possible manner. The dialogue then proceeded as follows :

“ A fine frosty morning, Mrs Mac-Candlish.”

“ Ay, sir ; the morning’s weel aneuch.”

“ Mrs Mac-Candlish, I wish to know if the justices are to dine here as usual after the business of the court on Tuesday ?”

“ I believe—I fancy sae, sir—as usual”—(about to leave the room.)

“ Stay a moment, Mrs Mac-Candlish—why, you are in a prodigious hurry, my good friend—I have been thinking a club dining here once a month would be a very pleasant thing.”

“ Certainly, sir ; a club of *respectable* gentlemen.”

“ True, true. I mean landed proprietors and gentlemen of weight in the county ; and I should like to set such a thing agoing.”

The short dry cough with which Mrs Mac-Candlish received this proposal, by no means indicated any dislike to the overture abstractedly considered, but only much doubt how far it would succeed under the auspices of the gentleman by whom it was proposed. It was not a cough negative, but a cough dubious, and as such Glossin felt it ; but it was not his cue to take offence.

“ Have there been brisk doings on the road, Mrs Mac-Candlish ? plenty of company, I suppose ?”

“ Pretty weel, sir,—but I believe I am wanted at the bar.”

“ No, no,—stop one moment, cannot you, to oblige an old customer?—Pray do you remember a remarkably tall young man, who lodged one night in your house last week?”

“ Troth, sir, I canna weel say—I never take heed whether my company be lang or short, if they make a lang bill.”

“ And if they do not, you can do that for them, eh, Mrs Mac-Candlish?—ha, ha, ha!—But this young man that I enquire after had a dark frock, with metal buttons, light-brown hair unpowdered, blue eyes, and a straight nose, travelled on foot, had no servant or baggage—you surely can remember having seen such a traveller?”

“ Indeed, sir, I canna charge my memory about the matter—there’s mair to do in a house like this, I trow, than to look after passengers’ hair, or their e’en, or noses either.”

“ Then, Mrs Mac-Candlish, I must tell you in plain terms, that this person is suspected of having been guilty of a crime, and it is in consequence of these suspicions that I, as a magistrate, require this information from you,—and if you refuse to answer my questions, I must put you upon your oath.”

“ Troth, sir, I am no free to swear—we aye gaed to the Antiburgher meeting—it’s very true, in

Baillie Mac-Candlish's time, (honest man) we keep it the kirk, whilk was most seemly in his station, as having office—but after his being called to a better place than Kippletringan, I hae gaen back to worthy Maister Mac-Grainer. And so ye see, sir, I am no clear to swear without speaking to the minister—especially against onysackless puir young thing that's gaun through the country stranger and freendless like."

"I shall relieve your scruples, perhaps, without troubling Mr Mac-Grainer, when I tell you that this fellow whom I enquire after is the man who shot your young friend Charles Hazlewood."

"Gudeness! wha could hae thought the like o' that o' him?—na, if it had been for debt, or e'en for a bit tuilzie wi' the gauger, the deil o' Nelly Mac-Candlish's tongue should ever hae wranged him. But if he really shot young Hazlewood—But I canna think it, Mr Glossin; this will be some o' your skits now—I canna think it o' sae douce a lad;—na, na, this is just some o' your auld skits.—Ye'll be for having a horning or a caption after him?"

"I see you have no confidence in me, Mrs Mac-Candlish; but look at these declarations, signed by the persons who saw the crime committed, and judge yourself if the description of the ruffian be not that of your guest."

He put the papers into her hand, which she perused very carefully, often taking off her spectacles to cast her eyes up to Heaven, or perhaps to wipe a tear from them, for young Hazlewood was an especial favourite with the good dame. "Aweel, aweel," she said, when she had concluded her examination, "since it's e'en sae, I gi'e him up, the villain!—But O, we are erring mortals!—I never saw a face I liked better, or a lad that was mair douce and canny—I thought he had been some gentleman under trouble.—But I gi'e him up, the villain!—to shoot Charles Hazlewood—and before the young ladies,—poor innocent things!—I gi'e him up."

"So you admit, then, that such a person lodged here the night before this vile business?"

"Troth did he, sir, and a' the house were ta'en wi' him, he was sic a frank pleasant young man. It wasna for his spending, I'm sure, for he just had a mutton-chop, and a mug of ale, and maybe a glass or twa o' wine—and I asked him to drink tea wi' mysell, and didna put that into the bill; and he took nae supper, for he said he was defeat wi' travel a' the night afore—I dare say now it had been on some hellicat errand or other."

"Did you by any chance learn his name?"

"I wot weel did I—for he said it was likely that an auld woman like a gypsey wife might be asking

for him—Ay, ay ! tell me your company, and I'll tell you wha ye are ! O the villain !—Aweel, sir, when he gaed away in the morning, he paid his bill very honestly, and gae something to the chamber-maid, nac doubt, for Grizy has naething frae me, by twa pair o' new shoon ilka year, and maybe a bit compliment at Hansel Monanday"—Here Glossin found it necessary to interfere, and bring the good woman back to the point.

"Ou than, he just said, if there comes such a person to enquire after Mr Brown, you will say I am gone to look at the skaters on Loch Crecran, as you call it, and I will be back here to dinner—But he never came back—though I expected him sae faithfully, that I gae a look to making the friar's chicken mysell, and to the crappit-heads too, and that's what I dinna do for ordinary, Mr Glossin—But little did I think what skating wark he was gaun about—to shoot Mr Charles, the innocent lamb !"

Mr Glossin, having, like a prudent examiner, suffered his witness to give vent to all her surprise and indignation, now began to enquire whether the suspected person had left any property or papers about the inn.

"Troth, he put a parcel—a sma' parcel under my charge, and he gave me some siller, and desired me to get him half-a-dozen ruffled sarks, and Peg Pasley's in hands wi' them e'en now—they may

serve him to gang up the Lawn-market in, the scoundrel!" Mr Glossin then demanded to see the packet, but here mine hostess demurred.

"She didna ken—she wad not say but justice should take its course—but when a thing was trusted to ane in her way, doubtless they were responsible—but she suld cry in Deacon Bearcliff, and if Mr Glossin liked to tak an inventar o' the property, and gi'e her a receipt before the Deacon—or, what she wad like muckle better, an it could be sealed up and left in Deacon Bearcliff's hands, it wad mak her mind easy—She was for naething but justice on a' sides."

Mrs Mac-Candlish's natural sagacity and acquired suspicion being inflexible, Glossin sent for Deacon Bearcliff, to speak "anent the villain that had shot Mr Charles Hazlewood." The Deacon accordingly made his appearance. With his wig awry, owing to the hurry with which, at this summons of the Justice, he had exchanged it for the Kilmarnock-cap in which he usually attended his customers. Mrs Mac-Candlish then produced the parcel deposited with her by Brown, in which was found the gypsy's purse. Upon perceiving the value of the miscellaneous contents, Mrs Mac-Candlish internally congratulated herself upon the precautions she had taken before delivering them up to Glossin, while he, with an appearance of disinterested candour, was the first to propose they

should be properly inventoried and deposited with Deacon Bearcliff, until they should be sent to the Crown-office. "He did not," he observed, "like to be personally responsible for articles which seemed of considerable value, and had doubtless been acquired by the most nefarious practices."

He then examined the paper in which the purse had been wrapt up. It was the back of a letter addressed to V. Brown, Esquire, but the rest of the address was torn away. The landlady,—now as eager to throw light upon the criminal's escape as she had formerly been desirous of withholding it, for the miscellaneous contents of the purse argued strongly to her mind that all was not right,—Mrs Mac-Candlish, I say, now gave Glossin to understand, that her postillion and hostler had both seen the stranger upon the ice that day when young Hazlewood was wounded.

Our readers' old acquaintance, Jock Jabos, was first summoned, and admitted frankly, that he had seen and conversed upon the ice that morning with a stranger, who, he understood, had lodged at the Gordon Arms the night before.

"What turn did your conversation take?" said Glossin.

"Turn?—ou, we turned nae gate at a', but just keepit straight forward upon the ice like."

"Well, but what did ye speak about?"

“Ou, he just asked questions like ony ither stranger.”

“But about what?”

“Ou, just about the folk that was playing at the curling, and about auld Jock Stevenson that was at the cock, and about the leddies, and sic like.”

“What ladies? and what did he ask about them, Jock?”

“What leddies? ou, it was Miss Jowlia Mannering and Miss Lucy Bertram, that ye ken fu’ weel yoursell, Mr Glossin—they were walking wi’ the young Laird of Hazlewood upon the ice.”

“And what did you tell him about them?”

“Tut, we just said that was Miss Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan, that should ance have had a great estate in the country—and that was Miss Jowlia Mannering, that was to be married to young Hazlewood—See as she was hingin’ on his arm—we just spoke about our country clashes like—he was a very frank man.”

“Well, and what did he say in answer?”

“Ou, he just stared at the young leddies very keen like, and asked if it was for certain that the marriage was to be between Miss Mannering and young Hazlewood—and I answered him that it was for positive and absolute certain, as I had an undoubted right to say sae—for my third cousin, Jean Clavers, (she’s a relation o’ your ain, Mr Glos-

sin, ye wad ken Jean lang syne ?) she's sib to the housekeeper at Woodbourne, and she's tell'd me mair nor ance that there was naething could be mair likely."

"And what did the stranger say when you told him all this?"

"Say? naething at a'—he just stared at them as they walked round the loch upon the ice, as if he could have eaten them, and he never took his e'e aff them or said another word, though there was the finest fun amang the curlers ever was seen—and he turned round and gaed aff the loch by the kirk-stile through Woodbourne fir-plantings, and we saw nae mair o' him."

"Only think," said Mrs Mac-Candlish, "what a hard heart he maun hac had, to think o' hurting the poor young gentleman before the leddy he was to be married to!"

"O, Mrs Mac-Candlish," said Glossin, "there's been many cases such as that on the record—doubtless he was seeking revenge where it would be deepest and sweetest."

"God pity us!" said Deacon Bearcliff, "we're puir creatures when left to oursells!—ay, he forgot wha said, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it.'"

"Weel, aweel, sirs," said Jabos, whose hard-headed and uncultivated shrewdness seemed sometimes to start the game when others beat the bush

—“ Weel, weel, ye may be a’ mista’en yet—I’ll never believe that a man would lay a plan to shoot another wi’ his ain gun. Lord help ye, I was the keeper’s assistant down at the Isle mysell, and I’ll uphad it, the biggest man in Scotland shouldna take a gun frae me or I had weized the slugs through him, though I’m but sic a little feckless body, fit for naething but the outside o’ a saddle and the fore-end o’ a poschay—na, na, nae living man wad venture on that. I’ll wad my best buckskins, and they were new coft at Kirkeudbright fair, it’s been a chance job after a’. But if ye hae naething mair to say to me, I am thinking I maun gang and see my beasts fed”——and he departed accordingly.

The hostler, who had accompanied him, gave evidence to the same purpose. He and Mrs MacCandlish were then re-interrogated, whether Brown had no arms with him on that unhappy morning. “ None,” they said, “ but an ordinary bit cutlass or hanger by his side.”

“ Now,” said the Deacon, taking Glossin by the button, (for, in considering this intricate subject, he had forgot Glossin’s new accession of rank)—“ this is but doubtful’ after a’, Maister Gilbert—for it was not sae dooms likely that he would go down into battle wi’ sic sma’ means.”

Glossin extricated himself from the Deacon’s grasp, and from the discussion, though not with

rudeness ; for it was his present interest to buy golden opinions from all sorts of people. He enquired the price of tea and sugar, and spoke of providing himself for the year ; he gave Mrs Mac-Candlish directions to have a handsome entertainment in readiness for a party of five friends, whom he intended to invite to dine with him at the Gordon-Arms next Saturday week ; and, lastly, he gave a half-crown to Jock Jabos, whom the hostler had deputed to hold his steed.

“ Weel,” said the Deacon to Mrs Mac-Candlish, as he accepted her offer of a glass of bitters at the bar, “ the deil’s no sae ill as he’s ca’d. It’s pleasant to see a gentleman pay the regard to the business o’ the county that Mr Glossin does.”

“ Ay, ’deed is’t, Deacon,” answered the landlady ; “ and yet I wonder our gentry leave their ain wark to the like o’ him.—But as lang as siller’s current, Deacon, folk manna look ower nicely at what king’s head’s on’t.”

“ I doubt Glossin will prove but *shand* after a’, mistress,” said Jabos, as he passed through the little lobby beside the bar ; “ but this is a gude half-crown ony way.”

CHAPTER XII.

A man that apprehends death to be no more dreadful but as a drunken sleep ; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come ; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Measure for Measure.

GLOSSIN had made careful minutes of the information derived from these examinations. They threw little light upon the story, so far as he understood its purport ; but the better informed reader has received, through means of this investigation, an account of Brown's proceedings, between the moment when we left him upon his walk to Kippletringan, and the time when, stung by jealousy, he so rashly and unhappily presented himself before Julia Mannering, and well nigh brought to a fatal termination the quarrel which his appearance occasioned.

Glossin rode slowly back to Ellangowan, pondering on what he had heard, and more and more convinced that the active and successful prosecution of this mysterious business was an opportunity

of ingratiating himself with Hazlewood and Manner, to be on no account neglected. Perhaps, also, he felt his professional acuteness interested in bringing it to a successful close. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that on his return to his house from Kippletringan, he heard his servants announce hastily, “ that Mac-Guffog, the thief-taker, and twa or three concurrents, had a man in hands in the kitchen waiting for his honour.”

He instantly jumped from horseback, and hastened into the house. “ Send my clerk here directly, ye’ll find him copying the survey of the estate in the little green parlour. Set things to rights in my study, and wheel the great leather chair up to the writing-table—set a stool for Mr Scrow.—Scrow, (to the clerk, as he entered the presence-chamber,) hand down Sir George Mackenzie on Crimes ; open it at the section *Vis Publica et Privata*, and fold down a leaf at the passage ‘ anent the bearing of unlawful weapons.’ Now lend me a hand off with my muckle-coat, and hang it up in the lobby, and bid them bring up the prisoner—I trow I’ll sort him—but stay, first send up Mac-Guffog.—Now, Mac-Guffog, where did ye find this chield ?”

Mac-Guffog, a stout bandy-legged fellow, with a neck like a bull, a face like a fire-brand, and a most portentous squint of the left eye, begay, after various contortions by way of courtesy to the Jus-

tice, to tell his story, eking it out by sundry sly nods and knowing winks, which appeared to bespeak an intimate correspondence of ideas between the narrator and his principal auditor. "Your honour sees I went down to yon place that your honour spoke o', that's kept by her that your honour kens o', by the sea-side.—So says she, what are you wanting here? ye'll be come wi' a broom in your pocket frae Ellangowan?—So says I, deil a broom will come frae there awa', for ye ken, says I, his honour Ellangowan himsell in former times"——

"Well, well, no occasion to be particular, tell the 'essentials."

"Weel, so we sat niffering about some brandy that I said I wanted, till he came in."

"Who?"

"He!" pointing with his thumb inverted to the kitchen, where the prisoner was in custody. "So he had his griego wrapped close round him, and I judged he was not dry-handed—so I thought it was best to speak proper, and so he believed I was a Manks man, and I kept aye between him and her, for fear she had whistled. And then we began to drink about, and then I betted he would not drink out a quartern of Hollands without drawing breath—and then he tried it—and just then Slounging Jock and Dick Spur'em came in, and we clinked the darbies on him, took him quiet as a lamb—

and now he's had his bit sleep out, and is as fresh as a May gowan, to answer what your honour likes to speer." This narrative, delivered with a wonderful quantity of gesture and grimace, received at the conclusion the thanks and praises which the narrator expected.

"Had he no arms?" asked the Justice.

"Ay, ay, they are never without barkers and slashers."

"Any papers?"

"This bundle," delivering a dirty pocket-book.

"Go down stairs, then, Mac-Guffog, and be in waiting." The officer left the room.

The clink of irons was immediately afterwards heard upon the stair, and in two or three minutes a man was introduced, hand-cuffed and fettered. He was thick, brawny, and muscular, and although his shagged and grizzled hair marked an age somewhat advanced, and his stature was rather low, he appeared, nevertheless, a person whom few would have chosen to cope with in personal conflict. His coarse and savage features were still flushed, and his eye still reeled under the influence of the strong potation which had proved the immediate cause of his seizure. But the sleep, though short, which Mac-Guffog had allowed him, and still more a sense of the peril of his situation, had restored to him the full use of his faculties. The worthy judge, and the no less estimable captive, looked at each

other steadily for a long time without speaking. Glossin apparently recognised his prisoner, but seemed at a loss how to proceed with his investigation. At length he broke silence. "Soh, Captain, this is you?—you have been a stranger on this coast for some years."

"Stranger?" replied the other; "strange enough, I think—for hold me der deyvil, if I been ever here before."

"That won't pass, Mr Captain."

"That must pass, Mr Justice—sapperment!"

"And who will you be pleased to call yourself, then, for the present," said Glossin, "just until I shall bring some other folks to refresh your memory, concerning who you are, or at least who you have been?"

"What bin I?—donner and blitzen! I bin Jans Janson, from Cuxhaven—what sall Ich bin?"

Glossin took from a case which was in the apartment a pair of small pocket pistols, which he loaded with ostentatious care. "You may retire," said he to his clerk, "and carry the people with you, Scrow—but wait in the lobby within call."

The clerk would have offered some remonstrances to his patron on the danger of remaining alone with such a desperate character, although iron'd beyond the possibility of active exertion, but Glossin waved him off impatiently. When he had left the room, the Justice took two short turns through the

apartment, then drew his chair opposite to the prisoner, so as to confront him fully, placed the pistols before him in readiness, and said in a steady voice, "You are Dirk Hatteraick of Flushing, are you not?"

The prisoner turned his eye instinctively to the door, as if he apprehended some one was listening. Glossin rose, opened the door, so that from the chair in which his prisoner sat he might satisfy himself there was no eave's dropper within hearing, then shut it, resumed his seat, and repeated his question. "You are Dirk Hatteraick, formerly of the Yungfrauw Haagenslaapen, are you not?"

"Tousand deyvils!"—and if you know that, why ask me?"

"Because I am surprised to see you in the very last place where you ought to be, if you regard your safety."

"Der deyvil!—no man regards his own safety that speaks so to me!"

"What? unarmed, and in irons!—well said, Captain! But, Captain, bullying won't do—you'll hardly get out of this country without accounting for a little accident that happened at Warroch Point a few years ago."

Hatteraick's looks grew black as midnight.

"For my part," continued Glossin, "I have no particular wish to be hard upon an old acquaintance

—but I must do my duty—I shall send you off to Edinburgh in a post-chaise and four this very day.”

“Poz donner ! you would not do that—why you had the matter of half a cargo in bills on Vanbeest and Vanbruggen.”

“It is so long since, Captain Hatteraick, that I really forget how I was recompensed for my trouble.”

“Your trouble—your silence, you mean.”

“It was an affair in the course of business—and I have retired from business for some time.”

“Ay, but I have a notion that I could make you go steady about, and try the old course again. Why, man, hold me der deyvil, but I meant to visit you, and tell you something that concerns you.”

“Of the boy ?” said Glossin eagerly.

“Yaw, Mynheer.”

“He does not live, does he ?”

“As lifelich as you or I.”

“Good God !—But in India ?”

“No, tousand deyvils, here ! on this dirty coast of yours.”

“But, Hatteraick, this,—that is, if it be true, which I do not believe,—this will ruin us both, for he cannot but remember your neat job ; and for me—it will be productive of the worst consequences ! It will ruin us both, I tell you.”

“ I tell you it will ruin none but you—for I am done up already, and if I must strap for it, all shall out.”

“ Zounds, what brought you back to this coast like a madman ?”

“ Why, all the gelt was gone, and the house was shaking, and I thought the job was clayed over.”

“ Stay, what can be done?—I dare not discharge you—but might you not be rescued in the way—ay sure—a word to Lieutenant Brown,—and I would send the people with you by the coast-road.”

“ No, no ! that won’t do—Brown’s dead—shot—laid in the locker, man—the devil has the picking of him.”

“ Dead?—shot?—at Woodbourne, I suppose?”

“ Yaw, Mynheer.”

Glossin paused—the sweat broke upon his brow with the agony of his feelings, while the hard-featured miscreant who sat opposite, coolly rolled his tobacco in his cheek, and squirted the juice into the fire-grate. “ It would be ruin,” said Glossin to himself, “ absolute ruin, if the heir should reappear—and then what might be the consequence of conniving with these men?—yet there is so little time to take measures—Hark you, Hatteraick ; I can’t set you at liberty—but I can put you where you may set yourself at liberty—I always like to

assist an old friend. I shall confine you in the old castle for to-night, and give these people double allowance of grog. Mac-Guffog will fall in the trap in which he caught you. The stancheons on the window of the strong room, as they call it, are wasted to pieces, and it is not above twelve feet from the level of the ground without, and the snow lies thick."

"But the darbies," said Hatteraick, looking upon his fetters.

"Hark ye," said Glossin, going to a tool chest, and taking out a small file, "there's a friend for you, and you know the road to the sea by the stairs." Hatteraick shook his chains in ecstacy, as if he were already at liberty, and strove to extend his fettered hand towards his protector. Glossin laid his finger upon his lips with a cautious glance at the door, and then proceeded in his instructions. "When you escape, you had better go to the Kaim of Derncleugh."

"Donner! that howff is blown."

"The devil!—well then, you may steal my skiff that lies on the beach there, and away. But you must remain snug at the Point of Warroch till I come to see you."

"The Point of Warroch?" said Hatteraick, his countenance again falling; "What, in the cave I suppose?—I would rather it were any where else; —es spuckt da!—they say for certain that he walks

—But, donner and blitzen ! I never shunned him alive, and I won't shun him dead—Strafe mich helle ! it shall never be said Dirk Hatteraick feared either dog or devil !—So I am to wait there till I see you ?”

“ Ay, ay,” answered Glossin, “ and now I must call in the men.” He did so, accordingly.

“ I can make nothing of Captain Janson, as he calls himself, Mac-Guffog, and it's now too late to bundle him off to the county jail. Is there not a strong room up yonder in the old castle ?”

“ Ay is there, sir ; my uncle the constable'ance kept a man there for three days in auld Ellangowan's time. But there was an unco dust about it—it was tried in the Inner-house afore the feifteen.”

“ I know all that, but this person will not stay there very long—it's only a makeshift for a night. There is a small room through which it opens, you may light a fire for yourselves there, and I'll send you plenty of stuff to make you comfortable. But be sure you lock the door upon the prisoner ; and, hark ye, let him have a fire in the strong room too, the season requires it. Perhaps he'll make a clean breast to-morrow.”

With these instructions, and with a large allowance of food and liquor, the Justice dismissed his party to keep guard for the night in the old castle, under the full hope and belief that they

would neither spend the night in watching nor prayer.

There was little fear that Glossin himself should that night sleep over-sound. His situation was perilous in the extreme, for the schemes of a life of villainy seemed at once to be crumbling around and above him. He laid himself to rest, and tossed upon his pillow for a long time in vain. At length he fell asleep, but it was only to dream of his patron,—now, as he had last seen him, with the paleness of death upon his features, then again transformed into all the vigour and comeliness of youth, approaching to expel him from the mansion-house of his fathers. Then he dreamed, that after wandering long over a wild heath, he came at length to an inn, from which sounded the voice of revelry; and that when he entered, the first person he met was Frank Kennedy, all smashed and gory, as he had lain on the beach at Warroch Point, but with a reeking punch-bowl in his hand. Then the scene changed to a dungeon, where he heard Dirk Hatteraick, whom he imagined to be under sentence of death, confessing his crimes to a clergyman.—“After the bloody deed was done,” said the penitent, “we retreated into a cave close beside, the secret of which was known but to one man in the country; we were debating what to do with the child, and we thought of giving it up to

the gypsies, when we heard the cries of the pursuers hallooing to each other. One man alone came straight to our cave, and it was that man who knew the secret—but we made him our friend at the expence of half the value of the goods saved. By his advice we carried off the child to Holland in our consort, which came the following night to take us from the coast. That man was”——

“ No, I deny it!—it was not I,” said Glossin ; and, struggling in his agony to express his denial more distinctly, he awoke.

It was, however, conscience, that had prepared this mental phantasmagoria. The truth was, that, knowing much better than any other person the haunts of the smugglers, he had, while the others were searching in different directions, gone straight to the cave, even before he had learned the murder of Kennedy, whom he expected to find their prisoner. He came upon them with some idea of mediation, but found them in the midst of their guilty terrors, while the rage, which had hurried them on to murder, began, with all but Hatteraick, to sink into remorse and fear. Glossin was then indigent and greatly in debt, but he was already possessed of Mr Bertram’s ear, and, aware of the facility of his disposition, he saw no difficulty in enriching himself at his expence, provided the heir-male were removed, in which case ~~the~~ the estate became the unlimited property of the weak and prodigal father.

Stimulated by present gain and the prospect of contingent advantage, he accepted the bribe which the smugglers offered in their terror, and connived at, or rather encouraged their intention of carrying away the child of his benefactor, who, if left behind, was old enough to have described the scene of blood which he had witnessed. The only palliative which the ingenuity of Glossin could offer to his conscience was, that the temptation was great, and came suddenly upon him, embracing as it were the very advantages upon which his mind had so long rested, and promising to relieve him from distresses which must have otherwise speedily overwhelmed him. Besides, he endeavoured to think that self-preservation rendered his conduct necessary. He was, in some degree, in the power of the robbers, and pleaded hard with his conscience, that, had he declined their offers, the assistance which he could have called for, though not distant, might not have arrived in time to save him from men, who, on less provocation, had just committed murder.

Galled with the anxious forebodings of a guilty conscience, Glossin now arose, and looked out upon the night. The scene which we have already described in the beginning of our first volume, was now covered with snow, and the brilliant, though waste, whiteness of the land, gave to the sea by contrast a dark and livid tinge. A landscape covered with

snow, though abstractedly it may be called beautiful, has, both from the association of cold and barrenness, and from its comparative infrequency, a wild, strange, and desolate appearance. Objects, well known to us in their common state, have either disappeared, or are so strangely varied and disguised, that we seem gazing on an unknown world. But it was not with such reflections that the mind of this bad man was occupied. His eye was upon the gigantic and gloomy outlines of the old castle, where, in a flanking tower of enormous size and thickness, glimmered two lights, one from the window of the strong room, where Hatteraick was confined, the other from that of the adjacent apartment occupied by his keepers. "Has he made his escape, or will he be able to do so?—Have these men watched, who never watched before, in order to complete my ruin?—If morning finds him there, he must be committed to prison; Mac-Morlan or some other person will take the matter up—he will be detected—convicted—and will tell all in revenge!"—

While these racking thoughts glided rapidly through Glossin's mind, he observed one of the lights obscured, as by an opaque body placed at the window. What a moment of interest!—"He has got clear of his irons!—he is working at the stanchions of the window—they are surely quite decayed, they must give way—O God! they have fallen outward, I heard them clink among the

stones!—the noise cannot fail to wake them—furies seize his Dutch awkwardness!—The light burns free again—they have torn him from the window, and are binding him in the room!—No! he had only retired an instant on the alarm of the falling bars—he is at the window again—and the light is quite obscured now—he is getting out!”——

A heavy sound, as of a body dropped from a height among the snow, announced that Hatteraick had completed his escape, and shortly after Glossin beheld a dark figure, like a shadow, steal along the whitened beach, and reach the spot where the skiff lay. New cause for fear! “His single strength will be unable to float her,” said Glossin to himself; “I must go to the rascal’s assistance. But no! he has got her off, and now, thank God, her sail is spreading itself against the moon—ay, he has got the breeze now—would to heaven it were a tempest to sink him to the bottom!”

After this last cordial wish, he continued watching the progress of the boat as it stood away towards the Point of Warroch, until he could no longer distinguish the dusky sail from the gloomy waves over which it glided. Satisfied then that the immediate danger was averted, he retired with somewhat more composure to his guilty pillow.

CHAPTER XIII.

Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallowed and blood-stain'd hole ?

Titus Andronicus.

ON the next morning, great was the alarm and confusion of the officers, when they discovered the escape of their prisoner. Mac-Guffog appeared before Glossin with a head perturbed with brandy and fear, and incurred a most severe reprimand for neglect of duty. The resentment of the Justice appeared only to be suspended by his anxiety to recover possession of the prisoner, and the thief-takers, glad to escape from his awful and incensed presence, were sent off in every direction (except the right one) to recover their prisoner, if possible. Glossin particularly recommended a careful search at the Kaim of Dorneleugh, which was occasionally occupied under night by vagrants of different descriptions. Having thus dispersed his myrmidons in various directions, he himself hastened by devious paths through the Wood of Warroch, to his appointed interview with Hatteraick, from whom

he hoped to learn at more leisure than last night's conference admitted, the circumstances attending the return of the heir of Ellangowan to his native country.

With manœuvres like those of a fox when he doubles to avoid the pack, Glossin strove to approach the place of appointment in a manner which should leave no distinct track of his course. "Would to Heaven it would snow," said he, looking upward, "and hide these foot-prints. Should one of the officers light upon them, he would run the scent up like a blood-hound, and surprise us.—I must get down upon the sea-beach, and contrive to creep along beneath the rocks."

And accordingly, he descended from the cliffs with some difficulty, and scrambled along between the rocks and the advancing tide; now looking up to see if his motions were watched from the rocks above him, now casting a jealous glance to mark if any boat appeared upon the sea, from which his course might be discovered.

But even the feelings of selfish apprehension were for a time superseded, as Glossin passed the spot where Kennedy's body had been found. It was marked by the fragment of rock which had been precipitated from the cliff above, either with the body or after it. The mass was now encrusted with small shell-fish, and tasselled with tangle and sea-weed; but still its shape and substance were

different from those of the other rocks which lay scattered around. His voluntary walks, it will readily be believed, had never led to this spot ; so that finding himself now there for the first time after the terrible catastrophe, the scene at once recurred to his mind with all its accompaniments of horror. He remembered how, like a guilty thing, gliding from the neighbouring place of concealment, he had mingled with eagerness, yet with caution, among the terrified group who surrounded the corpse, dreading lest any one should ask from whence he came. He remembered, too, with what conscious fear he had avoided gazing upon that ghastly spectacle. The wild scream of his patron, " My bairn ! my bairn !" again rang in his ears. " Good God !" he exclaimed, " and is all I have gained worth the agony of that moment, and the thousand anxious fears and horrors which have since embittered my life !—O how I wish that I lay where that wretched man lies, and that he stood here in life and health !—But these regrets are all too late."

Stifling, therefore, his feelings, he crept forward to the cave, which was so near the spot where the body was found, that the smugglers might have heard from their hiding-place the various conjectures of the bye-standers concerning the fate of their victim. But nothing could be more completely concealed than the entrance to their asy-

lum. The opening, not larger than that of a fox-earth, lay in the face of the cliff directly behind a large black rock, or rather upright stone, which served at once to conceal it from strangers, and as a mark to point out its situation to those who used it as a place of retreat. The space between the stone and the cliff was exceedingly narrow, and being heaped with sand and other rubbish, the most minute search would not have discovered the mouth of the cavern, without removing those substances which the tide had drifted before it. For the purpose of farther concealment, it was usual with the contraband traders who used this haunt, after they had entered, to stuff the mouth with withered sea-weed, loosely piled together as if carried there by the waves. Dirk Hatteraick had not forgotten this precaution.

Glossin, though a bold and hardy man, felt his heart throb, and his knees knock together, when he prepared to enter this den of secret iniquity, in order to hold conference with a felon, whom he justly accounted one of the most desperate and depraved of men. "But he has no interest to injure me," was his consolatory reflection. He examined his pocket-pistols, however, before removing the weeds and entering the cavern, which he did upon hands and knees. The passage, which at first was low and narrow, just admitting entrance to a man in a creeping posture, expanded after a few yards

into a high arched vault of considerable width. The bottom, ascending gradually, was covered with the purest sand. Ere Glossin had got upon his feet, the hoarse yet suppressed voice of Hatteraick growled through the recesses of the cave.

“Hagel and donner !—be’st du ?”

“Are you in the dark ?”

“Dark ? der deyvil ! ay ; where should I have a glim ?”

“I have brought light ;” and Glossin accordingly produced a tinder-box, and lighted a small lantern.

“You must kindle some fire too, for hold mich der deyvil. Ich bin ganz gefrorne !”——

“It is a cold place to be sure,” said Glossin, gathering together some decayed staves of barrels and pieces of wood, which had perhaps lain in the cavern since Dirk Hatteraick was there last.

“Cold ? Snow-wasser and hagel ! it’s perdition—I could only keep myself alive by rambling up and down this d—d vault, and thinking about the merry rouses we have had in it.”

The flame then began to blaze brightly, and Hatteraick hung his bronzed visage, and expanded his hard and sinewy hands over it, with an avidity resembling that of famine to which food is exposed. The light shewed his savage and stern features, and the smoke, which in his agony of cold

he seemed to endure almost to suffocation, after circling round his head, rose to the dim and rugged roof of the cave, through which it escaped by some secret rents or clefts in the rock ; the same doubtless that afforded air to the cavern when the tide was in, at which time the aperture to the sea was filled with water.

“ And now I have brought you some breakfast,” said Glossin, producing some cold meat and a flask of spirits. The latter Hatteraick eagerly seized upon, and applied to his mouth ; and, after a hearty draught, he exclaimed with great rapture, “ Das schmeckt !—That is good—that warms the liver !” —Then broke into the fragment of a High-Dutch song,

“ Saufen bier, und brante-wein,
Schmeissen alle die fenstern ein ;
Ich ben liederlich,
Du bist liederlich,
Sind wir nicht liederlich leute a.”

“ Well said, my hearty Captain !” cried Glossin, endeavouring to catch the tone of revelry,—

“ Gin by pailfulls, wine in rivers,
Dash the window-glass to shivers !
For three wild lads were we, brave boys,
And three wild lads were we ;
Thou on the land, and I on the sand,
And Jack on the gallows-tree !”

“That’s it, my bully-boy ! Why, you’re alive again now !—And now let us talk about our business.”

“*Your* business, if you please,” said Hatteraick ;
“hagel and donner !—mine was done when I got out of the bilboes.”

“Have patience, my good friend ;—I’ll convince you our interests are just the same.”

Hatteraick gave a short dry cough, and Glossin, after a pause, proceeded.

“How came you to let the boy escape ?”

“Why, fluch and blitzen ! he was no charge of mine. Lieutenant Brown gave him to his cousin that’s in the Middleburgh house of Vanbeest and Vanbruggen, and told him some goose’s gazette about his being taken in a skirmish with the land-sharks—he gave him for a foot-boy. Me let him escape !—the bastard kinchin should have walked the plank ere I troubled myself about him.”

“Well, and was he bred a foot-boy then ?”

“Nein, nein ; the kinchin got about the old man’s heart, and he gave him his own name, and bred him up in the office, and then sent him to India—I believe he would have packed him back here, but his nephew told him it would do up the free trade for many a day, if the youngster got back to Scotland.”

“Do you think he knows much of his own origin now ?”

“ Deyvil ! how should I tell what he knows now ? But he remembered something of it long. When he was but ten years old, he persuaded another Satan’s limb of an English bastard like himself to steal my lugger’s khan—boat—what do you call it—to return to his country, as he called it—fire him ! Before we could overtake them, they had the skiff out of channel as far as the Deurloo—the boat might have been lost.”

“ I wish to Heaven she had—with him in her !”

“ Why, I was so angry myself, that, sapperment ! I did give him a tip over the side—but split him—the comical little devil swam like a duck ; so I made him swim astern for a mile to teach him manners, and then took him in when he was sinking.—By the knocking Nicholas ! he’ll plague you, now he’s come over the herring-pond ! When he was so high, he had the spirit of thunder and lightning.”

“ How did he get back from India ?”

“ Why, how should I know^a?—the house there was done up, and that gave us a shake at Middleburgh, I think—so they sent me again to see what could be done among my old acquaintances here—for we held old stories were done away and forgotten. So I had got a pretty trade on foot within the last two trips ; but that stupid houndsfoot schelm, Brown, has knocked it on the head again,

I suppose, with getting himself shot by the colonel-man."

"Why were not you with them?"

"Why, you see, sapperment! I fear nothing—but it was too far within land, and I might have been scented."

"True. But to return to this youngster"—

"Ay, ay, donner and blitzen! *he's* your affair."

"—How do you really know that he is in this country?"

"Why, Gabriel saw him up among the hills."

"Gabriel! who is he?"

"A fellow from the gypsies, that, about eighteen years since, was pressed on board that d—d fellow Pritchard's sloop of war—It was he came off and gave us warning that the Shark was coming round upon us the day Kennedy was done; and he told us how Kennedy had given the information. The gypsies and Kennedy had some quarrel besides. He went to the East Indies in the same ship with your youngster, and, sapperment! knew him well, though the other did not remember him. Gab kept out of his eye though, as he had served the States against England, and was a deserter to boot; and he sent us word directly, that we might know of his being here—though it does not concern us a rope's end."

"So he really is in this country, then, Hatter-aick, between friend and friend?"

“Wetter and donner, yaw! What do you take me for?”

“A blood-thirsty, fearless miscreant!” thought Glossin internally; but said aloud, “And which of your people was it that shot young Hazlewood?”

“Sturm-wetter! do ye think we were mad?—none of *us*, man—Gott! the country was too hot for the trade already with that d——d frolic of Brown.”

“Why, I am told it was Brown shot Hazlewood?”

“Not our lieutenant, I promise you; for he was laid six feet deep at Derncleugh the day before the thing happened.—Tausend deyvils, man! do ye think that he could rise out of the earth to shoot another man?”

A light here began to break upon Glossin’s confusion of ideas. “Did you not say that the youngker, as you call him, goes by the name of Brown?”

“Of Brown? yaw—Vanbeest Brown; old Vanbeest Brown of our Vanbeest and Vanbruggen gave him his own name—he did.”

“Then,” said Glossin, rubbing his hands, “it is he, by Heaven, who has committed this crime!”

“And what have we to do with that?” answered Hatteraick.

Glossin paused, and, fertile in expedients, hastily ran over his project in his own mind, and then drew near the smuggler with a confidential air.

“ You know, my dear Hatteraick, it is our principal business to get rid of this young man ?”

“ Umh !” answered Dirk Hatteraick.

“ Not,” continued Glossin—“ not that I would wish any personal harm to him—if—if—if we can do without. Now, he is liable to be seized upon by justice, both as bearing the same name with your lieutenant, who was engaged in that affair at Woodbourne, and for firing at young Hazlewood with intent to kill or wound.”

“ Eye, eye—but what good will that do you ? he’ll be loose again so soon as he shews himself to carry other colours.”

“ True, my dear Dirk, well noticed, my friend Hatteraick ! But there is ground enough for a temporary imprisonment till he fetch his proofs from England or elsewhere, my good friend. I understand the law, Captain Hatteraick, and I’ll take it upon me, simple Gilbert Glossin of Ellangowan, justice of peace for the county of —, to refuse his bail, if he should offer the best in the country, until he is brought up for a second examination—now where d’ye think I’ll incarcerate him ?”

“ Hagel and wetter ! what do I care ?”

“ Stay, my friend—you do care a great deal. Do you know your goods, that were seized and carried to Woodbourne, are now lying in the custom-house at Portanferry ? (a small fishing-town) —Now I will commit this younker”—

“ When you have caught him ?”

“ Ay, ay, when I have caught him ; I shall not be long about that—I will commit him to the Workhouse, or Bridewell, which you know is beside the Custom-house.”

“ Yaw, the Rasp-house ; I know it very well.”

“ I will take care that the red-coats are dispersed through the country ; you land at night with the crew of your lugger, receive your own goods, and carry the youngster Brown with you back to Flushing. Won’t that do ?”

“ Ay, or—to America ?”

“ Ay, ay, my friend.”

“ Or—to Jericho ?”

“ Psha ! Wherever you have a mind.”

“ Ay, or—pitch him overboard ?”

“ Nay, I advise no violence.”

“ Nein, nein—you leave that to me. Sturm-wetter ! I know you of old. But, hark ye, what am I, Dirk Hatteraick, to be the better of this ?”

“ Why, is it not your interest as well as mine ?—besides, I set you free this morning.”

“ *You* set me free !—Donner and deyvil ! I set myself free. Besides, it was all in the way of your profession, and happened a long time ago, ha, ha, ha !”

“ Pshaw ! pshaw ! don’t let us jest ; I am not against making a handsome compliment—but it’s your affair as well as mine.”

“ What do you talk of *my* affair? is it not you that keep the youngker’s whole estate from him? Dirk Hatteraick never touched a stiver of his rents.”

“ Hush—hush—I tell you it shall be a joint business.”

“ Why, will ye give me half the kitt?”

“ What, half the estate?—d’yc mean we should set up house together at Ellangowan, and take the barony, ridge about?”

“ Sturm-wetter, no! but you might give me half the value—half the gelt. Live with you? nein—I would have a lust-haus of mine own on the Middleburgh dyke, and a blumen-garten like a burgo-master’s.”

“ Ay, and a wooden lion at the door, and a painted centinel in the garden, with a pipe in his mouth!—But, hark ye, Hatteraick; what will all the tulips, and flower-gardens, and pleasure-houses in the Netherlands do for you, if you are hanged here in Scotland?”

Hatteraick’s countenance fell. “ Der deyvil! hanged?”

“ Ay, hanged, mein heer Captain. The devil can scarce save Dirk Hatteraick from being hanged for a murderer and kidnapper, if the youngker of Ellangowan should settle in this country, and if the gallant Captain chanches to be caught here re-

establishing his fair trade! And I won't say, but as peace is now so much talked of, their High Mightinesses may not hand him over to oblige their new allies, even if he remained in fader-land."

"Poz hagel blitzen and donner! I—I doubt you say true."

"Not," said Glossin, perceiving he had made the desired impression, "not that I am against being civil;" and he slid into Hatteraick's passive hand a bank-note of some value.

"Is this all?" said the smuggler; "you had the price of half a cargo for winking at our job, and made us do your business too."

"But, my good friend, you forget—in this case you will recover all your own goods."

"Ay, at the risk of all our own necks—we could do that without you."

"I doubt that, Captain Hatteraick, because you would probably find a dozen red-coats at the custom-house. Come, come, I will be as liberal as I can, but you should have a conscience."

"Now strafe mich der deyfel!—this provokes me more than all the rest!—You rob and you murder, and you want me to rob and murder, and play the silver-cooper, or kidnapper, as you call it, a dozen times over, and then, hagel and wind-sturm! you speak to me of conscience!—Can you think of no fairer way of getting rid of this unlucky lad?"

“No, mein heer; but as I commit him to your charge”——

“To *my* charge—to the charge of steel and gunpowder! and—well, if it must be, it must—but you have a tolerably good guess what’s like to come of it.”

“O, my dear friend, I trust no degree of severity will be necessary.”

“Severity!” said the fellow, with a kind of groan, “I wish you had had my dreams when I first came to this dog-hole, and tried to sleep among the dry sea-weed.—First, there was that d—d fellow there, with his broken back, sprawling as he did when I hurled the rock over a-top on un—ha, ha, you would have sworn he was lying on the floor where you stand, wriggling like a crushed frog—and then”——

“Nay, my friend, what signifies going over this nonsense?—If you are turned chicken-hearted, why the game’s up, that’s all—the game’s up with us both.”

“Chicken-hearted?—No. I have not lived so long upon the account to start at last, neither for devil nor Dutchman.”

“Well, then, take another schnaps—the cold’s at your heart still.—And now tell me, are any of your old crew with you?”

“Nein—all dead, hanged, drowned, and damned. Brown was the last—all dead but Gypsey

Gab, and he would go off the country for a spill of money—or he'll be quiet for his own sake—or old Meg, his aunt, will keep him quiet for her's."

"Which Meg?"

"Meg Merrilies, the old devil's limb of a gypsey witch."

"Is she still alive?"

"Yaw."

"And in this country?"

"And in this country. She was at the Kaim of Derncleugh, at Vanbeest Brown's last wake, as they call it, the other night, with two of my people, and some of her own blasted gypsies."

"That's another breaker a-head, Captain! Will she not squeak, think ye?"

"Not she—she wont start—she swore by the salmon, if we did the kinchin no harm, she would never tell how the gauger got it. Why, man, though I gave her a wipe with my hanger in the heat of the matter, and cut her arm, and though she was so long after in trouble about it up at your borough-town there, der deyvil! old Meg was as true as steel."

"Why, that's true as you say. And yet if she could be carried over to Zealand, or Hamburg, or—or——anywhere else, you know, it were as well."

Hatteraick jumped upright upon his feet, and looked at Glossin from head to heel.—"I don't

see the goat's foot," he said, "and yet he must be the very deyvil!—But Meg Merrilies is closer yet with the Kobold than you are—ay, and I had never such weather as after having drawn her blood. Nein, nein, I'll meddle with her no more—she's a witch of the fiend—a real deyvil's kind—but that's her affair. Donner and wetter! I'll neither make nor meddle—that's her work.—But for the rest—why, if I thought the trade would not suffer, I would soon rid you of the younker, if you send me word when he's under embargo."

In brief and under tones the two worthy associates concerted their enterprize, and agreed at which of his haunts Hatteraick should be heard of. The stay of his lugger on the coast was not difficult, as there were no king's vessels there at the time.

CHAPTER XIV.

You are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bids you—
Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians.
Othello.

WHEN Glossin returned home, he found, among other letters and papers sent to him, one of considerable importance. It was signed by Mr Protocol, an attorney in Edinburgh, and, addressing him as the agent for Godfrey Bertram, Esq. late of Ellangowan, and his representatives, acquainted him with the sudden death of Mrs Margaret Bertram of Singleside, requesting him to inform his clients thereof, in case they should judge it proper to have any person present for their interest at opening the repositories of the deceased. Mr Glossin perceived at once that the letter-writer was unacquainted with the breach which had taken place between him and his late patron. The estate of the deceased lady should by rights, as he well knew, descend to Lucy Bertram; but it was a thousand to one that the caprice of the old lady might have altered its destination. After running over contingencies

and probabilities in his fertile mind, to ascertain what sort of personal advantage might accrue to him from this incident, he could not perceive any mode of availing himself of it, except in so far as it might go to assist his plan of recovering, or rather creating a character, the want of which he had already experienced, and was likely to feel yet more deeply. "I must place myself," he thought, "on strong ground, that, if anything goes wrong with Dirk Hatteraick's project, I may have prepossessions in my favour at least."—Besides, to do Glossin justice, bad as he was, he might feel some desire to compensate to Miss Bertram in a small degree, and in a case in which his own interest did not interfere with hers, the infinite mischief which he had occasioned to her family. He therefore resolved early the next morning to ride over to Woodbourne.

It was not without hesitation that he took this step, having the natural reluctance to face Colonel Mannering, which fraud and villainy have to encounter honour and probity. But he had great confidence in his own *sçavoir faire*. His talents were naturally acute, and by no means confined to the line of his profession. He had at different times resided a good deal in England, and his address was free both from country rusticity and professional pedantry; so that he had considerable powers both of address and persuasion, joined to

an unshaken effrontery, which he affected to disguise under plainness of manner. Confident, therefore, in himself, he appeared at Woodbourne, about ten in the morning, and was admitted as a gentleman come to wait upon Miss Bertram.

He did not announce himself until he was at the door of the breakfast-parlour, when the servant, by his desire, said aloud,—“ Mr Glossin, to wait upon Miss Bertram.” Lucy, remembering the last scene of her father’s existence, turned as pale as death, and had well nigh fallen from her chair. Julia Mannering flew to her assistance, and they left the room together. There remained Colonel Mannering, Charles Hazlewood, with his arm in a sling, and the Dominic, whose gaunt visage and wall-eyes assumed a most hostile aspect upon recognizing Glossin.

That honest gentleman, though somewhat abashed by the effect of his first introduction, advanced with confidence, and hoped he did not intrude upon the ladies. Colonel Mannering, in a very upright and stately manner, observed, that he did not know to what he was to impute the honour of a visit from Mr Glossin.

“ Hem ! hem ! I took the liberty to wait upon Miss Bertram, Colonel Mannering, on account of a matter of business.”

“ If it can be communicated to Mr Mac-Mor-

lan, her agent, I believe it will be more agreeable to Miss Bertram."

"I beg pardon, Colonel Mannering;—you are a man of the world—there are some cases in which it is most prudent for all parties to treat with principals."

"Then, if Mr Glossin will take the trouble to state his object in a letter, I will answer that Miss Bertram pays proper attention to it."

"Certainly—but there are cases in which a *viva voce* conference—I perceive—I know Colonel Mannering has adopted some prejudices which may make my visit appear intrusive; but I submit to his good sense, whether he ought to exclude me from a hearing without knowing the purpose of my visit, or of how much consequence it may be to the young lady whom he honours with his protection."

"Certainly, sir, I have not the least intention to do so. I will learn Miss Bertram's pleasure upon the subject, and acquaint Mr Glossin, if he can spare time to wait for her answer." So saying, he left the room.

Glossin had still remained standing in the midst of the apartment. Colonel Mannering had made not the slightest motion to invite him to sit, and indeed had remained standing himself during their short interview. When he left the room, however, Glossin seized upon a chair, and threw himself into it with an air between embarrassment and ef-

frontery. He felt the silence of his companions disconcerting and oppressive, and resolved to interrupt it.

“A fine day, Mr Sampson.”

The Dominie answered with something between an acquiescent grunt and an indignant groan.

“You never come down to see your old acquaintances on the Ellangowan property, Mr Sampson—You would find most of the old stagers still stationary there. I have too much respect for the late family to disturb old residents, even under pretence of improvement. Besides, it’s not my way—I don’t like it—I believe, Mr Sampson, Scripture particularly condemns those who oppress the poor, and remove land-marks.”

“Or who devour the substance of orphans,” subjoined the Dominie. “Anathema, Maranatha!” So saying, he rose, shouldered the folio which he had been perusing, faced to the right about, and marched out of the room with the strides of a grenadier.

Mr Glossin, no way disconcerted, or at least feeling it necessary not to appear so, turned to young Hazlewood, who was apparently busy with the newspaper. “Any news, sir?” Hazlewood raised his eyes, looked at him, and pushed the paper towards him, as if to a stranger in a coffee-house, then rose, and was about to leave the room. “I beg pardon, Mr Hazlewood—but I can’t help wish-

ing you joy of getting so easily over that infernal accident." This was answered by a sort of inclination of the head as slight and stiff as could well be imagined. Yet it encouraged our man of law to proceed. "I can promise you, Mr Hazlewood, few people have taken the interest in that matter which I have done, both for the sake of the country, and on account of my particular respect for your family, which has so high a stake in it; indeed, so very high a stake, that, as Mr Featherhead is turning old now, and as there's a talk, since his last stroke, of his taking the Chiltern Hundreds, it might be worth your while to look about you. I speak as a friend, Mr Hazlewood, and as one who understands the roll; and if in going over it together"——

"I beg pardon, sir, but I have no views in which your assistance could be useful."

"O very well—perhaps you are right—it's quite time enough, and I love to see a young gentleman cautious. But I was talking of your wound—I think I have got a clue to that business—I think I have—and if I don't bring the fellow to condign punishment!"

"I beg your pardon,* sir, once more; but your zeal outruns my wishes. I have every reason to think the wound was accidental—certainly it was not premeditated. Against ingratitude and premeditated treachery, should you find any one guilty

of them, my resentment will be as warm as your own."

Another rebuff, thought Glossin ; I must try him upon the other tack. " Right, sir ; very nobly said ! I would have no more mercy on an ungrateful man than I would on a woodcock—And now we talk of sport, (this was a sort of diverting of the conversation which Glossin had learned from his former patron) I see you often carry a gun, and I hope you will be soon able to take the field again. I observe you confine yourself always to your own side of the Hazleshaws-burn. I hope, my dear sir, you will make no scruple of following your game to the Ellangowan bank : I believe it is rather the best exposure of the two for woodcocks, although both are capital."

As this offer only excited a cold and constrained bow, Glossin was obliged to remain silent, and was presently afterwards somewhat relieved by the entrance of Colonel Mannerling.

" I have detained you some time, I fear, sir," said he, addressing Glossin ; " I wished to prevail upon Miss Bertram to see you, as, in my opinion, her objections ought to give way to the necessity of hearing in her own person what may be of importance that she should know. But I find that circumstances of recent occurrence, and not easily to be forgotten, have rendered her so utterly repugnant to a personal interview with Mr Glossin,

that it would be cruelty to insist upon it: and she has deputed me to receive his commands, or proposal, or, in short, whatever he may wish to say to her."

"Hem, hem! I am sorry, sir—I am very sorry, Colonel Mannering, that Miss Bertram should suppose—that any prejudice, in short—or idea that any thing on my part"—

"Sir, where no accusation is made, excuses or explanations are unnecessary. Have you any objection to communicate to me, as Miss Bertram's temporary guardian, the circumstances which you conceive to interest her?"

"None, Colonel Mannering; she could not choose a more respectable friend, or one with whom I, in particular, would more anxiously wish to communicate frankly."

"Have the goodness to speak to the point, sir, if you please."

"Why, sir, it is not so easy all at once—but Mr Hazlewood need not leave the room,—I mean so well to Miss Bertram, that I could wish the whole world to hear my part of the conference."

"My friend Mr Charles Hazlewood will not probably be anxious, Mr Glossin, to listen to what cannot concern him—and now when he has left us alone, let me pray you to be short and explicit in what you have to say. I am a soldier, sir, somewhat impatient of forms and introductions." So

saying, he drew himself up in his chair, and waited for Mr Glossin's communication.

"Be pleased to look at that letter."

The Colonel read it, and returned it, after pencilling the name of the writer in his memorandum-book. "This, sir, does not seem to require much discussion—I will see that Miss Bertram's interest is attended to."

"But, sir,—but, Colonel Mannering, there is another matter which no one can explain but myself. This lady—this Mrs Margaret Bertram, to my certain knowledge, made a general settlement of her affairs in Miss Lucy Bertram's favours while she lived with my old friend, Mr Bertram at Ellangowan. The Dominic—that was the name by which my deceased friend always called that very respectable man Mr Sampson—he and I witnessed the deed. And she had full power at that time to make such a settlement, for she was in fee of the estate of Singleside even then, although it was life-rented by an elder sister. It was a whimsical settlement of old Singleside's, sir; he pitted the two cats his daughters against each other, ha, ha!"

"Well, sir,—but to the purpose. You say that this lady had power to settle her estate on Miss Bertram, and that she did so?"

"Even so, Colonel—I think I should understand the law—I have followed it for many years, and though I have given it up to retire upon a

handsome competence, I did not throw away that knowledge which is better than house and land, and which I take to be the knowledge of the law, since, as our common rhyme has it,

'Tis most excellent
To win the land that's gone and spent.

No, no, I love the smack of the whip—I have a little, a very little law yet, at the service of my friends.”

Glossin ran on in this manner, thinking he had made a favourable impression on Mannering. The Colonel indeed reflected that this might be a most important crisis for Miss Bertram's interest, and resolved that his strong inclination to throw Glossin out at window, or at door, should not interfere with it. He put a strong curb on his temper, and resolved to listen with patience at least, if without complacence. He therefore let Mr Glossin get to the end of his self-congratulations, and then asked him if he knew where the deed was?

“ I know—that is, I think—I believe I can recover it—In such cases custodiers have sometimes made a charge.”

“ We won't differ as to that, sir,” said the Colonel, taking out his pocket-book.

“ But, my dear sir, you take me so very short—I said *some persons might* make such a claim—I mean for payment of the expences of the deed,

trouble in the affair, &c. But I, for my own part, only wish Miss Bertram and her friends to be satisfied that I am acting towards her with honour. There's the paper, sir! It would have been a satisfaction to me to have delivered it into Miss Bertram's own hands, and to have wished her joy of the prospects which it opens. But since her prejudices on the subject are invincible, it only remains for me to transmit her my best wishes through you, Colonel Mannering, and to express that I shall willingly give my testimony in support of that deed when I shall be called upon. I have the honour to wish you a good morning, sir."

This parting speech was so well got up, and had so much the tone of conscious integrity unjustly suspected, that even Colonel Mannering was staggered in his bad opinion. He followed him two or three steps, and took leave of him with more politeness (though still cold and formal) than he had paid during his visit. Glossin left the house half pleased with the impression he had made, half mortified by the stern caution and proud reluctance with which he had been received. "Colonel Mannering might have had more politeness," he said to himself—"it is not every man that can bring a good chance of 400*l.* a-year to a pennyless girl. Singleside must be up to 400*l.* a-year now—there's Reilageganbeg, Gillifidget, Loverless, Liealone, and the Spinster's Knowe—good 400*l.* a-year.

Some people might have made their own of it in my place—and yet, to own the truth, after much consideration, I don't see how that is possible."

Glossin was no sooner mounted and gone, than the Colonel dispatched a groom for Mr Mac-Morlan, and, putting the deed into his hand, requested to know if it was likely to be available to his friend Lucy Bertram. Mac-Morlan perused it with eyes that sparkled with delight, snapped his fingers repeatedly, and at length exclaimed, "Available!—it's as tight as a glove—naebody could make better wark than Glossin, when he didna let down a steek on purpose—but (his countenance falling) the auld b——, that I should say so, might alter at pleasure."

"How shall we know that?"

"Somebody must attend on Miss Bertram's part, when the repositories of the deceased are opened."

"Can you go?"

"I fear not—I must attend a jury trial before our court."

"Then I will go myself—I'll set out to-morrow. Sampson shall go with me—he is witness to this settlement. But I shall want a legal adviser?"

"The gentleman that was lately sheriff of this county is high in reputation; I will give you a card of introduction to him."

"What I like about you, Mr Mac-Morlan," said the Colonel, "is, that you always come straight

to the point. Let me have it instantly—shall we tell Miss Lucy her chance of becoming an heiress?”

“Surely, because you must have some powers from her, which I will instantly draw out. Besides, I will be caution for her prudence, and that she will consider it only in the light of a chance.”

Mac-Morlan judged well. It could not be discerned from Miss Bertram’s manner, that she founded exulting hopes upon the prospect thus unexpectedly opening before her. She did indeed, in the course of the evening, ask Mr Mac-Morlan, as if by accident, what might be the annual income of the Hazlewood property ; but shall we therefore aver for certain that she was considering whether an heiress of four hundred a-year might be a suitable match for the young Laird ?

CHAPTER XV.

Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red—For I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyzes' vein.

Henry IV. Part I.

MANNERING, with Sampson for his companion, lost no time in his journey to Edinburgh. They travelled in the Colonel's post-chariot, who, knowing his companion's habits of abstraction, did not chuse to give him out of his own sight, far less to trust him upon horseback, where, in all probability, a knavish stable-boy might with little address have contrived to mount him with his face to the tail. Accordingly, with the aid of his valet, who attended on horseback, he contrived to bring Mr Sampson safe to an inn in Edinburgh,—for hotels in these days there were none,—without any other accident than arose from his straying twice upon the road. Upon one occasion he was recovered by Barnes, who understood his humour, when, after engaging in close colloquy with the schoolmaster of Moffat, respecting a disputed quantity in Ho-

race's 7th Ode, Book II., the dispute led on to another controversy, concerning the exact meaning of the word *Malobathro*, in that lyric effusion. His other escapade was made for the purpose of visiting the field of Rullion-green, which was dear to his presbyterian predilections. Having got out of the carriage for an instant, he saw the sepulchral monument of the slain at the distance of about a mile, and was arrested by Barnes in his progress up the Pentland-hills, having on both occasions forgot his friend, patron, and fellow-traveller, as completely, as if he had been in the East Indies. On being reminded that Colonel Mannering was waiting for him, he uttered his usual ejaculation of "Prodigious!—I was oblivious," and then strode back to his post. Barnes was surprised at his master's patience on both occasions, knowing by experience how little he brooked neglect or delay; but the Dominic was in every respect a privileged person. His patron and he were never for a moment in each other's way, and it seemed obvious that they were formed to be companions through life. If Mannering wanted a particular book, the Dominic could bring it; if he wished to have accounts summed up, or checked, his assistance was equally ready; if he desired to recall a particular passage in the classics, he could have recourse to the Dominic as to a dictionary; and all the while, this walking statue was neither presu-

ming when noticed, nor sulky when left to himself. To a proud, shy, reserved man, and such in many respects was Mannering, this sort of living catalogue, and animated automaton, had all the advantages of a literary dumb-waiter.

So soon as they arrived in Edinburgh, and were established at the George Inn near Bristo-port, (I love to be particular,) the Colonel desired the waiter to procure him a guide to Mr Pleydell's, the advocate, for whom he had a letter of introduction from Mr Mac-Morlan. He then commanded Barnes to have an eye to the Dominie, and walked forth with a chairman, who was to usher him to the man of law.

The period was near the end of the American war. The desire of room, of air, and of decent accommodation, had not as yet made very much progress in the capital of Scotland. Some efforts had been made upon the south side of the town towards building houses *within themselves*, as they are emphatically termed; and the New Town on the north, since so much extended, was then just commenced. But the great bulk of the better classes, and particularly those connected with the law, still lived in flats or dungeons of the Old Town. The manners also of some of the veterans of the law had not admitted innovation. One or two eminent lawyers still saw their clients in taverns, as was the general custom fifty years before; and although

their habits were already considered as old-fashioned by the younger barristers, yet the custom of mixing wine and revelry with serious business was still maintained by those senior counsellors, who loved the old road, either because it was such, or because they had got too well used to it to travel any other. Among those praisers of the past time, who with ostentatious obstinacy affected the manners of a former generation, was this same Paulus Pleydell, Esq. otherwise a good scholar, an excellent lawyer, and a worthy man. -

Under the guidance of his trusty attendant, Colonel Mannering, after threading a dark lane or two, reached the High-street, then clanging with the voices of oyster-women and the bells of pycmen, for it had, as his guide assured him, just "chappit eight upon the Tron." It was long since Mannering had been in the street of a crowded metropolis, which, with its noise and clamour, its sounds of trade, of revelry, and of license, its variety of lights, and the eternally changing bustle of its hundred groupes, offers, by night especially, a spectacle, which, though composed of the most vulgar materials when they are separately considered, has, when they are combined, a striking and powerful effect upon the imagination. The extraordinary height of the houses was marked by lights, which, glimmering irregularly along their front, ascended so high among the attics, that they seem-

ed at length to twinkle in the middle sky. This *coup d'œil*, which still subsists in a certain degree, was then more striking, owing to the uninterrupted range of buildings on each side, which, broken only at the space where the North Bridge joins the main street, formed a superb and uniform Place, extending from the front of the Luckenbooths to the head of the Canongate, and corresponding in breadth and length to the uncommon height of the buildings on either side.

Mannering had not much time to look and to admire. His conductor hurried him across this striking scene, and suddenly dived with him into a very steep paved lane. Turning to the right, they entered a scale stair-case, as it is called, the state of which, so far as it could be judged of by one of his senses, annoyed Mannering's delicacy not a little. When they had ascended cautiously to a considerable height, they heard a heavy rap at a door, still two stories above them. The door opened, and immediately ensued the sharp and worrying bark of a dog, the squalling of a woman, the screams of an assaulted cat, and the hoarse voice of a man, who cried in a most imperative tone, "Will ye, Mustard ! Will ye ! down, sir, down !"

"Lord preserve us !" said the female voice, "an he had worried our cat, Mr Pleydell would ne'er hae forgi'en me !"

“Aweel, my doo, the cat’s no a prin the waur—
So he’s no in, ye say?”

“Na, Mr Pleydell’s ne’er in the house on Saturday.”

“And the morn’s Sabbath too,” said the querist; “I dinna ken what will be done.”

By this time Mannering appeared, and found a tall strong countryman, clad in a coat of pepper-and-salt-coloured mixture, with huge metal buttons, a glazed hat and boots, and a large horse-whip beneath his arm, in colloquy with a slip-shod damsel, who had in one hand the lock of the door, and in the other a pail of whiting, or *camstane*, as it is called, mixed with water—a circumstance which indicates Saturday night in Edinburgh.

“So Mr Pleydell is not at home, my good girl?” said Mannering.

“Ay, sir, he’s at hame, but he’s no in the house: he’s aye out on Saturday at c’en.”

“But, my good girl, I am a stranger, and my business express—Will you tell me where I can find him?”

“His honour,” said the chairman, “will be at Clerihugh’s about this time—Hersell could hae tell’d ye that, but she thought ye wanted to see his house.”

“Well, then, shew me to this tavern—I suppose he will see me, as I come on business of some consequence?”

“ I dinna ken, sir,” said the girl, “ he disna like to be disturbed on Saturdays wi’ business—but he’s aye civil to strangers.”

“ I’ll gang to the tavern too,” said our friend Dinmont, “ for I am a stranger, and on business e’en sic like.”

“ Na,” said the hand-maiden, “ an he see the gentleman, he’ll see the simple body too—but, Lord’s sake, dinna say it was me sent ye there.”

“ Atweel, I am a simple body, that’s true, hinny, but I ain no come to steal ony o’ his skeel for naething,” said the farmer in his honest pride, and strutted away down stairs, followed by Mannering and the cadie. Mannering could not help admiring the determined stride with which the stranger who preceded them divided the press, shouldering from him, by the mere weight and impetus of his motion, both drunk and sober passengers. “ He’ll be a Teviotdale tup tat anc,” said the chairman, “ tat’s for keeping ta crown o’ ta causeway tat gate—he’ll no gang far or he’ll get somebody to bell ta cat wi’ him.”

His shrewd augury, however, was not fulfilled. Those who recoiled from the colossal weight of Dinmont, upon looking up at his size and strength, apparently judged him too heavy metal to be rashly encountered, and suffered him to pursue his course unchallenged. Following in the wake of this first-rate, Mannering proceeded till the farmer

made a pause, and, looking back to the chairman, said, "I'm thinking this will be the close, friend?"

"Ay, ay," replied Donald, "tat's ta close."

Dinmont descended confidently, then turned into a dark alley—then up a dark stair—and then into an open door. While he was whistling shrilly for the waiter, as if he had been one of his collic dogs, Mannering looked round him, and could hardly conceive how a gentleman of a liberal profession, and good society, should chuse such a scene for social indulgence. Besides the miserable entrance, the house *itself* seemed paltry and half ruinous. The passage in which they stood had a window to the close, which admitted a little light during the day-time, and a villainous compound of smells at all times, but more especially towards evening. Corresponding to this window was a borrowed light on the other side of the passage, looking into the kitchen, which had no direct communication with the free air, but received in the day-time, at second hand, such straggling and obscure light as found its way from the lane through the window opposite. At present, the interior of the kitchen was visible by its own huge fires—a sort of Pandæmonium, where men and women, half undressed, were busied in baking, broiling, roasting oysters, and preparing devils on the gridiron; the mistress of the place, with her shoes slip-shod, and her hair straggling like that of Mægera from un-

der a round-eared cap, toiling, scolding, receiving orders, giving them, and obeying them all at once, seemed the mistress enchantress of that gloomy and fiery region.

Loud and repeated bursts of laughter from different quarters of the house proved that her labours were acceptable, and not unrewarded by a generous public. With some difficulty a waiter was prevailed upon to show Colonel Mannering and Dimont the room where their friend, learned in the law, held his hebdomadal carousals. The scene which it exhibited, and particularly ~~the~~ the attitude of the counsellor himself, the principal figure therein, struck his two clients with astonishment.

Mr Pleydell was a lively sharp-looking gentleman, with a professional shrewdness in his eye, and, generally speaking, a professional formality in his manners. But this, like his three-tailed wig and black coat, he could slip off on a Saturday evening when surrounded by a party of jolly companions, and disposed for what he called his altitudes. Upon the present occasion, the revel had lasted since four o'clock, and, at length, under the direction of a venerable compotator, who had shared the sports and festivity of three generations, the frolicsome company had begun to practise the ancient and now forgotten pastime of *High Jinks*. This game was played in several different ways. Most frequently the dice were thrown by the com-

pany, and those upon whom the lot fell were obliged to assume and maintain, for a time, a certain fictitious character, or to repeat a certain number of fescennine verses in a particular order. If they departed from the characters assigned, or if their memory proved treacherous in the repetition, they incurred forfeits, which were either compounded for by swallowing an additional bumper, or by paying a small sum towards the reckoning. At this sport the jovial company were closely set, when Mannering entered the room.

Mr Counsellor Pleydell, such as we have described him, was enthroned, as a monarch, in an elbow-chair placed on the dining-table, his scratch wig on one side, his head crowned with a bottle-slider, his eye leering with an expression betwixt fun and the effects of wine, while his court around him resounded with such crambo scraps of verse as these :

Where is Gerunto now ? and what's become of him ?
Gerunto's dead because he could not swim, &c. &c.

Such, O Themis, were anciently the sports of thy Scottish children ! Dinmont was first in the room. He stood aghast a moment,—and then exclaimed, “ It's him, sure enough—De'il o' the like o' that ever I saw !”

At the sound of “ Mr Dinmont and Colonel Mannering wanting to speak to you, sir,” Pleydell

turned his head, and blushed a little when he saw the very genteel figure of the English stranger. He was, however, of the opinion of Falstaff, "Out, ye villains, play out the play!" wisely judging it the better way to appear totally unconcerned. "Where be our guards?" exclaimed this second Justinian; "see ye not a stranger knight from foreign parts arrived at this our court of Holyrood,—with our bold yeoman Andrew Dinmont, who has succeeded to the keeping of our royal flocks within the forest of Jedwood, where, thanks to our royal care in the administration of justice, they feed as safe as if they were within the bounds of Fife? Where be our heralds, our pursuivants, our Lyon, our Marchmount, our Carrick, and our Snowdown? Let the strangers be placed at our board, and regaled as becometh their quality, and this our high holiday—to-morrow we will hear their tidings."

"So please you, my liege, to-morrow's Sunday," said one of the company.

"Sunday, is it? then we will give no offence to the assembly of the kirk—on Monday shall be their audience."

Mannering, who had stood at first uncertain whether to advance or retreat, now resolved to enter for the moment into the whim of the scene, though internally fretting at Mac-Morlan, for sending him to consult with a crack-brained humourist.

He therefore advanced with three profound congees, and craved permission to lay his credentials at the feet of the Scottish monarch, in order to be perused at his best leisure. The gravity with which he accommodated himself to the humour of the moment, and the deep and humble inclination with which he at first declined, and then accepted, a seat presented by the master of the ceremonies, procured him three rounds of applause.

“De’il hae me, if they arena a’ mad thegither !” said Dinmont, occupying with less ceremony a seat at the bottom of the table, “or else they hae ta’en Yule before it comes, and are gaun a-guisarding.”

A large glass of claret was offered to Mannering, who drank it to the health of the reigning monarch. “You are, I presume to guess,” said the monarch, “that celebrated Sir Miles Mannering, so renowned in the French wars, and may well pronounce to us if the wines of Gascony lose their flavour in our more northern realm.”

Mannering, agreeably flattered by this allusion to the fame of his celebrated ancestor, replied, by professing himself only a distant relation of the prierieux chevalier, and added, “that in his opinion the wine was superlatively good.”

“It’s ower cauld for my stamach,” said Dinmont, setting down the glass, (empty however.)

“We will correct that quality,” answered King Paulus, the first of the name ; “we have not for-

gotten that the moist and humid air of our valley of Liddel inclines to stronger potations.—Seneschal, let our faithful yeoman have a cup of brandy; it will be more german to the matter.”

“And now,” said Mannering, “since we have unwarily intruded upon your majesty at a moment of mirthful retirement, be pleased to say when you will indulge a stranger with an audience on those affairs of weight which have brought him to your northern capital.”

The monarch opened Mac-Morlan’s letter, and, running it hastily over, exclaimed, with his natural voice and manner, “Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan, poor dear lassie !”

“A forfeit ! a forfeit !” exclaimed a dozen voices ; “his majesty has forgot his kingly character.”

“Not a whit ! not a whit !” replied the king ; “I’ll be judged by this courteous knight. May not a monarch love a maid of low degree ? Is not King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid, an adjudged case in point ?”

“Professional ! professional !—another forfeit,” exclaimed the tumultuary nobility.

“Had not our royal predecessors,” continued the monarch, exalting his sovereign voice to drown these disaffected clamours,—“Had they not their Jean Logies, their Bessie Carmichaels, their Oliphants, their Sandilands, and their Weirs, and shall it be denied to us even to name a maiden

whom we delight to honour? Nay, then, sink state and perish sovereignty! for, like a second Charles V., we will abdicate, and seek in the private shades of life those pleasures which are denied to a throne."

So saying, he flung away his crown, and sprung from his exalted station with more agility than could have been expected from his age, ordered lights and a wash-hand basin and towel, with a cup of green tea, into another room, and made a sign to Mannering to accompany him. In less than two minutes he washed his face and hands, settled his wig in the glass, and, to Mannering's great surprise, looked perfectly a different man from the childish Bacchanal he had seen a moment before.

"There are folks," he said, "Mr Mannering, before whom one should take care how they play the fool—because they have either too much malice, or too little wit, as the poet says. The best compliment I can pay Colonel Mannering, is to shew I am not ashamed to expose myself before him—and truly I think it is a compliment I have not spared to-night upon your good-nature—But what's that great strong fellow wanting?"

Dinmont, who had pushed after Mannering into the room, began with a scrape with his foot and a scratch of his head in unison. "I am Dandie Dinmont, sir, of the Charlies-hope—the Liddes-

dale lad—ye'll mind me?—it was for me ye won you grand plea."

"What plea, you loggerhead? d'ye think I can remember all the fools that come to plague me?"

"Lord, sir, it was the grand plea about the grazing o' the Langtae-head!"

"Well, curse thee, never mind; give me the memorial and come to me on Monday at ten."

"But, sir, I haena got ony distinct memorial."

"No memorial, man?"

"Na, sir, nae memorial; for your honour said before, Mr Pleydell, ye'll mind, that ye liked best to hear us hill-folk tell our ain tale by word o' mouth."

"Beshrew my tongue, that said so! it will cost my ears a dinning—well, say in two words what you've got to say—you see the gentleman waits."

"Ou, sir, if the gentleman likes he may play his ain spring first; it's a' ane to Dandie."

"Now, you looby, cannot you conceive that your business can be nothing to him, but that he may not choose to have these great ears of thine regaled with his matters?"

"Aweel, sir, just as you and he like—so ye see to my business. We're at the auld wark o' the marches again, Jock o' Dawston Cleugh and me. Ye see we march on the tap o' Touthop-rigg after we pass the Pomoragrains; for the Pomoragrains,

and Slackenspool, and Bloodylaws, they come in there, and they belang to the Peel ; but after ye pass Pomoragrains at a muckle great saucer-headed cutlugged stane, that they ca' Charlies Chuckie, there Dawston Cleugh and Charlies-hope they march. Now, I say, the march rins on the tap o' the hill where the wind and water shears ; but Jock o' Dawston Cleugh again, he contravenes that, and says that it hauds down by the auld drove-road that gaes awa' by the Knot o' the Gate ower to Keeldar-ward—and that makes an unco difference."

" And what difference does it make, friend ? How many sheep will it feed ? "

" Ou, no mony—it's lying high and exposed—it may feed a hog, or aiblins twa in a good year."

" And for this grazing, which may be worth about five shillings a year, you are willing to throw away a hundred pound or two ? "

" Na, sir, it's no for the value of the grass—it's for justice."

" My good friend, justice, like charity, should begin at home. Do you justice to your wife and family, and think no more about the matter."

Dinmont still lingered, twisting his hat in his hand—" It's no for that, sir—but I would like ill to be bragged wi' him—he threeps he'll bring a score o' witnesses and mair—and I'm sure there's as mony will swear for me as for him, folk that

lived a' their days upon the Charlies-hope, and wad na like to see the land lose its right."

"Zounds, man, if it be a point of honour, why don't your landlords take it up?"

"I dinna ken, sir, (scratchin'g his head) there's been nae election-dusts lately, and the lairds are unco neighbourly, and Jock and me canna get them to yoke thegither about it a' that we can say—but if ye thought we might keep up the rent"—

"No! no! that will never do—confound you, why don't you take good cudgels and settle it?"

"Odd, sir, we tried that three times already—that's twice on the land and ance at Lockerby fair.—But I dinna ken—we're baith gay good at single-stick, and it couldna weel be judged."

"Then take broad-swords, and be d—d to you, as your fathers did before you."

"Aweel, sir, if ye think it wadna be again the law, it's a' ane to Dandie."

"Hold! hold! we shall have another Lord Soulis' mistake—Pr'ythee, man, comprehend me; I wish you to consider how very trifling and foolish a law-suit you wish to engage in."

"Ay, sir? So ye winna take on wi' me, I'm doubting."

"Me! not I—go home, go home, take a pint and agree." Dandie looked but half contented, and still remained stationary. "Any thing more, my friend?"

“ Only, sir, about the succession of this leddy that’s dead, auld Miss Margaret Bertram o’ Single-side.”

“ Ay, what about her ?” said the counsellor, rather surprised.

“ Ou, we have nae connexion at a’ wi’ the Bertrams—they were grand folk by the like o’ us—But Jean Liltup, that was auld Singleside’s housekeeper, and the mother of these twa young ladies that are gane—the last o’ them’s dead at a ripe age, I trow—Jean Liltup came out o’ Liddel water, and she was as near our connexion as second cousin to my mother’s half-sister—She drew up wi’ Single-side, nae doubt, when she was his housekeeper, and it was a sair vex and grief to a’ her kith and kin. But he acknowledged a marriage, and satisfied the kirk—and now I wad ken frae you if we hae not some claim by law ?”

“ Not the shadow.”

“ Awcel, we’re nae puirer—but she may hae thought on us if she was minded to make a testament.—Weel, sir, I’ve said my say—I’sc e’en wish you good night, and”——putting his hand in his pocket.

“ No, no, my friend ; I never take fees on Saturday nights, or without a memorial—away with you, Dandie.” And Dandie made his reverence, and departed accordingly. .

CHAPTER XVI.

But this poor farce has neither truth nor art,
To please the fancy or to touch the heart ;
Dark but not awful, dismal but yet mean,
With anxious bustle, moves the cumbrous scene,
Presents no objects tender or profound,
But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around.

Parish Register.

“ YOUR majesty,” said Mannering, laughing, “ has solemnized your abdication by an act of mercy and charity—That fellow will scarce think of going to law.”

“ O, you are quite wrong—The only difference is, I have lost my client, and my fee. He’ll never rest till he finds somebody to encourage him to commit the folly he has predetermined—No ! no ! I have only shewn you another weakness of my character—I always speak truth of a Saturday night.”

“ And sometimes through the week, I should think,” said Mannering, continuing the same tone.

“ Why, yes ; as far as my vocation will permit. I am, as Hamlet says, indifferent honest, when my

clients and their solicitors do not make me the medium of conveying their double-distilled lies to the bench. But *oportet vivere* ! it is a sad thing.— And now to our business. I am glad my old friend Mac-Morlan has sent you to me ; he is an active, honest, and intelligent man, long sheriff-substitute of the county of —— under me, and still holds the office. He knows I have a regard for that unfortunate family of Ellangowan, and for poor Lucy. I have not seen her since she was twelve years old, and she was then a sweet pretty girl under the management of a very silly father. But my interest in her is of an early date. I was called upon, Mr Mannering, being then sheriff of that county, to investigate the particulars of a murder which had been committed near Ellangowan the day on which this poor child was born ; and which, by a strange combination which I was unhappily not able to trace, involved the death or abstraction of her only brother, a boy of about five years old. No, Colonel, I shall never forget the misery of the house of Ellangowan that morning !—the father half-distracted—the mother dead in premature travail—the helpless infant, with scarce any one to attend it, coming wawling and crying into this miserable world at such a moment of unutterable misery. We lawyers are not of iron, sir, or of brass, any more than you soldiers are of steel. We are conversant with the crimes and distresses of civil so-

ciety, as you are with those that occur in a state of war, and to do our duty in either case a little apathy is perhaps necessary—But the devil take a soldier whose heart can be as hard as his sword, and his dam take the lawyer who bronzes his bosom instead of his forehead!—But come, I am losing my Saturday at e'en—will you have the kindness to trust me with these papers which relate to Miss Bertram's business?—and stay—to-morrow you'll take a bachelor's dinner with an old lawyer,—I insist upon it, at three precisely—and come half an hour sooner.—The old lady is to be buried on Monday; it is the orphan's cause, and we'll borrow an hour from the Sunday to talk over this business—although I fear nothing can be done if she has altered her settlement—unless perhaps it occurs within the sixty days, and then if Miss Bertram can shew that she possesses the character of heir-at-law, why——

“ But, hark! my lieges are impatient of their *interregnum*—I do not invite you to rejoin us, Colonel, it would be a trespass on your complaisance, unless you had begun the day with us, and gradually glided on from wisdom to mirth, and from mirth to—to—to—extravagance.—Good night—Harry, go home with Mr Mannering to his lodging—Colonel, I expect you at a little past two to-morrow.”

The Colonel returned home, equally surprised at the childish frolics in which he had found his learned counsellor engaged, at the candour and sound sense which he had in a moment summoned up to meet the exigencies of his profession, and at the tone of feeling which he displayed when he spoke of the friendless orphan.

In the morning, while the Colonel and his most quiet and silent of all retainers, Dominic Sampson, were finishing the breakfast which Barnes had made and poured out, after the Dominie had scalded himself in the attempt, Mr Pleydell was suddenly ushered in. A nicely dressed bob-wig, upon every hair of which a zealous and careful barber had bestowed its proper allowance of powder; a well-brushed black suit, with very clean shoes and gold buckles and stock-buckle; a manner rather reserved and formal than intrusive, but, with all that, shewing only the formality of manner, by no means that of awkwardness; a countenance, the expressive and somewhat comic features of which were in complete repose,—all shewed a being perfectly different from the choice spirit of the evening before. A glance of shrewd and piercing fire in his eye was the only marked expression which recalled the man of “Saturday at e’en.”

“I am come,” said he, with a very polite address, “to use my regal authority in your behalf in spi-

rituals as well as temporals—can I accompany you to the presbyterian kirk, or episcopal meeting-house?—*Tros Tyriusve*, a lawyer, you know, is of both religions, or rather I should say of both forms—or can I assist in passing the forenoon otherwise? You'll excuse my old-fashioned importunity—I was born in a time when a Scotchman was thought inhospitable if he left a guest alone a moment, except when he slept—but I trust you will tell me at once if I intrude.”

“Not at all, my dear sir—I am delighted to put myself under your pilotage. I should wish much to hear some of your Scottish preachers whose talents have done such honour to your country—your Blair, your Robertson, or your Henry; and I embrace your kind offer with all my heart—Only,” drawing the lawyer a little aside, and turning his eye towards Sampson, “my worthy friend there in the reverie is a little helpless and abstracted, and Barnes, who is his pilot in ordinary, cannot well assist him here, especially as he has expressed his determination of going to some of your darker and more remote places of worship.”

The lawyer's eye glanced at him. “A curiosity worth preserving—and I'll find you a fit custodier.—Here you, sir, (to the waiter) go to Luckie Finlayson's in the Cowgate for Miles Macfin the cadie, he'll be there about this time, and tell him I wish to speak to him.”

The person wanted soon arrived. "I will commit your friend to this man's charge," said Pleydell; "he'll attend him, or conduct him, wherever he chuses to go, with a happy indifference as to kirk or market, meeting or court of justice, or—any other place whatever—and bring him safe home at whatever hour you appoint; so that Mr Barnes there may be left to the freedom of his own will."

This was easily arranged, and the Colonel committed the Dominie to the charge of this man while they should remain in Edinburgh.

"And now, sir, if you please, we shall go to the Greyfriars church, to hear our historian of Scotland, of the Continent, and of America."

They were disappointed—he did not preach that morning.—"Never mind," said the counsellor, "have a moment's patience, and we shall do very well."

The colleague of Dr R—— ascended the pulpit. His external appearance was not prepossessing. A remarkably fair complexion was strangely contrasted with a black wig without a grain of powder; a narrow chest and a stooping posture, hands which, placed like props on either side of the pulpit, seemed necessary rather to support the person than to assist the gesticulation of the preacher,—no gown, not even that of Geneva, a tumbled band, and a gesture which seemed scarce voluntary, were the first circumstances which struck a stran-

ger. "The preacher seems a very ungainly person," whispered Mannering to his new friend.

"Never fear, he's the son of an excellent Scottish lawyer—he'll shew blood, I'll warrant him."

The learned counsellor predicted truly. A lecture fraught with new, striking, and entertaining views of Scripture history—a sermon in which the Calvinism of the Kirk of Scotland was ably supported, yet made the basis of a sound system of practical morals, which should neither shelter the sinner under the cloak of speculative faith or of peculiarity of opinion, nor leave him loose to the waves of unbelief and schism. Something there was of an antiquated turn of argument and metaphor, but it only served to give zest and peculiarity to the style of elocution. The sermon was not read—a scrap of paper containing the heads of the discourse was occasionally referred to, and the enunciation, which at first seemed imperfect and embarrassed, became, as the preacher warmed in his progress, animated and distinct; and although the discourse could not be quoted as a correct specimen of pulpit eloquence, yet Mannering had seldom heard so much learning, metaphysical acuteness, and energy of argument, brought into the service of Christianity.

"Such," he said, going out of the church, "must have been the preachers, to whose unfearing minds,

and acute, though sometimes rudely exercised talents, we owe the Reformation."

"And yet that reverend gentleman," said Pleydell, "whom I love for his father's sake and his own, has nothing of the sour or pharasaical pride which has been imputed to some of the early fathers of the Calvinistic Kirk of Scotland. His colleague and he differ, and head different parties in the kirk, about particular points of church discipline; but without for a moment losing personal regard or respect for each other, or suffering malignity to interfere in an opposition, steady, constant, and apparently conscientious on both sides."

"And you, Mr Pleydell, what do you think of their points of difference?"

"Why, I hope, Colonel, a plain man may go to heaven without thinking about them at all—besides, *entre nous*, I am a member of the suffering and episcopal church of Scotland—the shadow of a shade now, and fortunately so—but I love to pray where my fathers prayed before me, without thinking worse of the presbyterian forms, because they do not affect me with the same associations." And with this remark they parted until dinner-time.

From the awkward access to the lawyer's mansion, Mannering was induced to form very moderate expectations of the entertainment which he

was to receive. The approach looked even more dismal by day-light than on the preceding evening. The houses on each side of the lane were so close, that the neighbours might have shaken hands with each other from the different sides, and occasionally the space between was traversed by wooden galleries, and thus entirely closed up. The stair, the scale-stair, was not well cleaned ; and upon entering the house, Mannering was struck with the narrowness and meanness of the wainscotted passage. But the library, into which he was shewn by an elderly respectable-looking man-servant, was a complete contrast to these unpromising appearances. It was a well-proportioned room, hung with a portrait or two of Scottish characters of eminence, by Jamieson, the Caledonian Vandyke, and surrounded with books, the best editions of the best authors.

“ These,” said Pleydell, “ are my tools of trade. A lawyer without history or literature is a mechanic, a mere working mason ; if he possesses some knowledge of these, he may call himself an architect.”

But Mannering was chiefly delighted with the view from the windows, which commanded that incomparable prospect of the ground between Edinburgh and the sea ; the Frith of Forth, with its islands ; the embayment which is terminated by the Law of North Berwick ; and the varied shores

effect of fixing the attention, and uniting the thoughts and feelings of the audience present, in an exercise of devotion so peculiarly adapted to such an occasion. But according to the Scottish custom, if there be not real feeling among the assistants, there is nothing to supply the want, and exalt or rouse the attention ; so that a sense of tedious form, and almost hypocritical restraint, is too apt to pervade the company assembled for the mournful solemnity. Mrs Margaret Bertram was unluckily one of those whose good qualities had attached no general friendship. She had no near relations who might have mourned from natural affection, and therefore her funeral exhibited merely the exterior trappings of sorrow,

Mannering, therefore, stood among this lugubrious company of cousins in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth degree, composing his countenance to the decent solemnity of all who were around him, and looking as much concerned upon Mrs Margaret Bertram's account, as if the deceased lady of Single-side had been his own sister or mother. After a deep and awful pause, the company began to talk aside—under their breaths, however, and as if in the chamber of a dying person.

“ Our poor friend,” said one grave gentleman, scarcely opening his mouth, for fear of deranging the necessary solemnity of his features, and sliding his whisper from between his lips, which were as

little unclosed as possible,—“ Our poor friend has died well to pass in the world.”

“ Nae doubt,” answered the person addressed, with half-closed eyes ; “ poor Mrs Margaret was aye careful of the gear.”

“ Any news to-day, Colonel Mannering ?” said one of the gentlemen whom he had dined with the day before, but in a tone which might, for its impressive gravity, have communicated the death of his whole generation.

“ Nothing particular, I believe, sir,” said Mannering, in the cadence which was, he observed, appropriated to the house of mourning.

“ I understand,” continued the first speaker, emphatically, and with the air of one who is well informed—“ I understand there *is* a settlement.”

“ And what does little Jenny Gibson get ?”

“ A hundred, and the auld repeater.”

“ That’s but sma’ gear, puir thing ; she had a sair time o’t with the auld leddy. But it’s ill waiting for dead folk’s shoon.”

“ I am afraid,” said the politician, who was by Mannering, “ we have not done with your old friend Tippoo Saib yet—I doubt he’ll give the Company more plague ; and I am told, but you’ll know for certain, that East India Stock is not rising.”

“ I trust it will, sir, soon.”

“ Mrs Margaret,” said another person, mingling

in the conversation, "had some India bonds. I know that, for I drew the interest for her—it would be desirable now for the trustees and legatees to have the Colonel's advice about the time and mode of converting them into money. For my part I think—But there's Mr Mortcloke to tell us they are gaun to lift."

Mr Mortcloke the undertaker did accordingly, with a visage of professional length and most grievous solemnity, distribute among the pall-bearers little cards, assigning their respective situations in attendance upon the coffin. As this precedence is supposed to be regulated by propinquity to the defunct, the undertaker, however skilful a master of these lugubrious ceremonies, did not escape giving some offence. To be related to Mrs Bertram was to be of kin to the lands of Singleside, and was a propinquity of which each relative present at that moment was particularly jealous. Some murmurs there were upon the occasion, and our friend Dinmont gave more open offence, being unable either to repress his discontent, or to utter it in the key properly modulated to the solemnity. "I think ye might hae at least gi'en me a leg o' her to carry," he exclaimed, in a voice considerably louder than propriety admitted; "God! an it hadna been for the rigs o' land, I would hae gotten her a' to carry mysell, for as mony gentles as are here."

A score of frowning and reproving brows were

bent upon the unappalled yeoman, who, having given vent to his displeasure, stalked sturdily down stairs with the rest of the company, totally disregarding the censures of those whom his remarks had scandalized.

And then the funeral pomp set forth ; saulies with their batons, and gumphions of tarnished white crape, in honour of the well-preserved maiden fame of Mrs Margaret Bertram. Six starved horses, themselves the very emblems of mortality, well cloaked and plumed, lugging along the hearse with its dismal emblazonry, crept in slow state towards the place of interment, preceded by Jamie Duff, an idiot, who with weepers and cravat made of white paper, attended upon every funeral, and followed by six mourning coaches, filled with the company. Many of these now gave more free loose to their tongues, and discussed with unrestrained earnestness the amount of the succession, and the probability of its destination. The principal expectants, however, kept a prudent silence, indeed ashamed to express hopes which might prove fallacious ; and the agent, or man of business, who alone knew exactly how matters stood, maintained a countenance of mysterious importance, as if determined to preserve the full interest of anxiety and suspense.

At length they arrived at the church-yard gates, and from thence, amid the gaping of some dozen

of idle women with infants in their arms, and accompanied by some twenty children, who ran gambolling and screaming alongside of the sable procession, they finally arrived at the burial place of the Singleside family. This was a square inclosure, guarded on one side by a veteran angel, without a nose, and having only one wing, who had the merit of having maintained his post for a century, while his comrade cherub, who had stood sentinel on the corresponding pedestal, lay a broken trunk among the hemlock, burdock, and nettles, which grew in gigantic luxuriance around the walls of the mausoleum. A moss-grown and broken inscription informed the reader, that in the year 1650 Captain Andrew Bertram, first of Singleside, descended of the very ancient and honourable house of Ellangowan, had caused this monument to be erected for himself and his descendants. A reasonable number of scythes and hour-glasses, and death's heads, and cross bones, garnished the following sprig of sepulchral poetry to the memory of the founder of the mausoleum :

Nathaniel's heart, Bezaleel's hand,
If ever any had,
These boldly do I say had he,
Who lieth in this bed.

Here, then, amid the deep black fat loam into which her ancestors were now resolved, they depo-

sited the body of Mrs Margaret Bertram ; and, like soldiers returning from a military funeral, the nearest relations who might be interested in the settlements of the lady, urged the dog-cattle of the hackney coaches to all the speed of which they were capable, in order to put an end to farther suspense on that interesting topic.

CHAPTER XVII.

“ Die and endow a college or a cat.”

POPE.

THERE is a fable told by Lucian, that while a troop of monkeys, well drilled by an intelligent manager, were performing a tragedy with great applause, the decorum of the whole scene was at once destroyed, and the natural passions of the actors called forth into very indecent and active emulation, by a wag who threw a handful of nuts upon the stage. In like manner, the approaching crisis stirred up among the expectants feelings of a nature very different from those, of which, under the superintendence of Mr Mortcloke, they had lately been endeavouring to imitate the expression. Those eyes which were lately devoutly cast up to heaven, or with greater humility bent solemnly upon earth, were now sharply and alertly darting their glances through shuttles, and trunks, and drawers, and cabinets, and all the odd corners

of an old maiden lady's repositories. Nor was their search without interest, though they did not find the will of which they were in quest:

Here was a promissory note for 20l. by the minister of the nonjuring chapel, interest marked as paid to Martinmas last, carefully folded up in a new set of words to the old tune of "Over the Water to Charlie,"—there was a curious love correspondence between the deceased and a certain Lieutenant O'Kean of a marching regiment of foot; and tied up with the letters was a document, which at once explained to the relatives why a connection that boded them little good had been suddenly broken off, being the Lieutenant's bond for two hundred pounds, upon which *no* interest whatever appeared to have been paid. Other bills and bonds to a larger amount, and signed by better names (I mean commercially) than those of the worthy divine and gallant soldier, also occurred in the course of their researches, besides a hoard of coins of every size and denomination, and scraps of broken gold and silver, old ear-rings, hinges of cracked snuff-boxes, mountings of spectacles, &c. &c. &c. Still no will made its appearance, and Colonel Mannering began full well to hope that the settlement which he had obtained from Glossin contained the ultimate arrangement of the old lady's affairs. But his friend Pleydell,

who now came into the room, cautioned him against entertaining this belief.

“ I know the gentleman,” he said, “ who is conducting the search, and I guess from his manner that he knows something more of the matter than any of us.” Meantime, while the search proceeds, let us take a brief glance at one or two of the company, who seem most interested. Of Dinmont, who, with his large hunting-whip under his arm, stood poking his great round face over the shoulder of the *homme d'affaires*, it is unnecessary to say any thing. That thin-looking oldish man, in a most correct and gentleman-like suit of mourning, is Mac-Casquil, formerly of Drumquag, who was ruined by having a legacy bequeathed to him of two shares in the Ayr bank. His hopes upon the present occasion are founded on a very distant relationship, upon his sitting in the same pew with the deceased every Sunday, and upon his playing at cribbage with her regularly on the Saturday evenings—taking great care never to come off a winner. That other coarse-looking man, wearing his own greasy hair tied in a leathern cue more greasy still, is a tobacconist, a relation of Mrs Bertram’s mother, who, having a good stock in trade when the colonial war broke out, trebled the price of his commodity to all the world, Mrs Bertram alone excepted, whose tortoise-shell snuff-box was

weekly filled with the best rappee at the old prices, because the maid brought it to the shop with Mrs Bertram's respects to her cousin Mr Quid. That young fellow, who has not had the decency to put off his boots and buckskins, might have stood as forward as most of them in the graces of the old lady, who loved to look upon a comely young man. But it is thought he has forfeited the moment of fortune, by sometimes neglecting her tea-table when solemnly invited ; sometimes appearing there, when he had been dining with blither company ; twice treading upon her cat's tail, and once affronting her parrot.

To Mannering, the most interesting of the group was the poor girl, who had been a sort of humble companion of the deceased, as a subject upon whom she could at all times expectorate her bad humour. She was for form's sake dragged into the room by the deceased's favourite female attendant, where, shrinking into a corner as soon as possible, she saw with wonder and affright the intrusive researches of the strangers amongst those recesses to which from childhood she had looked with awful veneration. This girl was regarded with an unfavourable eye by all the competitors, honest Dinmont only excepted ; the rest conceived they should find in her a formidable competitor, whose claims might at least encumber and diminish their chance of succession. Yet she was the

only person present who seemed really to feel sorrow for the deceased. Mrs Bertram had been her protectress, although from selfish motives, and her capricious tyranny was forgotten at the moment while the tears followed each other fast down the cheeks of her frightened and friendless dependant. "There's ower muckle saut water there, Drum-quag," said the tobacconist to the ex-proprietor, "to bode ither folk muckle gude. Folk seldom greet that gate but they ken what it's for." Mr Mac-Casquil only replied with a nod, feeling the propriety of asserting his gentry in presence of Mr Pleydell and Colonel Mannering.

"Very queer if there suld be nae will after a', friend," said Dinmont, who began to grow impatient, to the man of business.

"A moment's patience, if you please—she was a good and prudent woman, Mrs Margaret Bertram—a good and prudent and well-judging woman, and knew to chuse friends and depositaries—she will have put her last will and testament, or rather her *mortis causa* settlement, as it relates to heritage, into the hands of some safe friend."

"I'll bet a rump and dozen," said Pleydell, whispering to the Colonel, "he has got it in his own pocket;"—then addressing the man of law, "Come, sir, we'll cut this short if you please—here is a settlement of the estate of Singleside, executed several years ago, in favour of Miss Lucy Bertram

of Ellangowan"—The company **stared** **fearfully** wild. "You, I presume, Mr Protocol, can inform us if there is a later deed?"

"Please to favour me, Mr Pleydell;"—and so saying, he took the deed out of the learned counsellor's hand, and glanced his eye over the contents.

"Too cool," said Pleydell, "too cool by half—he has another deed in his pocket still."

"Why does he not shew it then, and be d——d to him?" said the military gentleman, whose patience began to wax thread-bare.

"Why, how should I know?" answered the barrister,—“why does a cat not kill a mouse when she takes him?—the love of power and of teasing, I suppose.—Well, Mr Protocol, what say you to that deed?"

"Why, sir, the deed is a well-drawn deed, properly authenticated and tested in forms of the statute."

"But recalled by another of posterior date in your possession, eh?"

"Something of the sort I confess, Mr Pleydell,"—producing a bundle tied with tape, and sealed at each fold and ligation with black wax. "That deed, Mr Pleydell, which you produce and found upon, is dated 1st June 17—, but this"—breaking the seals and unfolding the document slowly—"is dated the 20th—no. I see it is the 21st, of April of this present year, being ten years posterior."

“ Marry, hang her, brock !” said the counsellor, borrowing an exclamation from Sir Toby Belch, “ just the month in which Ellangowan’s distresses became generally public. But let us hear what she has done.”

Mr Protocol accordingly, having required silence, began to read the settlement aloud in a slow, steady, business-like tone. The group around, in whose eyes hope alternately awakened and faded, and who were straining their apprehensions to get at the drift of the testator’s meaning through the mist of technical language in which the conveyance had involved it, might have made a study for Hogarth.

The deed was of an unexpected nature. It set forth with conveying and disposing all and whole the estate and lands of Singleside and others, with the lands of Loverless, Lyalone, Spinster’s Knowe, and heaven knows what beside, “ to and in favours of (here the reader softened his voice to a gentle and modest piano) Peter Protocol, clerk to the signet, having the fullest confidence in his capacity and integrity.” (these are the very words which my worthy deceased friend insisted upon inserting,) “ But in TRUST always,” (here the reader recovered his voice and style, and the visages of several of the hearers, which had attained a longitude that Mr Mortcloke might have envied, were perceptibly shortened), “ in TRUST always, and for the uses, ends, and purposes herein after-mentioned.”

In these “uses, ends, and purposes,” lay the cream of the affair. The first was introduced by a preamble setting forth, that the testatrix was lineally descended from the ancient house of Ellangowan, her respected great-grand-father, Andrew Bertram, first of Singleside, of happy memory, having been second son to Allan Bertram, fifteenth Baron of Ellangowan. It proceeded to state, that Henry Bertram, son and heir of Godfrey Bertram, now of Ellangowan, had been stolen from his parents in infancy, but that she, the testatrix, *was well assured that he was yet alive in foreign parts, and by the providence of heaven would be restored to the possessions of his ancestors*—in which case the said Peter Protocol was bound and obliged, like as he bound and obliged himself, by acceptance of these presents, to denude himself of the said lands of Singleside and others, and of all the other effects thereby conveyed (excepting always a proper gratification for his own trouble) to and in favour of the said Henry Bertram upon his return to his native country. And during the time of his residing in foreign parts, or in case of his never again returning to Scotland, Mr Peter Protocol, the trustee, was directed to distribute the rents of the land, and interest of the other funds, (deducting always a proper gratification for his trouble in the premises) in equal portions, among four charitable establishments pointed out in the will. The power

of management, of letting leases, of raising and lending out money, in short, the full authority of a proprietor, was vested in this confidential trustee, and, in the event of his death, went to certain official persons named in the deed. There were only two legacies; one of a hundred pounds to a favourite waiting-maid, another of the like sum to Janet Gibson (whom the deed stated to have been supported by the charity of the testatrix) for the purpose of binding her an apprentice to some honest trade.

A settlement in mortmain is in Scotland termed a *mortification*, and in one great borough (Aberdeen, if I remember rightly) there is a municipal officer who takes care of these public endowments, and is thence called the Master of Mortifications. One would almost presume, that the term had its origin in the effect which such settlements usually produce upon the kinsmen of those by whom they are executed. Heavy at least was the mortification which befell the audience, who, in the late Mrs Margaret Bertram's parlour, had listened to this unexpected destination of the lands of Single-side. There was a profound silence after the deed had been read over.

Mr Pleydell was the first to speak. He begged to look at the deed, and having satisfied himself that it was correctly drawn and executed, he returned it without any observation, only saying aside

to Mannering, "Protocol is not worse than other people, I believe; but this old lady has determined that, if he do not turn rogue, it shall not be for want of temptation."

"I really think," said Mr Mac-Casquil of Drumquag, who, having gulped down one half of his vexation, determined to give vent to the rest, "I really think this is an extraordinary case! I should like now to know from Mr Protocol, who, being sole and unlimited trustee, must have been consulted upon this occasion; I should like, I say, to know, how Mrs Bertram could possibly believe in the existence of a boy, that a' the world kens was murdered many a year since?"

"Really, sir," said Mr Protocol, "I do not conceive it is possible for me to explain her motives more than she has done herself. Our excellent deceased friend was a good woman, sir—a pious woman—and might have grounds for confidence in the boy's safety which are not accessible to us, sir."

"Hout," said the tobacconist, "I ken very weel what were her grounds for confidence. There's Mrs Rebecca (the maid) sitting there, has tell'd me a hundred times in my ain shop, there was nae kenning how her leddy wad settle her affairs, for an auld gypsy witch wife at Gilsland had possessed her with a notion, that the callant—Harry Bertram ca's she him?—would come alive again some day after a'—ye'll no deny that, Mrs Rebecca?—

though I dare to say ye forgot to put your mistress in mind of what ye promised to say when I gied ye mony a half-crown—But ye'll no deny what I am saying now, lass?"

"I ken naething at a' about it," answered Rebecca, doggedly, and looking straight forward with the firm countenance of one not disposed to be compelled to remember more than was agreeable to her.

"Weel said, Rebecca! ye're satisfied wi' your ain share ony way," rejoined the tobacconist.

The buck of the second-head, for a buck of the first-head he was not, had hitherto been slapping his boots with his switch-whip, and looking like a spoiled child that has lost its supper. His murmurs, however, were all vented inwardly, or at most in a soliloquy such as this—"I am sorry, by G—, I ever plagued myself about her—I came here, by G—, one night to drink tea, and I left King, and the duke's rider Will Hack. They were toasting a round of running horses; by G—, I might have got leave to wear the jacket as well as other folk, if I had carried it on with them—and she has not so much as left me that hundred!"

"We'll make the payment of the note quite agreeable," said Mr Protocol, who had no wish to increase at that moment the odium attached to his office—"And now, gentlemen, I fancy we have no more to wait for here, and—I shall put the settlement of my excellent and worthy friend on record

to-morrow, that every gentleman may examine the contents, and have free access to take an extract ; and"—he proceeded to lock up the repositories of the deceased with more speed than he had opened them—" Mrs Rebecca, ye'll be so kind as to keep all right here until we can let the house—I had an offer this morning, if such a thing should be, and if I was to have any management."

Our friend Dinmont, having had his hopes as well as another, had hitherto sate sulky enough in the arm-chair formerly appropriated to the deceased, and in which she would have been not a little scandalized to have seen this colossal specimen of the masculine gender lolling at length. His employment had been rolling up, into the form of a coiled snake, the long lash of his horse-whip, and then letting it uncoil itself into the middle of the floor. The first words he said when he had digested the shock, contained a magnanimous declaration, which he probably was not conscious of having uttered aloud—" Weel—blude's thicker than water—she's welcome to the cheeses and the hams just the same." But when the trustee had made the above-mentioned motion for the mourners to depart, and talked of the house being immediately let, honest Dinmont got upon his feet, and stunned the company with this blunt question, " And what's to come o' this poor lassie then, Jenny Gibson ?

Sae mony o' us as thought ousells sib to the family when the gear was parting, we may do something for her amang us surely."

This proposal seemed to dispose most of the assembly instantly to evacuate the premises, although upon Mr Protocol's motion they had lingered as if around the grave of their disappointed hopes. Drumquag said, or rather muttered, something of having a family of his own, and took precedence, in virtue of his gentle blood, to depart as fast as possible. The tobacconist sturdily stood forward, and scouted the motion—"A little huzzie, like that, was weel enough provided for already; and Mr Protocol at ony rate was the proper person to take direction of her, as he had charge of her legacy;" and after uttering such his opinion in a steady and decisive tone of voice, he also left the place. The buck made a stupid and brutal attempt at a jest upon Mrs Bertram's recommendation that the poor girl should be taught some honest trade; but encountered a scowl from Colonel Mannering's darkening eye (to whom, in his ignorance of the tone of good society, he had looked for applause) that made him ache to the very back-bone. He shuffled down stairs, therefore, as fast as possible.

Protocol, who was really a good sort of man, next expressed his intention to take a temporary charge of the young lady, under protest always, that his so doing should be considered as merely

eleemosynary ; when Dinmont at length got up, and, having shaken his huge dreadnought great-coat, as a Newfoundland dog does his shaggy hide when he comes out of the water, ejaculated, “ Weel, de’il hae me then, if ye hae ony fash wi’ her, Mr Protocol ; if she likes to gang hame wi’ me, that is. Ye see, Ailie and me we’re weel to pass, and we would like the lassies to hae a wee bit mair lair than oursells, and to be neighbour-like—that wad we.—And ye see she canna miss but to ken manners, and the like o’ reading books, and sewing seams—having lived sac lang wi’ a grand lady like Lady Singleside ; or if she disna ken ony thing about it, I’m jealous that our bairns will like her a’ the better. And I’ll take care o’ the bits o’ claes, and what spending siller she maun hac, and the hundred pound may rin on in your hands, Mr Protocol, and I’ll be adding something till’t, till she’ll may be get a Liddesdale joe that wants something to help to buy the hirsel.—What d’ye say to that, hinny ? I’ll take out a ticket for ye in the fly to Jeddart—odd, but ye maun take a powney after that o’er the Limestane-rig—de’il a wheeled carriage ever gaed into Liddesdale :—And I’ll be very glad if Mrs Rebecca comes wi’ you, hinny, and stays a month or twa while ye’re stranger like.”

While Mrs Rebecca was curtseying, and endeavouring to make the poor orphan girl curtsey in-

stead of crying, and while Dandie, in his rough way, was encouraging them both, old Pleydell had recourse to his snuff-box. "It's meat and drink to me, now, Colonel," he said, as he recovered himself, "to see a clown like this—I must gratify him in his own way, must assist him to ruin himself—there's no help for it. Here, you Liddesdale—Dandie—Charlies-hope—what do they call you?"

The farmer turned, infinitely gratified even by this sort of notice, for in his heart, next to his own landlord, he honoured a lawyer in high practice.

"So you will not be advised against trying that question about your marches?"

"N—no, sir—naeboddy likes to lose their right, and to be laughed at down the haill water. But since your honour's no agreeable, and is may be a friend to the other side like, we maun try some other advocate."

"There—I told you so, Colonel Mannering!—Well, sir, if you must needs be a fool, the business is to give you the luxury of a law-suit at the least possible expence, and to bring you off conqueror if possible. Let Mr Protocol send me your papers, and I will advise him how to conduct your cause. I don't see, after all, why you should not have your law-suits too, and your feuds in the Court of Session, as well as your forefathers had their man-slaughters and fire-raisings."

"Very natural, to be sure, sir. We wad just

take the auld gate as readily, if it werena for the law. And as the law binds us, the law should loose us. Besides, a man's aye the better thought o' in our country for having been afore the feifteen."

"Excellently argued, my friend! Away with you, and send your papers to me.—Come, Colonel, we have no more to do here."

"God, we'll ding Jock o' Dawston Cleugh now after a," said Dinmont, slapping his thigh in great exultation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

—— I am going to the parliament ;
You understand this bag : If you have any business
Depending there, be short, and let me hear it,
And pay your fees.

Little French Lawyer.

“ WILL you be able to carry this honest fellow’s cause for him ?” said Mannering.

“ Why, I don’t know ; the battle is not to the strong, but he shall come off triumphant over Jock of Dawston if we can make it out. I owe him something. It is the pest of our profession, that we seldom see the best side of human nature. People come to us with every selfish feeling newly pointed and grinded ; they turn down the very caulkers of their animosities and prejudices, as smiths do with horses’ shoes in a white frost. Many a man has come to my garret yonder, that I have at first lounged to pitch out at the window, and yet, at length, have discovered that he was only doing as I might have done in his case, being very angry, and, of course, very unreasonable. I

have now satisfied myself, that if our profession sees more of human folly and human roguery than others, it is as affording the only channel through which they can vent themselves. In civilized society, law is the chimney through which all that smoke discharges itself that used to circulate through the whole house, and put every one's eyes out—no wonder, therefore, that the vent itself should sometimes get a little sooty. But we will take care our Liddesdale-man's cause is well conducted and well argued, so all unnecessary expence will be saved—he shall have his pine-apple at wholesale price.”

“ Will you do me the pleasure,” said Manning, as they parted, “ to dine with me at my lodgings? my landlord says he has a bit of red-deer venison, and some excellent wine.”

“ Venison—eh? But no! it's impossible—and I can't ask you home neither. Monday's a sacred day—so's Tuesday—and Wednesday, we are to be heard in the great teind case in presence—but stay—it's frosty weather, and if you don't leave town, and that venison would keep till Thursday”——

“ You would dine with me that day?”

“ Under certification.”

“ Well, then, I will indulge a thought I had of spending a week here; and if the venison will not keep, why we will see what else our landlord can do for us.”

“O, the venison will keep,” said Pleydell; “and now good bye—look at these two or three cards, and deliver them if you like the addresses. I wrote them for you this morning—farewell, my clerk has been waiting this hour to begin a d—d information.”—And away walked Mr Pleydell with great activity, diving through closes and ascending covered stairs, in order to attain the High-Street by an access, which, compared to the common route, was what the Streights of Magellan are to the more circuitous, but open passage round Cape Horn.

Upon looking at the cards of introduction which Pleydell had thrust into his hand, Mannering was gratified with seeing that they were addressed to some of the first literary characters of Scotland. “To David Hume, Esq.” “To John Home.” “To Dr Ferguson.” “To Dr Black.” “To Lord Kaimes.” “To Mr Hutton.” “To John Clerk, Esq. of Eldin.” “To Adam Smith, Esq.” “To Dr Robertson.”——

“Upon my word, my legal friend has a good selection of acquaintances—these are names pretty widely blown indeed—an East-Indian must rub up his faculties a little, and put his mind in order, before he enters this sort of society.”

Mannering gladly availed himself of these introductions; and we regret deeply it is not in our power to give the reader an account of the pleasure and information which he received, in admission

to a circle never closed against strangers of sense and information, and which has perhaps at no period been equalled, considering the depth and variety of talent which it embraced and concentrated.

Upon the Thursday appointed, Mr Pleydell made his appearance at the inn where Colonel Mannering lodged. The venison proved in high order, the claret excellent, and the learned counsel, a professed amateur in the affairs of the table, did distinguished honour to both. I am uncertain, however, if even the good cheer gave him more satisfaction than the presence of Dominie Sampson, from whom, in his own juridical style of wit, he contrived to extract great amusement, both for himself and one or two friends whom the Colonel regaled on the same occasion. The grave and laconic simplicity of Sampson's answers to the insidious questions of the barrister, placed the *bon-homme* of his character in a more luminous point of view than Mannering had yet seen it. Upon the same occasion he drew forth a strange quantity of miscellaneous and abstruse, though, generally speaking, useless learning. The lawyer afterwards compared his mind to the magazine of a pawnbroker, stowed with goods of every description, but so cumbrously piled together, and in such total disorganization, that the owner can never lay his hands

upon any one article at the moment he has occasion for it.

As for the advocate himself, he afforded at least as much exercise to Sampson as he extracted amusement from him. When the man of law began to get into his altitudes, and his wit, naturally shrewd and dry, became more lively and poignant, the Dominie looked upon him with that sort of surprise with which we can conceive a tame bear might regard his future associate the monkey upon their being first introduced to each other. It was Mr Pleydell's delight to state in grave and serious argument some position which he knew the Dominie would be inclined to dispute. He then beheld with exquisite pleasure the internal labour with which the honest man arranged his ideas for reply, and tasked his inert and sluggish powers to bring up all the heavy artillery of his learning for demolishing the schismatic or heretical opinion which had been stated—when, behold, before the ordnance could be discharged, the foe had quitted the post, and appeared in a new position of annoyance on the Dominie's flank or rear. Often did he exclaim "Prodigious!" when, marching up to the enemy in full confidence of victory, he found the field evacuated, and it may be supposed that it cost him no little labour to attempt a new formation. "He was like a native Indian army," the

Colonel said, "formidable by numerical strength and size of ordnance, but liable to be thrown into irreparable confusion by a movement to take them in flank."—On the whole, however, the Dominie, though somewhat fatigued with these mental exertions, made at unusual speed and upon the pressure of the moment, reckoned this one of the white days of his life, and always mentioned Mr Pleydell as a very erudite and facetious person.

By degrees the rest of the party dropped off, and left these three gentlemen together. Their conversation turned to Mrs Bertram's settlements. "Now what could drive it into the noddle of that old harridan," said Pleydell, "to disinherit poor Lucy Bertram, under pretence of settling her property on a boy who has been so long dead and gone?—I ask your pardon, Mr Sampson, I forgot what an affecting case this was for you—I remember taking your examination upon it—and I never had so much trouble to make any one speak three words consecutively.—You may speak of your Pythagoreans, or your silent Bramins, Colonel,—go to, I tell you this learned gentleman beats them all in taciturnity—but the words of the wise are precious, and not to be thrown away lightly."

"Of a surety," said the Dominie, taking his blue-checkered handkerchief from his eyes, "that was a bitter day with me indeed; ay, and a day

of grief hard to be borne—but He giveth strength who 'layeth on the load."

Colonel Mannering took this opportunity to request Mr Pleydell to inform him of the particulars attending the loss of the boy; and the counsellor, who was fond of talking upon subjects of criminal jurisprudence, especially when connected with his own experience, went through the circumstances at full length. "And what is your opinion upon the result of the whole?"

"O, that Kennedy was murdered: it's an old case which has occurred on that coast before now—the case of Smuggler *versus* Exciseman."

"What then is your conjecture concerning the fate of the child?"

"O, murdered too, doubtless. He was old enough to tell what he had seen, and these scoundrels would not scruple committing a second Bethlehem massacre if they thought their interest required it."

The Dominic groaned deeply, and ejaculated, "Enormous!"

"Yet there was mention of gypsies in the business too, counsellor, and from what that vulgar looking-fellow said after the funeral"—

"Mrs Margaret Bertram's idea that the child was alive was founded upon the report of a gypsy—I envy you the concatenation, Colonel—it is a

shame to me not to have drawn the same conclusion. We'll follow this business up instantly—Here, hark ye, waiter, go down to Luckie Wood's in the Cowgate; ye'll find my clerk Driver; he'll be set down to High-Jinks by this time; (for we and our retainers, Colonel, are exceedingly regular in our irregularities;) tell him to come here instantly, and I will pay his forfeits."

"He won't appear in character, will he?"

"Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.—But we must have some news from the land of Egypt, if possible. O, if I had but hold of the slightest thread of this complicated skean, you should see how I would unravel it!—I would work the truth out of your Bohemian, as the French call them, better than a *Monitoire*, or a *Plainte de Tournelle*; I know how to manage a refractory witness."

While Mr Pleydell was thus vaunting his knowledge of his profession, the waiter re-entered with Mr Driver, his mouth still greasy with mutton pies, and the froth of the last draught of twopenny yet unsubsidied on his upper lip, with such speed had he obeyed the commands of his principal.—"Driver, you must go instantly and find out the woman who was old Mrs Margaret Bertram's maid. Enquire for her everywhere, but if you find it necessary to have recourse to Protocol, Quid the tobacconist, or any other of these folks, you

will take care not to appear yourself, but send some woman of your acquaintance—I dare say you know enough that may be so condescending as to oblige you. When you have found her out, engage her to come to my chambers to-morrow at eight o'clock precisely."

"What shall I say to make her forthcoming?" asked the aide-de-camp.

"Any thing you chuse. Is it my business to make lies for you, do you think?—But let her be *in presentia* by eight o'clock, as I have said before." The clerk grinned, made his reverence, and exit.

"That's a useful fellow," said the counsellor; "I don't believe his match ever carried a process. He'll write to my dictating three nights in the week without sleep, or, what's the same thing, he writes as well and correctly when he's asleep as when he's awake. Then he's such a steady fellow—some of them are always changing their ale-houses, so that they have twenty cadies sweating after them, like the bare-headed captains traversing the taverns of East-Cheap in search of Sir John Falstaff. But this is a complete fixture—he has his winter seat by the fire, and his summer seat by the window, in Luckie Wood's, betwixt which seats are his only migrations; there he's to be found at all times when he is off duty. It is my opinion he never puts off his clothes or goes to sleep

—sheer ale supports him under every thing. It is meat, drink, and cloth, bed, board, and washing.”

“ And is he always fit for duty upon a sudden turn-out? I should distrust it, considering his quarters.”

“ O, drink never disturbs him, Colonel ; he can write for hours after he cannot speak. I remember being called suddenly to draw an appeal case. I had been dining, and it was Saturday night, and I had ill will to begin to it—however, they got me down to Clerihugh’s, and there we sat birling till I had a fair tappit hen under my belt, and then they persuaded me to draw the paper. Then we had to seek Driver, and it was all that two men could do to bear him in, for when found, he was, as it happened, both motionless and speechless. But no sooner was his pen put between his fingers, his paper stretched before him, and he heard my voice, than he began to write like a scrivener—and, excepting that we were obliged to have somebody to dip his pen in the ink, for he could not see the standish, I never saw a thing scrolled more handsomely.”

“ But how did your joint production look the next morning ?” said the Colonel.

“ Wheugh ! capital—not three words required to be altered ; it was sent off by that day’s post. But you’ll come and breakfast with me to-morrow, and hear this woman’s examination ?”

“ Why, your hour is rather early.”

“ Can’t make it later. If I were not on the boards of the outer-house precisely as the nine-hours bell rings, there would be a report that I had got an apoplexy, and I should feel the effects of it all the rest of the session.”

“ Well, I will make an exertion to wait upon you.”

Here the company broke up for the evening.

In the morning Colonel Mannering appeared at the counsellor’s chambers, although cursing the raw air of a Scottish morning in December. Mr Pleydell had got Mrs Rebecca installed on one side of his fire, accommodated her with a cup of chocolate, and was already deeply engaged in conversation with her. “ O, no, I assure you, Mrs Rebecca, there is no intention to challenge your mistress’s will ; and I give you my word of honour that your legacy is quite safe. You deserved it by your conduct to your mistress, and I wish it had been twice as much.”

“ Why, to be sure, sir, it’s no right to mention what is said before ane—ye heard how that dirty body Quid cast up to me the bits o’ compliments he gied me, and tell’d ower again ony loose cracks I might hae had wi’ him ; now if ane was talking loosely to your honour, there’s nae saying what might come o’t.”

“ I assure you, my good Rebecca, my character and your own age and appearance are your security, if you should talk as loosely as an amatory poet.”

“ Aweel, if your honour thinks I am safe—the story is just this.—Ye sec, about a year ago, or no just sae lang, my leddy was advised to go to Gilsland for a while, for her spirits were distressing her sair. Ellangowan’s troubles began to be spoken o’ publicly, and sair vexed she was—for she was proud o’ her family. For Ellangowan himsell and her, they sometimes ’greed, and sometimes no—but at last they did na ’gree at a’ for twa or three year—for he was aye wanting to borrow siller, and that was what she couldna bide at no hand, and she was aye wanting it paid back again, and that the Laird he liked as little. So they were clean aff thegither. And then some of the company at Gilsland tells her that the estate was to be sell’d; and ye wad hae thought she had ta’en an ill will at Miss Lucy Bertram frae that moment, for mony a time she cried to me, ‘ O Becky, O Becky, if that useless peenging thing o’ a lassie there, at Ellangowan, that canna keep her ne’er-do-weel father within bounds—if she had been but a ’lad-bairn, they could nae hae sell’d the auld inheritance for that fool-body’s debts;’—and she would rin on that way till I was just wearied to hear her. And ae day at the spaw-well below the craig, she was see-

ing a very bonny family o' bairns—they belanged to ane Mac-Crosky—and she broke out—‘ Is not it an odd thing that ilka waf carle in the country has a son and heir, and that the house of Ellangowan is without male succession ?’ There was a gypsey wife stood ahint and heard her—a muckle stoor fearsome-looking wife she was as ever I set een on,—‘ Wha is it,’ says she, ‘ that dare say the house of Ellangowan will perish without male succession ?’ My mistress just turned on her—she was a high-spirited woman, and aye ready wi’ an answer to a’ body. ‘ It’s me that says it,’ says she, ‘ that may say it with a sad heart.’ Wi’ that the gypsey wife gripped till her hand ; ‘ I ken you weel eneugh,’ says she, ‘ though ye ken na me—But as surc as that sun’s in heaven, and as sure as that water’s rinning to the sea, and as sure as there’s an e that sees, and an ear that hears us baith—Harry Bertram, that was thought to perish at Warroch Point, never did die there—he was to have a weary weird o’t till his ane-and-twentieth year, that was aye said o’ him—but if ye live and I live, ye’ll hear mair o’ him this winter before the snaw lies twa days on the Dun of Singleside—I want nane o’ your siller,’ she said, ‘ to make ye think I am blearing your e’e—fare ye weel till after Martimas,’—and there she left us standing.”

“ Was she a very tall woman ?” interrupted Mannering.

“Had she black hair, black eyes, and a cut above the brow?” added the lawyer.

“She was the tallest woman I ever saw, and her hair was as black as midnight unless where it was grey, and she had a scar abune the brow, that ye might hae laid the lith of your finger in. Naebody that’s seen her will ever forget her; and I am morally sure that it was on the ground o’ what that gypsey-woman said that my mistress made her will, having ta’en a dislike at the young leddy o’ Ellangowan; and she liked her far waur after she was obliged to send her 20℥.—for she said, Miss Bertram, no content wi’ letting the Ellangowan property pass into strange hands, owing to her being a lass and no a lad, was coming, by her poverty, to be a burden and a disgrace to Singleside too.—But I hope my mistress’s is a good will for a’ that, for it would be hard on me to lose the wee bit legacy—I served for little fee and bountith, weel I wot.”

The counsellor relieved her fears on this head, then enquired after Jenny Gibson, and understood she had accepted Mr Dinmont’s offer; “and I have done sae mysell too, since he was sae discreet as to ask me,” said Mrs Rebecca; “they are very decent folk the Dinmonts, though my lady didna dow to hear muckle about the friends on that side the house. But she liked the Charlies-hope hams, and the cheeses, and the muir-fowl, that they were

aye sending, and the lamb's-wool hose and mittens—she liked them weel aneuch.”

Mr Pleydell now dismissed Mrs Rebecca. When she was gone, “I think I know the gypsey woman,” said the lawyer.

“I was just going to say the same,” replied Mannering.

“And her name,” said Pleydell——

“Is Meg Merrilies,” answered the Colonel.

“Are you avised of that?” said the counsellor, looking at his military friend with a comic expression of surprise.

Mannering answered, that he had known such a woman when he was at Ellangowan upwards of twenty years before; and then made his learned friend acquainted with all the remarkable particulars of his first visit there.

Mr Pleydell listened with great attention, and then replied, “I congratulated myself upon having made the acquaintance of a profound theologian in your chaplain; but I really did not expect to find a pupil of Albumazar or Messahala in his patron. I have a notion, however, this gypsey could tell us some more of the matter than she derives from astrology or second-sight—I had her through hands once, and could then make little of her, but I must write to Mac-Morlan to stir heaven and earth to find her out. I will gladly come to —— shire

myself to assist at her examination—I am still in the commission of the peace there, though I have ceased to be sheriff—I never had any thing more at heart in my life than tracing that murder, and the fate of the child. I must write to the Sheriff of Roxburghshire too, and to an active justice of peace in Cumberland.”

“ I hope when you come to the country you will make Woodbourne your head-quarters ?”

“ Certainly ; I was afraid you were going to forbid me—but we must go to breakfast now, or I shall be too late.”

On the following day the new friends parted, and the Colonel rejoined his family without any adventure worthy of being detailed in these chapters.

CHAPTER XIX.

Can no rest find me, no private place secure me,
But still my miseries like bloodhounds haunt me?
Unfortunate young man, which way now guides thee,
Guides thee from death? The country's laid around for thee—
Women Pleased.

OUR narrative now recalls us for a moment to the period when young Hazlewood received his wound. That accident had no sooner happened, than the consequences to Miss Mannering and to himself rushed upon Brown's mind. From the manner in which the muzzle of the piece was pointed when it went off, he had no great fear that the consequences would be fatal. But an arrest in a strange country, and while he was unprovided with any means of establishing his rank and character, was at least to be avoided. He therefore resolved to escape for the present to the neighbouring coast of England, and to remain concealed there, if possible, until he should receive letters from his regimental friends, and remittances from

his agent; and then to resume his own character, and offer to young Hazlewood and his friends any explanation or satisfaction they might desire. With this purpose he walked stoutly forward, after leaving the spot where the accident had happened, and reached without adventure the village which we have called Portanferry, (but which the reader will in vain seek for under that name in the county map.) A large open boat was just about to leave the quay, bound for the little sea-port of Allonby, in Cumberland. In this vessel Brown embarked, and resolved to make that place his temporary abode, until he should receive letters and money from England.

In the course of their short voyage he entered into some conversation with the steersman, who was also owner of the boat, a jolly old man, who had occasionally been engaged in the smuggling trade, like most fishers on the coast. After talking about objects of less interest, Brown endeavoured to turn the discourse toward the Manner-ing family. The sailor had heard of the attack upon the house at Woodbourne, but disapproved of the smugglers' proceedings.

“Hands off is fair play; zounds, they'll bring the whole country down upon them—na, na! when I was in that way I played at giff-gaff with the officers—here a cargo ta'en—vera weel, that was their luck;—there another carried clean through,

that was mine—na, na ! hawks shouldna pike out hawks e'en."

" And this Colonel Mannering ?"

" Troth, he's nae wise man neither, to interfere—no that I blame him for saving the gaugers' lives—that was very right ; but it wasna like a gentleman to be fighting about the poor folk's pocks o' tea and brandy kegs—however, he's a grand man and an officer man, and they do what they like wi' the like o' us."

" And his daughter," said Brown, with a throbbing heart, " is going to be married into a great family too, as I have heard ?"

" What, into the Hazlewoods' ? Na, na, that's but idle clashes—every Sabbath day, as regularly as it came round, did the young man ride hame wi' the daughter of the late Ellangowan—and my daughter Peggy's in the service up at Woodbourne, and she says she's sure young Hazlewood thinks nae mair of Miss Mannering than you do."

Bitterly censuring his own precipitate adoption of a contrary belief, Brown yet heard with delight that the suspicions of Julia's fidelity, upon which he had so rashly acted, were probably void of foundation. How must he in the mean time be suffering in her opinion ? or what could she suppose of conduct, which must have made him appear to her regardless alike of her peace of mind, and of the interests of their affection ? The old man's

connection with the family at Woodbourne seemed to offer a safe mode of communication, of which he determined to avail himself.

“Your daughter is a maid-servant at Woodbourne?—I knew Miss Mannering in India, and though I am at present in an inferior rank of life, I have great reason to hope she would interest herself in my favour. I had a quarrel unfortunately with her father, who was my commanding officer, and I am sure the young lady would endeavour to reconcile him to me. Perhaps your daughter could deliver a letter to her upon the subject, without making mischief between her father and her?”

The old man readily answered for the letter being faithfully and secretly delivered; and, accordingly, so soon as they arrived at Allonby, Brown wrote to Miss Mannering, stating the utmost contrition for what had happened through his rashness, and conjuring her to let him have an opportunity of pleading his own cause, and obtaining forgiveness for his indiscretion. He did not judge it safe to go into any detail concerning the circumstances by which he had been misled, and upon the whole endeavoured to express himself with such ambiguity, that if the letter should fall into wrong hands, it would be difficult either to understand its real purport, or to trace the writer. This letter the old man undertook faithfully to deliver to his daughter at Woodbourne; and, as his

trade would speedily again bring him or his boat to Allonby, he promised farther to take charge of any answer with which the young lady might entrust him.

And now our persecuted traveller landed at Allonby, and sought for such accommodations as might at once suit his temporary poverty, and his desire of remaining as much unobserved as possible. With this view he assumed the name and profession of his friend Dudley, having command enough of the pencil to verify his pretended character to his host of Allonby. His baggage he pretended to expect from Wigton ; and keeping himself as much within doors as possible, awaited the return of the letters which he had sent to his agent, to Delasserre, and to his Lieutenant-Colonel. From the first he requested a supply of money ; he conjured Delasserre, if possible, to join him in Scotland ; and from the Lieutenant-Colonel he required such testimony of his rank and conduct in the regiment, as should place his character as a gentleman and officer beyond the power of question. The inconvenience of being run short in his finances struck him so strongly, that he wrote to Dinmont upon that subject, requesting a small temporary loan, having no doubt that, being within sixty or seventy miles of his residence, he would receive a speedy as well as favourable answer to his request of pecuniary accommodation, which was owing, as he sta-

ted, to his having been robbed after their parting. And then, with impatience enough, though without any serious apprehension, he waited the answers of these various letters.

It must be observed, in excuse of his correspondents, that the post was then much more tardy than since Mr Palmer's ingenious invention has taken place; and with respect to honest Dinmont in particular, as he rarely received above one letter a-quarter, (unless during the time of his being engaged in a law-suit, when he regularly sent to the post-town,) his correspondence usually remained for a month or two sticking in the postmaster's window, among pamphlets, gingerbread, rolls, or ballads, according to the trade which the said postmaster exercised. Besides, there was then a custom, not yet wholly obsolete, of causing a letter, from one town to another, perhaps within the distance of thirty miles, perform a circuit of two hundred miles before delivery; which had the combined advantage of airing the epistle thoroughly, of adding some pence to the revenue of the post-office, and of exercising the patience of the correspondents. Owing to these circumstances, Brown remained several days in Allonby without answer, and his stock of money, though husbanded with the utmost economy, began to wear very low, when he received by the hands of a young fisherman the following letter:

“ You have acted with the most cruel indiscretion ; you have shewn how little I can trust to your declarations that my peace and happiness are dear to you ; and your rashness has nearly occasioned the death of a young man of the highest worth and honour. Must I say more ?—must I add, that I have been myself very ill in consequence of your violence, and its effects ? and, alas ! need I say still farther, that I have thought anxiously upon them as they are likely to affect you, although you have given me such slight cause to do so ? The C. is gone from home for several days ; Mr H. is almost quite recovered ; and I have reason to think that the blame is laid in a quarter different from that where it is deserved. Yet do not think of venturing here. Our fate has been crossed by accidents of a nature too violent and terrible to permit me to think of renewing a correspondence which has so often threatened the most dreadful catastrophe. Farewell, therefore, and believe that no one can wish your happiness more sincerely than

“ J. M.”

This letter contained that species of advice, which is frequently given for the precise purpose that it may lead to a directly opposite conduct from that which it recommends. At least so

thought Brown, who immediately asked the young fisherman if he came from Portanferry.

“ Ay ; I am auld Willie Johnstone’s son, and I got that letter frae my sister Peggy, that’s laundry-maid at Woodbourne.”

“ My good friend, when do you sail ?”

“ With the tide this evening.”

“ I’ll return with you ; but as I do not desire to go to Portanferry, I wish you could put me on shore somewhere on the coast.”

“ We can easily do that,” said the lad.

Although the price of provisions, &c. was then very moderate, the discharging his lodgings, and the expences of his living, together with that of a change of dress, which safety as well as decency rendered necessary, brought Brown’s purse to a very low ebb. He left directions at the post-office that his letters should be forwarded to Kippletringan, whither he resolved to proceed and reclaim the treasure which he had deposited in the hands of Mrs Mac-Candlish. He also felt it would be his duty to assume his proper character so soon as he received the necessary evidence for supporting it, and, as an officer in the king’s service, give and receive every explanation which might be necessary with young Hazlewood. “ If he is not very wrong-headed indeed,” he thought, “ he must allow the manner in which I acted to have been the necessary consequence of his own overbearing conduct.”

And now we must suppose him once more embarked on the Solway frith. The wind was adverse, attended by some rain, and they struggled against it without much assistance from the tide. The boat was heavily laden with goods, (part of which were probably contraband) and laboured deep in the sea. Brown, who had been bred a sailor, and was indeed skilled in most athletic exercises, gave his powerful and effectual assistance in rowing, or occasionally in steering the boat, and his advice in the management, which became the more delicate as the wind increased, and, being opposed to the very rapid tides of that coast, made the voyage perilous. At length, after spending the whole night upon the frith, they were at morning within sight of a beautiful bay upon the Scottish coast. The weather was now more mild. The snow, which had been for some time waning, had given way entirely under the fresh gale of the preceding night. The more distant hills, indeed, retained their snowy mantle, but all the open country was cleared, unless where a few white patches indicated that it had been drifted to an uncommon depth. Even under its wintry appearance, the shore was highly interesting. The line of sea-coast, with all its varied curves, indentures, and embayments, swept away from the sight on either hand, in that varied, intricate, yet graceful and easy line, which the eye loves so well to pursue. And it was no

less relieved and varied in elevation than in outline, by the different forms of the shore ; the beach in some places being edged by steep rocks, and in others rising smoothly from the sands in easy and swelling slopes. Buildings of different kinds caught and reflected the wintry sun-beams of a December morning, and the woods, though now leafless, gave relief and variety to the landscape. Brown felt that lively and awakening interest which taste and sensibility always derive from the beauties of nature, when opening suddenly to the eye, after the dulness and gloom of a night voyage. Perhaps,—for who can presume to analyse that inexplicable feeling which binds the person born in a mountainous country to his native hills,—perhaps some early associations, retaining their effect long after the cause was forgotten, mingled in the feelings of pleasure with which he regarded the scene before him.

“ And what,” said Brown to the boatman, “ is the name of that fine cape, that stretches into the sea with its sloping banks and hillocks of wood, and forms the right side of the bay ? ”

“ Warroch Point,” said the lad.

“ And that old castle, my friend, with the modern house situated just beneath it ? It seems at this distance a very large building.”

“ That’s the Auld Place, sir ; and that’s the

New Place below it. We'll land you there if you like."

"I should like it of all things. I must visit that ruin before I continue my journey."

"Ay, it's a queer auld bit; and that highest tower is a gude land-mark as far as Ramsay in Man, and the Point of Ayr—there was muckle fighting about it lang syne."

Brown would have enquired into farther particulars, but a fisherman is seldom an antiquary. His boatman's local knowledge was summed up in the information already given, "that it was a grand land-mark, and that there had been muckle fighting about the bit lang syne."

"I shall learn more of it," thought Brown, "when I get ashore."

The boat continued its course close under the Point upon which the castle was situated, which frowned from the summit of its rocky scite upon the still agitated waves of the bay beneath. "I believe," said the steersman, "ye'll get ashore here as dry as ony gate. There's a place where their berlins and gallies, as they ca'd them, used to lie in lang syne, but it's no used now, because it's ill carrying gudes up the narrow stairs, or ower the rocks. Whiles of a moonlight night I have landed articles there though."

While he thus spoke, they pulled round a point

of rock, and found a very small harbour, partly formed by nature, partly by the indefatigable labour of the ancient inhabitants of the castle, who, as the fisherman observed, had found it essential for the protection of their boats and small craft, though it could not receive vessels of any burthen. The two points of rock which formed the entrance approached each other so nearly, that only one boat could enter at a time. On each side were still remaining two immense iron rings, deeply morticed into the solid rock. Through these, according to tradition, there was nightly drawn a huge chain, secured by an immense padlock, for the protection of the haven and the armada which it contained. A ledge of rock had, by the assistance of the chisel and pick-axe, been formed into a sort of quay. The rock was of extremely hard consistence, and the task so difficult, that, according to the fisherman, a labourer who wrought at the work might in the evening have carried home in his bonnet all the shivers which he had struck from the mass in the course of the day. This little quay communicated with a rude stair-case, already repeatedly mentioned, which descended from the old castle. There was also a communication between the beach and the quay, by scrambling over the rocks.

“Ye had better land here,” said the lad, “for the surf’s running high at the Shelliccoat-stane, and

there will no be a dry thread amang us or we get the cargo out.—Na ! na ! (in answer to an offer of money) ye have wrought for your passage, and wrought far better than ony o' us. Gude day to ye : I wuss ye weel."

So saying, he pushed off in order to land his cargo on the opposite side of the bay ; and Brown, with a small bundle in his hand, containing the trifling stock of necessaries which he had been obliged to purchase at Allonby, was left on the rocks beneath the ruin.

And thus, unconscious as the most absolute stranger, and in circumstances, which, if not destitute, were for the present highly embarrassing ; without the countenance of a friend within the circle of several hundred miles ; accused of a heavy crime, and, what was as bad as all the rest, being nearly pennyless, did the harassed wanderer for the first time, after the interval of so many years, approach the remains of the castle, where his ancestors had exercised all but regal dominion.

CHAPTER XX.

· Yes, ye moss-green walls,
Ye towers defenceless, I revisit ye
Shame-stricken ! Where are all your trophies now ?
Your thronged courts, the revelry, the tumult,
That spoke the grandeur of my house, the homage
Of neighbouring Barons ?

*
Mysterious Mother.

ENTERING the castle of Ellangowan by a postern door-way, which shewed symptoms of having been once secured with the most jealous care, Brown (whom, since he has set foot upon the property of his fathers, we shall hereafter call by his father's name of Bertram,) wandered from one ruined apartment to another, surprised at the massive strength of some parts of the building, the rude and impressive magnificence of others, and the great extent of the whole. In two of these rooms, close beside each other, he saw signs of recent habitation. In one small apartment were empty bottles, half-gnawed bones, and dried fragments of bread. In the vault which adjoined, and which was defended

by a strong door, then left open, he observed a considerable quantity of straw, and in both were the reliques of recent fires. How little was it possible for Bertram to conceive, that such trivial circumstances were closely connected with incidents, affecting his prosperity, his honour, perhaps his life !

After satisfying his curiosity by a hasty glance through the interior of the castle, Bertram now advanced through the great gate-way which opened to the land, and paused to look upon the noble landscape which it commanded. Having in vain endeavoured to guess the position of Woodbourne, and having nearly ascertained that of Kippletringan, he turned to take a parting look at the stately ruins which he had just traversed. He admired the massive and picturesque effect of the huge round towers, which, flanking the gate-way, gave a double portion of depth and majesty to the high yet gloomy arch under which it opened. The carved stone escutcheon of the ancient family, bearing for their arms three wolves' heads, was hung diagonally beneath the helmet and crest, the latter being a wolf couchant pierced with an arrow. On either side stood as supporters, in full human size or larger, a salvage man *proper*, to use the language of heraldry, *wreathed and cinctured*, and holding in his hand an oak tree *eradicated*, that is, torn up by the roots.

“And the powerful barons who owned this blazonry,” thought Bertram, pursuing the usual train of ideas which flows upon the mind at such scenes, “does their posterity continue to possess the lands which they had laboured to fortify so strongly? or are they wanderers, ignorant perhaps even of the fame or power of their forefathers, while their hereditary possessions are held by a race of strangers? Why is it,” he thought, continuing to follow out the succession of ideas which the scene prompted — “Why is it that some scenes awaken thoughts, which belong as it were to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Bramin Moonshie would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness, that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place! It is even so with me while I gaze upon that ruin; nor can I divest myself of the idea, that these massive towers, and that dark gate-way, retiring through its deep-vaulted and ribbed arches, and

dimly lighted by the court-yard beyond, is not entirely strange to me. Can it be that they have been familiar to me in infancy, and that I am to seek in their vicinity those friends of whom my childhood has still a tender though faint remembrance, and whom I early exchanged for such severe task-masters? Yet Brown, who I think would not have deceived me, always told me I was brought off from the eastern coast, after a skirmish in which my father was killed; and I do remember enough of a horrid scene of violence to strengthen his account."

It happened that the spot upon which young Bertram chanced to station himself for the better viewing the castle, was nearly the same on which his father had died. It was marked by a large old oak-tree, the only one on the esplanade, and which, having been used for executions by the barons of Ellangowan, was called the Justice-Tree. It chanced, and the coincidence was remarkable, that Glossin was this morning engaged with a person, whom he was in the habit of consulting in such matters, concerning some projected repairs, and a large addition to the house of Ellangowan, and that, having no great pleasure in remains so intimately connected with the grandeur of the former inhabitants, he had resolved to use the stones of the ruinous castle in his new edifice. Accordingly he came up the bank, followed by the

land-surveyor mentioned upon a former occasion, who was also in the habit of acting as a sort of architect in case of necessity. In drawing the plans, &c. Glossin was in the custom of relying upon his own skill. Bertram's back was towards them as they came up the ascent, and he was quite shrouded by the branches of the large tree, so that Glossin was not aware of the presence of the stranger till he was close upon him.

"Yes, sir, as I have often said before to you, the Old Place is a perfect quarry of hewn stone, and it would be better for the estate if it were all down, since it is only a den for smugglers." At this instant Bertram turned short round upon Glossin at the distance of two yards only—"Would you destroy the castle, sir?"—His face, person, and voice, were so exactly those of his father in his best days, that Glossin, hearing his exclamation, and seeing such a sudden apparition in the shape of his patron, and on nearly the very spot where he had expired, almost thought the grave had given up its dead!—He staggered back two or three paces, as if he had received a sudden and deadly wound. He instantly recovered however his presence of mind, stimulated by the thrilling reflection that it was no inhabitant of the other world which stood before him, but an injured man, whom the slightest want of dexterity on his part might lead to acquaintance with his rights,

and the means of asserting them to his utter destruction. Yet his ideas were so much confused by the shock he had received, that his first question partook of the alarm.

“ In the name of God, how came you here !”

“ Here, sir ? I landed a quarter of an hour since in the little harbour beneath the castle, and was employing a moment’s leisure in viewing these fine ruins ; I trust there is no intrusion ?”

“ Intrusion, sir ?—no, sir,” said Glossin, in some degree recovering his breath, and then whispered a few words into his companion’s ear, who immediately left him and descended towards the house.

“ Intrusion, sir ?—no, sir,—you or any gentleman are welcome to satisfy your curiosity.”

“ I thank you, sir. They call this the Old Place, I am informed ?”

“ Yes, sir ; in distinction to the New Place, my house there below.”

Glossin, it must be remarked, was, during the following dialogue, on the one hand eager to learn what local recollections young Bertram had retained of the scenes of his infancy, and, on the other, compelled to be extremely cautious in his replies, lest he should awaken or assist, by some name, phrase, or anecdote, the slumbering train of association. He suffered, indeed, during the whole scene, the agonies which he so richly deserved ; yet his pride and interest, like the fortitude of a North

American Indian, manned him to sustain the tortures inflicted at once by the contending stings of a guilty conscience, of hatred, of fear, and of suspicion.

“ I wish to ask the name, sir, of the family to whom this stately ruin belongs ?”

“ It is my property, sir ; my name is Glossin.”

“ Glossin—Glossin ?” repeated Bertram, as if the answer were somewhat different from what he expected ; “ I beg your pardon, Mr Glossin ; I am apt to be very absent.—May I ask if the castle has been long in your family ?”

“ It was built, I believe, long ago, by a family called Mac-Dingawaie,” answered Glossin ; suppressing for obvious reasons the more familiar sound of Bertram, which might have awakened the recollections which he was anxious to lull to rest, and slurring with an evasive answer the question concerning the endurance of his own possession.

“ And how do you read the half-defaced motto, sir, which is upon that scroll above the entablature with the arms ?”

“ I—I—I really do not exactly know,” replied Glossin.

“ I should be apt to read it, *Our Right makes our Might.*”

“ I believe it is something of that kind.”

“ May I ask, sir, if it is your family motto ?”

“ N—n—no—no—not ours. That is, I believe

the motto of the former people—mine is—mine is—in fact I have had some correspondence with Mr Cumming of the Lion-office in Edinburgh, about mine. He writes me the Glossins anciently bore for a motto, ‘He who takes it makes it.’”

“If there be any uncertainty, sir, and the case were mine, I would assume the old motto, which seems to me the better of the two.”

Glossin, whose tongue by this time clove to the roof of his mouth, only answered by a nod.

“It is odd enough,” said Bertram, fixing his eye upon the arms and gate-way, and partly addressing Glossin, partly as it were thinking aloud—“it is odd the tricks which our memory plays us; the remnants of an old prophecy, or song, or rhyme, of some kind or other, return to my recollection upon hearing that motto—stay—it is a strange jingle of sounds :

‘ The dark shall be light,
And the wrong made right,
When Bertram’s right and Bertram’s might
Shall meet on——’

I cannot remember the last line—on some particular height—*height* is the rhyme, I am sure; but I cannot hit upon the preceding word.”

“Confound your memory,” thought Glossin, “you remember by far too much of it.”

“There are other rhymes connected with these

early recollections : Pray, sir, is there any song current in this part of the world respecting a daughter of the King of the Isle of Man eloping with a Scottish knight ?”

“ I am the worst person in the world to consult upon legendary antiquities,” answered Glossin.

“ I could sing such a ballad,” said Bertram, “ from one end to another when I was a boy. You must know I left Scotland, which is my native country, very young, and those who brought me up discouraged all my attempts to preserve recollection of my native land, on account, I believe, of a boyish wish which I had to escape from their charge.”

“ Very natural,” said Glossin, but speaking as if his utmost efforts were unable to unseal his lips beyond the width of a quarter of an inch, so that his whole utterance was a kind of compressed muttering, very different from the round bold bullying voice with which he usually spoke. Indeed his appearance and demeanour during all this conversation seemed to diminish even his strength and stature, so that he withered as it were into the shadow of himself, now advancing one foot, now the other, now stooping and wriggling his shoulders, now fumbling with the buttons of his waistcoat, now clasping his hands together,—in short, he was the picture of a mean-spirited shuffling rascal in the very agonies of detection. To these appearances

Bertram was totally inattentive, being dragged on as it were by the current of his own associations. Indeed, although he addressed Glossin, he was not so much thinking of him, as arguing upon the embarrassing state of his own feelings and recollection. "Yes," he said, "I preserved my language among the sailors, most of whom spoke English, and when I could get into a corner by myself, I used to sing all that song over from beginning to end—I have forgot it all now—but I remember the tune well, though I cannot guess what should at present so strongly recal it to my memory."

He took his flageolet from his pocket, and played a simple melody. Apparently the tune awoke the corresponding associations of a damsel, who, at a fine spring about half way down the descent, and which had once supplied the castle with water, was engaged in bleaching linen. She immediately took up the song :

"Are these the Links of Forth, she said,
Or are they the crooks of Dee,
Or the bonnie woods of Warroch-head
That I so fain would see?"

"By heaven," said Bertram, "it is the very ballad! I must learn these words from the girl."

"Confusion!" thought Glossin; "if I cannot put a stop to this, all will be out. O the devil take all ballads, and ballad-makers, and ballad-singers ;

and that d—d jade too, to set up her pipe !—You will have time enough for this upon some other occasion,” he said aloud ; “ at present”—(for now he saw his emissary with two or three men coming up the bank,) “ at present we must have some more serious conversation together.”

“ How do you mean, sir ?” said Bertram, turning short upon him, and not liking the tone which he made use of.

“ Why, sir, as to that—I believe your name is Brown ?”

“ And what of that, sir ?”

Glossin looked over his shoulder to see how near his party had approached ; they were coming fast on. “ Vanbeest Brown ? if I mistake not.”

“ And what of that, sir ?” said Bertram, with increasing astonishment and displeasure.

“ Why, in that case,” said Glossin, observing his friends had now got upon the level space close beside them—“ in that case you are my prisoner in the king’s name !”—At the same time he stretched his hand towards Bertram’s collar, while two of the men who had come up seized upon his arms ; he shook himself, however, free of their grasp by a violent effort, in which he pitched the most pertinacious down the bank, and, drawing his cutlass, stood on the defensive, while those who had felt his strength recoiled from his presence, and gazed at a safe distance. “ Observe,” he called out at

the same time, "that I have no purpose to resist legal authority; satisfy me that you have a magistrate's warrant, and are authorised to make this arrest, and I will obey it quietly; but let no man who loves his life venture to approach me, till I am satisfied for what crime, and by whose authority, I am apprehended."

Glossin then caused one of the officers shew a warrant for the apprehension of Vanbeest Brown, accused of the crime of wilfully and maliciously shooting at Charles Hazlewood, younger of Hazlewood, with an intent to kill, and also of other crimes and misdemeanours, and which appointed him, having been so apprehended, to be brought before the next magistrate for examination. The warrant being formal, and the fact such as he could not deny, Bertram threw down his weapon, and submitted himself to the officers, who, flying on him with eagerness corresponding to their former pusillanimity, were about to load him with irons, alleging the strength and activity which he had displayed, as a justification of this severity. But Glossin was ashamed or afraid to permit this unnecessary insult, and directed the prisoner to be treated with all the decency, and even respect, that was consistent with safety. Afraid, however, to introduce him into his own house, where still further subjects of recollection might have been suggested, and anxious at the same time to cover his own

proceedings by the sanction of another's authority, he ordered his carriage (for he had lately set up a carriage) to be got ready, and in the meantime directed refreshments to be given to the prisoner and the officers, who occupied one of the rooms in the old castle, until the means of conveyance should be provided.

CHAPTER XXI.

———Bring in the evidence———

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place,
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side—you are of the commission,
Sit you too. *

King Lear.

WHILE the carriage was getting ready, Glossin had a letter to compose, about which he wasted no small time. It was to his neighbour, as he was fond of calling him, Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood, the head of an ancient and powerful interest in the county, which had in the decadence of the Ellangowan family gradually succeeded to much of their authority and influence. The present representative of the family was an elderly man, dotingly fond of his own family, which was limited to an only son and daughter, and stoically indifferent to the fate of all mankind besides. For the rest, he was honourable in his general dealings, because he was afraid to suffer the censure of the world, and just from a better motive. He was pre-

sumptuously over-conceited on the score of family pride and importance, a feeling considerably enhanced by his late succession to the title of a Nova Scotia Baronet; and he hated the memory of the Ellangowan family, though now a memory only, because a certain baron of that house was traditionally reported to have caused the founder of the Hazlewood family hold his stirrup until he mounted into his saddle. In his general deportment he was pompous and important, affecting a species of florid elocution, which often became ridiculous from his misarranging the triads and quaternions with which he loaded his sentences.

To this personage Glossin was now to write in such a conciliatory style as might be most acceptable to his vanity and family pride, and the following was the form of his card.

“ Mr Gilbert Glossin” (he longed to add of Ellangowan, but prudence prevailed, and he suppressed that territorial designation) “ Mr Gilbert Glossin has the honour to offer his most respectful compliments to Sir Robert Hazlewood, and to inform him, that he has this morning been fortunate enough to secure the person who wounded Mr C. Hazlewood. As Sir Robert Hazlewood may probably choose to conduct the examination of this criminal himself, Mr G. Glossin will cause the man

to be carried to the inn at Kippletringan, or to Hazlewood-house, as Sir Robert Hazlewood may be pleased to direct : And, with Sir Robert Hazlewood's permission, Mr G. Glossin will attend him at either of these places with the proofs and declarations which he has been so fortunate as to collect respecting this atrocious business."

Addressed,

" SIR ROBERT HAZLEWOOD of Hazlewood,

" Bart. Hazlewood-House, &c. &c.

" ELL^d. G^d. }
Tuesday."

This card he dispatched by a servant on horse-back, and having given the man some time to get a-head, and desired him to ride fast, he ordered two officers of justice to get into the carriage with Bertram, and he himself, mounting his horse, accompanied them at a slow pace to the point where the roads to Kippletringan and Hazlewood-house separated, and there awaited the return of his messenger, in order that his farther route might be determined by the answer he should receive from the Baronet. In about half an hour his servant returned with the following answer, handsomely folded, and sealed with the Hazlewood arms, and having the Nova Scotia badge depending from the shield.

“ Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood returns Mr G. Glossin’s compliments, and thanks him for the trouble he has taken in a matter affecting the safety of Sir Robert’s family. Sir R. H. requests Mr G. G. will have the goodness to bring the prisoner to Hazlewood-house for examination, with the other proofs or declarations which he mentions. And after the business is over, in case Mr G. G. is not otherwise engaged, Sir R. and Lady Hazlewood request his company to dinner.”

Addressed,

“ Mr GILBERT GLOSSIN, &c.

“ HAZLEWOOD-HOUSE, }
Tuesday.”

“ Soh !” thought Mr Glossin, “ here is one finger in at least, and that I will make the means of introducing my whole hand. But I must first get clear of this wretched young fellow.—I think I can manage Sir Robert. He is dull and pompous, and will be alike disposed to listen to my suggestions upon the law of the case, and to assume the credit of acting upon them as his own proper motion. So I shall have the advantage of being the real magistrate, without the odium of responsibility.”

As he cherished these hopes and expectations, the carriage approached Hazlewood-house, through a noble avenue of old oaks, which shrouded the

ancient abbey-resembling building so called. It was a large edifice built at different periods, part having actually been a priory, upon the suppression of which, in the time of Queen Mary, the first of the family had obtained a gift of the house and surrounding lands from the crown. It was pleasantly situated in a large deer-park, on the banks of the river we have before mentioned. The scenery around was of a dark, solemn, and somewhat melancholy cast, according well with the architecture of the house. Every thing appeared to be kept in the highest possible order, and announced the opulence and rank of the proprietor.

As Mr Glossin's carriage stopped at the door of the hall, Sir Robert reconnoitered the new vehicle from the windows. According to his aristocratic feelings, there was a degree of presumption in this *novus homo*, this Mr G. Glossin, late writer in —, presuming to set up such an accommodation at all; but his wrath was mitigated when he observed that the mantle upon the pannels only bore a plain cypher of G. G. This apparent modesty was indeed solely owing to the delay of Mr Cumming of the Lion Office, who, being at that time engaged in discovering and matriculating the arms of two commissaries from North America, three English-Irish peers, and two great Jamaica traders, had been more slow than usual in finding an escutcheon for the new Laird of Ellangowan. But

his delay told to the advantage of Glossin in the opinion of the proud Baronet.

While the officers of justice detained their prisoner in a sort of steward's room, Mr Glossin was ushered into what was called the great oak-parlour, a long room, pannelled with well-varnished wainscot, and adorned with the grim portraits of Sir Robert Hazlewood's ancestry. The visitor, who had no internal consciousness of worth to balance that of meanness of birth, felt his inferiority, and by the depth of his bow and the obsequiousness of his demeanour, shewed that the Laird of Ellangowan was sunk for the time in the old and submissive habits of the quondam retainer of the law. He would have persuaded himself, indeed, that he was only humouring the pride of the old Baronet, for the purpose of turning them to his own advantage; but his feelings were of a mingled nature, and he felt the influence of those very prejudices which he pretended to flatter. The Baronet received him with that condescending parade which was meant at once to assert his own vast superiority, and to shew the generosity and courtesy with which he could waive it, and descend to the level of ordinary conversation with ordinary men. He thanked Glossin for his attention to a matter in which "young Hazlewood" was so intimately concerned, and, pointing to his family pictures, observed, with a gracious smile, "Indeed these venerable gentle-

men, Mr Glossin, are as much obliged as I am in this case, for the labour, pains, care, and trouble which you have taken in their behalf; and I have no doubt, were they capable of expressing themselves, would join me, sir, in thanking you for the favour you have conferred upon the house of Hazlewood, by taking care and trouble, sir, and interest, in behalf of the young gentleman who is to continue their name and family."

Thrice bowed Glossin, and each time more profoundly than before; once in honour of the knight who stood upright before him, once in respect to the quiet personages who patiently hung upon the wainscot, and a third time in deference to the young gentleman who was to carry on the name and family. *Roturier* as he was, Sir Robert was gratified by the homage which he rendered, and proceeded in a tone of gracious familiarity: "And now, Mr Glossin, my exceeding good friend, you must allow me to avail myself of your knowledge of law in our proceedings in this matter. I am not much in the habit of acting as a justice of the peace; it suits better with other gentlemen, whose domestic and family affairs require less constant superintendence, attention, and management than mine."

Of course, whatever small assistance Mr Glossin could render was entirely at Sir Robert Hazlewood's service; but, as Sir Robert Hazlewood's

name stood high in the list of the faculty, the said Mr Glossin could not presume to hope it could be either necessary or useful.

“ Why, my good sir, you will understand me to mean the practical knowledge of the ordinary details of justice-business. I was indeed educated to the bar, and might boast perhaps at one time, that I had made some progress in the speculative, and abstract, and abstruse doctrines of our municipal code ; but there is in the present day so little opportunity of a man of family and fortune rising to that eminence at the bar, which is attained by adventurers who are as willing to plead for John a Nokes as for the first noble of the land, that I was really early disgusted with practice. The first case, indeed, which was laid on my table, quite sickened me ; it respected a bargain, sir, of tallow, between a butcher and a candle-maker ; and I found it was expected that I should grease my mouth, not only with their vulgar names, but with all the technical terms, and phrases, and peculiar language, of their dirty arts. Upon my honour, my good sir, I have never been able to bear the smell of a tallow-candle since.”

Pitying, as seemed to be expected, the mean use to which the Baronet's faculties had been degraded on this melancholy occasion, Mr Glossin offered to officiate as clerk or assessor, or any way in which he could be most useful. “ And with a view to

possessing you of the whole business, and in the first place, there will, I believe, be no difficulty in proving the main fact, that this was the person who fired the unhappy piece. Should he deny it, it can be proved by Mr Hazlewood, I presume?"

"Young Hazlewood is not at home to-day, Mr Glossin."

"But we can have the oath of the servant who attended him; indeed I hardly think the fact will be disputed. I am more apprehensive, that, from the too favourable and indulgent manner in which I have understood that Mr Hazlewood has been pleased to represent the business, the assault may be considered as accidental, and the injury as unintentional, so that the fellow may be immediately set at liberty, to do more mischief."

"I have not the honour to know the gentleman who now holds the office of king's advocate," replied Sir Robert, gravely; "but I presume, sir—nay, I am confident, that he will consider the mere fact of having wounded young Hazlewood of Hazlewood, even by inadvertency, to take the matter in its mildest and gentlest, and in its most favourable and improbable light, as a crime which will be too easily atoned by imprisonment, and as more deserving of deportation."

"Indeed, Sir Robert," said his assenting brother in justice, "I am entirely of your opinion; but, I don't know how it is, I have observed the Edin-

burgh gentlemen of the bar, and even the officers of the crown, pique themselves upon an indifferent administration of justice, without respect to rank and family ; and I should fear”——

“ How, sir, without respect to rank and family ? Will you tell me *that* doctrine can be held by men of birth and legal education ?—No, sir ; if a trifle stolen in the street is termed mere pickery, but is elevated into sacrilege if the crime be committed in a church, so, according to the just gradations of society, the guilt of an injury is enhanced by the rank of the person to whom it is offered, done, or committed, sir.”

Glossin bowed low to this declaration *ex cathedra*, but observed, that in case of the very worst, and of such unnatural doctrines being actually held as he had already hinted, “ the law had another hold on Mr Vanbest Brown.”

“ Vanbest Brown ! is that the fellow’s name ? Good God ! that young Hazlewood of Hazlewood should have had his life endangered, the clavicle of his right shoulder considerably lacerated and dislodged, several large drops or slugs deposited in the acromion process, as the account of the family surgeon expressly bears, and all by an obscure wretch named Vanbest Brown !”

“ Why, really, Sir Robert, it is a thing which one can hardly bear to think of ; but, begging ten thousand pardons for resuming what I was about

to say, a person of the same name is, as appears from these papers (producing Dirk Hatteraick's pocket-book), mate to the smuggling vessel who offered such violence at Woodbourne, and I have no doubt that this is the same individual ; which, however, your acute discrimination will easily be able to ascertain."

"The same, my good sir, he must assuredly be—it would be injustice even to the meanest of the people to suppose there could be found among them *two* persons doomed to bear a name so shocking to one's ears as this of Vanbeest Brown."

"True, Sir Robert ; most unquestionably ; there cannot be a shadow of doubt of it—But you see farther, that this circumstance accounts for the man's desperate conduct. You, Sir Robert, will discover the motive for his crime—you, I say, will discover it without difficulty, on your giving your mind to the examination ; for my part, I cannot help suspecting the moving spring to have been revenge for the gallantry with which Mr Hazlewood, with all the spirit of his renowned forefathers, defended the house at Woodbourne against this villain and his lawless companions."

"I will enquire into it, my good sir. Yet even now I venture to conjecture that I shall adopt the solution or explanation of this riddle, enigma, or mystery, which you have in some degree thus started. Yes ! revenge it must be—and, good Heaven !

entertained by and against whom?—entertained, fostered, cherished, against young Hazlewood of Hazlewood, and in part carried into effect, executed, and implemented, by the hand of Vanbeest Brown! These are dreadful days indeed, my worthy neighbour (this epithet indicated a rapid advance in the Baronet's good graces)—days when the bulwarks of society are shaken to their mighty base, and that rank, which forms, as it were, its highest grace and ornament, is mingled and confused with the viler parts of the architecture. O, my good Mr Gilbert Glossin, in my time, sir, the use of swords and pistols, and such honourable arms, was reserved by the nobility and gentry to themselves, and the disputes of the vulgar were decided by the weapons which nature had given them, or by cudgels cut, broken, or hewed out of the next wood. But now, sir, the clouted shoe of the peasant galls the kibe of the courtier. The lower ranks have their quarrels, sir, and their points of honour and their revenges, which they must bring, forsooth, to fatal arbitrement. But well, well! it will last my time—let us have in this fellow, this Vanbeest Brown, and make an end of him at least for the present.”

CHAPTER XXII.

——— 'Twas he
Gave heat unto the injury, which returned
Like a petard ill lighted into the bosom
Of him gave fire to't. Yet I hope his hurt
Is not so dangerous but he may recover.
Fair Maid of the Inn.

THE prisoner was now presented before the two worshipful magistrates. Glossin, partly from some compunctious visitings, and partly out of his cautious resolution to suffer Sir Robert Hazlewood to be the ostensible manager of the whole examination, looked down upon the table, and busied himself with reading and arranging the papers respecting the business, only now and then throwing in a skilful catch-word as prompter, when he saw the principal, and apparently most active magistrate, stand in need of a hint. As for Sir Robert Hazlewood, he assumed on his part a happy mixture of the austerity of the justice, combined with the display of personal dignity appertaining to the baronet of ancient family.

GUY RANNING.

"There, constables, let him stand there at the bottom of the table.—Be so good as look me in the face, sir, and raise your voice as you answer the questions which I am going to put to you."

"May I beg, in the first place, to know, sir, who it is that takes the trouble to interrogate me? for the honest gentlemen who have brought me here have not been pleased to furnish any information upon that point."

"And pray, sir, what has my name and quality to do with the questions I am about to ask you?"

"Nothing perhaps, sir; but it may considerably influence my disposition to answer them."

"Why, then, sir, you will please to be informed, that you are in presence of Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood, and another justice of peace for this county—that's all."

As this intimation produced a less stunning effect upon the prisoner than he had anticipated, Sir Robert proceeded in his investigation with an increasing dislike to the object of it.

"Is your name Vanbeest Brown, sir?"

"It is."

"So far well;—and how are we to design you farther, sir?"

"Captain in his majesty's —— regiment of horse."

The Baronet's ears received this intimation with astonishment; but he was refreshed in courage by

an incredulous look from Glossin, and by hearing him gently utter a sort of interjectional whistle, in a note of surprise and contempt. "I believe, my friend, we shall find for you, before we part, a more humble title."

"If you do, sir, I shall willingly submit to any punishment which such an imposture shall be thought to deserve."

"Well, sir, we shall see.—Do you know young Hazlewood of Hazlewood?"

"I never saw the gentleman who I am informed bears that name excepting once, and I regret that it was under very unpleasant circumstances."

"You mean to acknowledge, then, that you inflicted upon young Hazlewood of Hazlewood that wound which endangered his life, considerably lacerated the clavicle of his right shoulder, and deposited, as the family surgeon declares, several large drops or slugs in the acromion process?"

"Why, sir, I can only say I am equally ignorant and sorry for the extent of the damage which the young gentleman has sustained. I met him in a narrow path, walking with two ladies and a servant, and before I could either pass them or address them, this young Hazlewood took his gun from his servant, presented it against my body, and commanded me in the most haughty tone to stand back. I was neither inclined to submit to his authority, nor to leave him in possession of the means

to injure me, which he seemed disposed to use with such rashness. I therefore closed with him for the purpose of disarming him; and just as I had nearly effected my purpose, the piece went off accidentally, and, to my regret then and since, inflicted upon the young gentleman a severer chastisement than I desired, though I am glad to understand it is like to prove no more than his unprovoked folly deserved."

"And so, sir," said the Baronet, every feature swoln with offended dignity,—“You, sir, admit, sir, that it was your purpose, sir, and your intention, sir, and the real jet and object of your assault, sir, to disarm young Hazlewood of Hazlewood of his gun, sir, or his fowling-piece, or his fuzee, or whatever you please to call it, sir, upon the king's highway, sir?—I think this will do, my worthy neighbour! I think he should stand committed?”

“You are by far the best judge, Sir Robert; but if I might presume to hint, there was something about these smugglers.”

“Very true, good sir.—And besides, sir, you Vanbeest Brown, who call yourself a captain in his majesty's service, are no better or worse than a rascally mate of a smuggler!”

“Really, sir, you are an old gentleman, and acting under some strange delusion, otherwise I should be very angry with you.”

“Old gentleman, sir! strange delusion, sir! I

protest and declare——Why, sir, have you any papers or letters that can establish your pretended rank, and estate, and commission?"

"None at present, sir; but in the return of a post or two"——

"And how do you, sir, if you are a captain in his majesty's service, how do you chance to be travelling in Scotland without letters of introduction, credentials, baggage, or any thing belonging to your pretended rank, estate, and condition, as I said before?"

"Sir, I had the misfortune to be robbed of my clothes and baggage."

"Oho! then you are the gentleman who took a post-chaise from —— to Kippletringan, gave the boy the slip on the road, and sent two of your accomplices to beat the boy and bring away the baggage?"

"I was, sir, in a carriage as you describe, and lost my way endeavouring to find the road to Kippletringan. The landlady of the inn will inform you, that on my arrival there the next day, my first enquiries were after the boy."

"Then give me leave to ask where you spent the night—not in the snow, I presume? you do not suppose that will pass, or be taken, credited, and received?"

"I beg leave," said Bertram, his recollection turning to the gypsy female, and to the promise

he had given her, "I beg leave to decline answering that question."

"I thought as much.—Were you not during that night in the ruins of Darnleugh?—in the ruins of Darnleugh, sir?"

"I have told you that I do not intend answering that question."

"Well, sir, then you will stand committed, sir, and be sent to prison, sir, that's all, sir.—Have the goodness to look at these papers; are you the Vanbeest Brown there mentioned?"

It must be remarked that Glossin had shuffled among the papers some writings which really did belong to Bertram, and which had been found by the officers in the old vault where his portmanteau was ransacked.

"Some of these papers," said Bertram, looking over them, "are mine, and were in my portfolio when it was stolen from the post-chaise. They are memoranda of little value, and, I see, have been carefully selected as affording no evidence of my rank or character, which many of the other papers would have established fully. They are mingled with ship-accounts and other papers, belonging apparently to a person of the same name."

"And wilt thou attempt to persuade me, friend, that there are *two* persons in this country, at the same time, of thy very uncommon and awkwardly sounding name?"

“ I really do not see, sir, as there is an old Hazlewood and a young Hazlewood, why there should not be an old and young Vanbeest Brown. And, to speak seriously, I was educated in Holland, and I know that this name, however uncouth it may sound in British ears”——

Glossin, conscious that the prisoner was now about to enter upon dangerous ground, interfered, though the interruption was unnecessary, for the purpose of diverting the attention of Sir Robert Hazlewood, who was speechless and motionless with indignation at the presumptuous comparison implied in Bertram's last speech. In fact, the veins of his throat and of his temples swelled almost to bursting, and he sate with the indignant and disconcerted air of one who has received a mortal insult from a quarter, to which he holds it unmeet and indecorous to make any reply. While with a bent brow and an angry eye he was drawing in his breath slowly and majestically, and puffing it forth again with deep and solemn exertion, Glossin stepped in to his assistance. “ I should think now, Sir Robert, with great submission, that this matter may be closed. One of the constables, besides the pregnant proof already produced, offers to make oath, that the sword of which the prisoner was this morning deprived (while using it, by the way, in resistance to a legal warrant) was a cutlass taken from him in a fray between the officers and

smugglers, just previous to their attack upon Woodbourne. And yet," added he, "I would not have you form any rash construction upon that subject; perhaps the young man can explain how he came by that weapon."

"That question, sir, I shall also leave unanswered."

"There is yet another circumstance to be enquired into. This prisoner put into the hands of Mrs Mac-Candlish of Kippletringan, a parcel containing a variety of gold coins and valuable articles of different kinds. Perhaps, Sir Robert, you might think it right to ask, how he came by property of a description which seldom occurs?"

"You, sir, Mr Vanbeest Brown, sir, you hear the question, sir, which the gentleman asks you?"

"I have particular reasons for declining to answer that question."

"Then I am afraid, sir, our duty must lay us under the necessity to sign a warrant of commitment."

"As you please, sir; take care, however, what you do. Observe that I inform you that I am a captain in his majesty's — regiment, and that I am just returned from India, and therefore cannot possibly be connected with any of those contraband traders you talk of; that my Lieutenant-Colonel is presently at Nottingham, the Major, with the

officers of my corps, at Kingston-upon-Thames. I offer before you both to submit to any degree of ignominy, if, within the return of the Kingston and Nottingham posts, I am not able to establish these points. Or you may write to the agent for the regiment, if you please, and"—

"This is all very well, sir," said Glossin, beginning to fear lest the firm expostulation of Bertram should make some impression on Sir Robert, who would almost have died of shame at committing such a solecism as sending a captain of horse to jail—"This is all very well, sir; but is there no person nearer whom you could refer to?"

"There are only two persons in this country who know any thing of me. One is a plain Liddesdale sheep-farmer, called Dinmont of Charlieshope; but he knows nothing more of me than what I told him, and what I now tell you."

"Why, this is well enough, Sir Robert! I suppose he would bring forward this thick-skulled fellow to give his oath of credulity, Sir Robert, ha, ha, ha!"

"And what is your other witness, friend?" said the Baronet.

"A gentleman whom I have some reluctance to mention, because of certain private reasons; but under whose command I served some time in India, and who is too much a man of honour to refuse

his testimony to my character as a soldier and gentleman."

"And who is this doughty witness, pray, sir?—some half-pay quarter-master or serjeant, I suppose?"

"Colonel Guy Mannering, late of the —— regiment, in which, as I told you, I have a troop."

"Colonel Guy Mannering!" thought Glossin, "who the devil could have guessed this?"

"Colonel Guy Mannering?" echoed the Baronet, considerably shaken in his opinion,—“My good sir,”—apart to Glossin, “the young man with a dreadfully plebeian name, and a good deal of modest assurance, has nevertheless something of the tone, and manners, and feeling of a gentleman, of one at least who has lived in good society—they do give commissions very loosely, and carelessly, and inaccurately, in India—I think we had better pause till Colonel Mannering shall return; he is now, I believe, at Edinburgh.”

“You are in every respect the best judge, Sir Robert,” answered Glossin, “in every possible respect. I would only submit to you, that we are certainly hardly entitled to dismiss this man upon an assertion which cannot be satisfied by proof, and that we shall incur a heavy responsibility by detaining him in private custody, without committing him to a public jail. Undoubtedly you are the best judge, Sir Robert;—and I would only say,

for my own part, that I very lately incurred severe censure by detaining a person in a place which I thought perfectly secure, and under the custody of the proper officers. The man made his escape, and I have no doubt my own character for attention and circumspection as a magistrate has in some degree suffered—I only hint this—I will join in any step you, Sir Robert, think most advisable.” But Mr Glossin was well aware that such a hint was of power sufficient to decide the motions of his self-important, but not self-relying colleague. So that Sir Robert Hazlewood summed up the business in the following speech, which proceeded partly upon the supposition of the prisoner being really a gentleman, and partly upon the opposite belief that he was a villain and an assassin.

“ Sir, Mr Vanbeest Brown—I would call you Captain Brown if there was the least reason, or cause, or grounds to suppose that you are a captain, or had a troop in the very respectable corps you mention, or indeed in any other corps in his majesty’s service, as to which circumstance I beg to be understood to give no positive, settled, or unalterable judgment, declaration, or opinion. I say therefore, sir, Mr Brown, we have determined, considering the unpleasant predicament in which you now stand, having been robbed, as you say, an assertion as to which I suspend my opinion, and being possessed of much and valuable treasure, and

of a brass-handled cutlass besides, as to your obtaining which you will favour us with no explanation—I say, sir, we have determined and resolved, and made up our minds, to commit you to jail, or rather to assign you an apartment therein, in order that you may be forthcoming upon Colonel Mannerling's return from Edinburgh."

"With humble submission, Sir Robert," said Glossin, "may I enquire if it is your purpose to send this young gentleman to the county jail?—for if that were not your settled intention, I would take the liberty to hint, that there would be less hardship in sending him to the Bridewell at Portanferry, where he can be secured without public exposure; a circumstance which, upon the mere chance of his story being really true, is much to be avoided."

"Why there is a guard of soldiers at Portanferry, to be sure, for protection of the goods in the custom-house; and upon the whole, considering every thing, and that the place is comfortable for such a place, I say, all things considered, we will commit this person, I would rather say authorize him to be detained, in the workhouse at Portanferry."

The warrant was made out accordingly, and Bertram was informed he was next morning to be removed to his place of confinement, as Sir Robert had determined he should not be taken there un-

der cloud of night, for fear of rescue. He was, during the interval, to be detained at Hazlewood-house.

“It cannot be so hard as my imprisonment by the Looties in India,” he thought, “nor can it last so long. But the deuce take the old formal dun-derhead, and his more sly associate, who speaks always under his breath,—they cannot understand a plain man’s story when it is told them.”

In the meanwhile Glossin took leave of the Baronet, with a thousand respectful bows and cringing apologies for not accepting his invitation to dinner, and venturing to hope he might be pardoned in paying his respects to him, Lady Hazlewood, and young Mr Hazlewood, upon some future occasion.”

“Certainly, sir,” said the Baronet, very graciously. “I hope our family was never at any time deficient in civility to our neighbours; and when I ride that way, good Mr Glossin, I will convince you of this by calling at your house as familiarly as is consistent—that is, as can be hoped or expected.”——

“And now,” said Glossin to himself, “to find Dirk Hatteraick and his people, to get the guard sent off the custom-house, and then for the grand cast of the dice. Every thing must depend upon speed. How lucky that Mannering has betaken himself to Edinburgh! his knowledge of this young

fellow is a most perilous addition to my dangers,"—here he suffered his horse to slacken his pace—"What if I should try to compound with the heir?—It's likely he might be brought to pay a round sum for restitution, and I could give up Hatteraick—But no, no, no! there were too many eyes on me, Hatteraick himself, and the gypsy sailor, and that old hag—No, no! I must stick to my original plan." And with that he struck his spurs to his horse's flanks, and rode forward at a hard trot to put his machines in motion.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for one alive.
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
And honest men among.

Inscription on Edinburgh Tolbooth.

EARLY on the following morning, the carriage which had brought Bertram to Hazlewood-house, was, with his two silent and surly attendants, appointed to convey him to his place of confinement at Portanferry. This building adjoined to the custom-house established at that little sea-port, and both were situated so close to the sea-beach, that it was necessary to defend the back part with a large and strong rampart or bulwark of huge stones, disposed in a slope towards the surf, which often reached and broke upon them. The front was surrounded by a high wall, enclosing a small courtyard, within which the miserable inmates of the

mansion were occasionally permitted to take exercise and air. The prison was used as a House of Correction, and occasionally as a chapel of ease to the county jail, which was old, and far from being conveniently situated with reference to the Kippletringan district of the county. Mac-Guffog, the officer by whom Bertram had at first been apprehended, and who was now in attendance upon him, was keeper of this palace of little-ease. He caused the carriage to be drawn close up to the outer gate, and got out himself to summon the warders. The noise of his rap alarmed some twenty or thirty ragged boys, who left off sailing their mimic sloops and frigates in the little pools of salt-water left by the receding tide, and hastily crowded round the vehicle to see what luckless being was to be delivered to the prison-house out of "Glossin's braw new cartage." The door of the court-yard, after the heavy clanking of many chains and bars, was opened by Mrs Mac-Guffog, an awful spectacle, being a woman for strength and resolution capable of maintaining order among her riotous inmates, and of administering the discipline of the house, as it was called, during the absence of her husband, or when he chanced to have taken an over-dose of the creature. The growling voice of this amazon, which rivalled in harshness the crashing music of her own bolts and bars, soon dispersed in every direction the little varlets who had thronged around

her threshold, and she next addressed her amiable help-mate :—

“ Be sharp, man, and get out the swell, can’st thou not ?”

“ Hold your tongue and be d—d, you ——,” answered her loving husband, with two additional epithets of great energy, but which we beg to be excused from repeating. Then, addressing Bertram,—

“ Come, will you get out, my handy lad, or must we lend you a lift ?”

Bertram came out of the carriage, and, collared by the constable as he put his foot upon the ground, was dragged, though he offered no resistance, across the threshold, amid the continued shouts of the little *sans culottes*, who looked on at such distance as their fear of Mrs Mac-Guffog permitted. The instant his foot had crossed the fatal porch, the portress again dropped her chains, drew her bolts, and turning with both hands an immense key, took it from the lock, and thrust it into a huge side-pocket of red cloth.

Bertram was now in the small court already mentioned. Two or three prisoners were sauntering along the pavement, and deriving as it were a feeling of refreshment from the momentary glimpse with which the opening door had extended their prospect to the other side of a dirty street. Nor can this be thought surprising, when it is consider-

ed, that, unless upon such occasions, their view was confined to the grated front of their prison, the high and sable walls of the court-yard, the heaven above them, and the pavement beneath their feet ; a sameness of landscape, which, to use the poet's expression, " lay like a load on the wearied eye," and had fostered in some a callous and dull misanthropy, in others that sickness of the heart which induces him who is immured already in a living grave, to wish for a sepulchre yet more calm and sequestered.

Mac-Guffog, when they entered the court-yard, suffered Bertram to pause for a minute, and look upon his companions in affliction. When he had cast his eye around, on faces on which guilt, and despondence, and low excess, had fixed their stigma ; upon the spendthrift, and the swindler, and the thief, the bankrupt debtor, the " moping idiot, and the madman gay," whom a paltry spirit of economy assigned to share this dismal habitation, he felt his heart recoil with inexpressible loathing from enduring the contamination of their society even for a moment.

" I hope, sir," he said to the keeper, " you intend to assign me a place of confinement apart ?"

" And what should I be the better of that ?"

" Why, sir, I can but be detained here a day or two, and it would be very disagreeable to me to mix in the sort of company this place affords."

" And what do I care for that ?"

“ Why, then, sir, to speak to your feelings, I shall be willing to make you a handsome compliment for this indulgence.”

“ Ay, but when, Captain? when and how? that’s the question, or rather the twa questions.”

“ When I am delivered, and get my remittances from England.”

Mac-Guffog shook his head incredulously.

“ Why, friend, you do not pretend to believe that I am really a malefactor?”

“ Why, I no ken,” said the fellow; “ but if you *are* on the account, ye’re nae sharp ane, that’s the day-light o’t.”

“ And why do you say I am no sharp one?”

“ Why, wha but a crack-brained callant wad hae let them keep up the siller that ye left at the Gordon arms? De’il fetch me, but I wad have had it out o’ their wames! ye had nae right to be strippit o’ your money and sent to jail without a mark to pay your fees; they might have keepit the rest o’ the articles for evidence. But why, for a blind bottle-head, did not ye ask the guineas? and I kept winking and nodding a’ the time, and the donnert deevil wad never ance look my way!”

“ Well, sir, if I have a title to have that property delivered up to me, I shall apply for it, and there is a good deal more than enough to pay any demand you can set up.”

“ I dinna ken a bit about that; ye may be here

long enough. And then the gieing credit maun be considered in the fees. But, however, as ye *do* seem to be a chap by common, though my wife says I lose by my good nature, if ye gie me an order for my fees upon that money—I dare say Glossin will make it forthcoming—I ken something about an escape from Ellangowan—ay, ay, he'll be glad to carry me through, and be neighbour-like.”

“ Well, sir, if I am not furnished in a day or two otherwise, you shall have such an order.”

“ Weel, weel, then ye shall be put up like a prince ; but mark ye me, friend, that we may have nae colly-shangie afterhend, these are the fees that I always charge a swell that must have his lib-ken to himsell—Thirty shillings a-week for lodgings, and a guinea for garnish ; half-a-guinea a-week for a single bed,—and I dinna get the whole of it, for I must gie half-a-crown out of it to Donald Laidder that's in for sheep-stealing, that should sleep with you by rule, and he'll expect clean strae, and maybe some whisky beside. So I make little upon that.”

“ Well, sir, go on.”

“ Then for meat and liquor, ye may have the best, and I never charge abune twenty per cent. ower tavern price for pleasing a gentleman that way—and that's little enough for sending in and sending out, and wearing the lassie's shoon out. And then if ye're dowie, I will sit wi' you a gliff

in the evening mysell, man, and help ye out wi' your bottle.—I have drank mony a glass wi' Glos-sin, man, that did you up, though he's a justice now. And then I'se warrant ye'll be for fire thir cauld nights, or if ye want candle, that's an expensive article, for it's against the rules. And now I've tell'd ye the head articles of the charge, and I dinna think there's muckle mair, though there will aye be some odd expences ower and abune."

"Well, sir, I must trust to your conscience, if ever you happened to hear of such a thing—I cannot help myself."——

"Na, na, sir, I'll no permit you to be saying that—I'm forcing naething upon ye;—an ye dinna like the price, ye needna take the article—I force no man; I was only explaining what civility was; but if ye like to take the common run of the house, it's a' ane to me—I'll be saved trouble, that's a'."

"Nay, my friend, I have, as I suppose you may easily guess, no inclination to dispute your terms upon such a penalty. Come, show me where I am to be, for I would fain be alone for a little while."

"Ay, ay, come along then, Captain," said the fellow, with a contortion of visage which he intended to be a smile; "and I'll tell you now,—to show you that I have a conscience, as ye ca't, d—n me if I charge ye abune sixpence a-day for the freedom o' the court, and ye may walk in't very near

three hours a-day, and play at pitch-and-toss, and hand-ba', and what not."

With this gracious promise, he ushered Bertram into the house, and shewed him up a steep and narrow stone stair-case, at the top of which was a strong door, clenched with iron and studded with nails. Beyond this door was a narrow passage or gallery, having three cells on each side, wretched vaults, with iron bed-frames and straw mattresses. But at the farther end ~~was~~ a small apartment, of rather a more decent appearance, that is, having less the air of a place of confinement, since, unless for the large lock and chain upon the door, and the crossed and ponderous stanchions upon the window, it rather resembled the "worst inn's worst room." It was designed as a sort of infirmary for prisoners whose state of health required some indulgence; and, in fact, Donald Laider, Bertram's destined chum, had been just dragged out of one of the two beds which it contained, to try whether clean straw and whisky might not have a better chance to cure his intermitting fever. This process of ejection had been carried into force by Mrs Mac-Guffog while her husband parleyed with Bertram in the courtyard, that good lady having a distinct presentiment of the manner in which the treaty must necessarily terminate. Apparently the expulsion had not taken place without some application of the strong

hand, for one of the bed-posts of a sort of tent-bed was broken down, so that the tester and curtains hung forward into the middle of the narrow chamber, like the banner of a chieftain, half-sinking amid the confusion of a combat.

“Never mind that being out o’ sorts, Captain,” said Mrs Mac-Guffog, who now followed them into the room; then, turning her back to the prisoner, with as much delicacy as the action admitted, she whipped from her knee her ferret garter, and applied it to splicing and fastening the broken bed-post—then used more pins than her apparel could well spare to fasten up the bed-curtains in festoons,—then shook the bed-clothes into something like form—then flung over all a tattered patch-work quilt, and pronounced that things were now “something purpose-like.” “And there’s your bed, Captain,” pointing to a massy four-posted hulk, which, owing to the inequality of the floor that had sunk considerably, (the house, though new, having been built by contract,) stood upon three legs, and held the fourth aloft as if pawing the air, and in the attitude of advancing like an elephant passant upon the pannel of a coach—“There’s your bed and the blankets; but if ye want sheets, or bowster, or pillow, or ony sort o’ nappery for the table, or for your hands, ye’ll hae to speak to me about it, for that’s out o’ the gudeman’s line (Mac-Guffog had by this time left the room, to avoid, pro-

bably, any appeal which might be made to him upon this new exaction,) and he never engages for any thing like that.”

“ In God’s name,” said Bertram, “ let me have what is decent, and make any charge you please.”

“ Aweel, aweel, that’s sune settled ; we’ll no ex-cise you neither, though we live sae near the cus-tom-house. And I maun see to get you some fire and some dinner too, I’s e warrant ; but your dinner will be but a puir ane ~~the~~ day, no expecting com-pany that would be nice and fashious.”—So say-ing, and in all haste, Mrs Mac-Guffog fetched a scuttle of live coals, and having replenished “ the rusty grate, unconscious of a fire” for months be-fore, she proceeded with unwashed hands to arrange the stipulated bed-linen, (alas, how different from Ailie Dinmont’s !) and, muttering to herself as she discharged her task, seemed, in inveterate spleen of temper, to grudge even those accommodations for which she was to receive payment. At length, however, she departed, grumbling between her teeth, that “ she wad rather lock up a hail ward than be fiking about thae niff-naffy gentles that gae sae muckle fash wi’ their fancies.”

When she was gone, Bertram found himself re-duced to the alternative of pacing his little apart-ment for exercise, or gazing out upon the sea in such proportions as could be seen from the narrow panes of his window, obscured by dirt and by close

iron-bars, or reading over the records of brutal wit and blackguardism which despair had scrawled upon the half-whitened walls. The sounds were as uncomfortable as the objects of sight ; the sullen dash of the tide, which was now retreating, and the occasional opening and shutting of a door, with all its accompaniments of jarring bolts and creaking hinges, mingling occasionally with the dull monotony of the retiring ocean. Sometimes, too, he could hear the hoarse growl of the keeper, or the shriller strain of his helpmate, almost always in the tone of discontent, anger, or insolence. At other times the large mastiff, chained in the courtyard, answered with furious bark the insults of the idle loiterers who made a sport of incensing him.

At length the tædium of this weary space was broken by the entrance of a dirty-looking serving wench, who made some preparations for dinner by laying a half-dirty cloth upon a whole-dirty deal table. A knife and fork, which had not been worn out by overcleaning, flanked a cracked delf plate ; a nearly empty mustard-pot, placed on one side of the table, balanced a salt-cellar, containing an article of a greyish, or rather a blackish mixture, upon the other, both of stone-ware, and bearing too obvious marks of recent service. Shortly after, the same Hebe brought up a plate of beef-collops, done in the frying-pan, with a huge allowance of grease floating in an ocean of luke-warm water ; and ha-

ving added a coarse loaf to these savoury viands, she requested to know what liquors the gentleman chose to order. The appearance of this fare was not very inviting ; but Bertram endeavoured to mend his commons by ordering wine, which he found tolerably good, and, with the assistance of some indifferent cheese, made his dinner chiefly upon the brown loaf. When his meal was over, the girl presented her master's compliments, and, if agreeable to the gentleman, he would help him to spend the evening. Bertram desired to be excused, and begged, instead of this gracious society, that he might be furnished with paper, pen, ink, and candles. The light appeared in the shape of one long broken tallow-candle, inclining over a tin candlestick coated with grease ; as for the writing materials, the prisoner was informed that he might have them the next day if he chose to send out to buy them. Bertram next desired the maid to procure him a book, and enforced his request with a shilling ; in consequence of which, after long absence, she re-appeared with two odd volumes of the Newgate Calendar, which she had borrowed from Sam Silverquill, an idle apprentice, who was imprisoned under a charge of forgery. Having laid the books on the table she retired, and left Bertram to studies which were not ill adapted to his present melancholy situation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

But if thou should'st be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want one faithful friend
To 'share the cruel fates' decree.

SHENSTONE.

PLUNGED into the gloomy reflections which were naturally excited by his dismal reading, and disconsolate situation, Bertram, for the first time in his life, felt himself affected with a disposition to low spirits. "I have been in worse situations than this too," he said ;—" more dangerous, for here is no danger ; more dismal in prospect, for my present confinement must necessarily be short ; more intolerable for the time, for here, at least, I have fire, food, and shelter. Yet, with reading these bloody tales of crime and misery, in a place so corresponding to the ideas which they excite, and in listening to these sad sounds, I feel a stronger disposition to melancholy than in my life I ever experienced. But I will not give way to it—Be-

gone, thou record of guilt and infamy!" he said, flinging the book upon the spare bed; "a Scottish jail shall not break, on the very first day, the spirits which have resisted famine, and want, and penury, and disease, and imprisonment in a foreign land. I have fought many a hard battle with dame Fortune, and she shall not beat me now if I can help it."

Then bending his mind to a strong effort, he endeavoured to view his situation in the most favourable light. Delasserie must soon be in Scotland; the certificates from his commanding officer must soon arrive; nay, if Mannering were first applied to, who could say but the effect might be a reconciliation between them? He had often observed, and now remembered, that when his former colonel took the part of any one, it was never by halves, and that he seemed to love those persons most who had lain under obligation to him. In the present case, a favour, which could be asked with honour and granted with readiness, might be the means of reconciling them to each other. From this his feelings naturally turned towards Julia, and without very nicely measuring the distance between a soldier of fortune, who expected that her father's attestation would deliver him from confinement, and the heiress of that father's wealth and expectations, he was building the gayest castle in the clouds, and varnishing it with all the tints

of a summer-evening sky, when his labour was interrupted by a loud knocking at the outer-gate, answered by the barking of the gaunt half-starved mastiff, which was quartered in the court-yard as an addition to the garrison. After much scrupulous precaution the gate was opened, and some person admitted. The house-door was next unbarred, unlocked, and unchained, a dog's feet pattered up stairs in great haste, and the animal was heard scratching and whining at the door of the room. Next a heavy step was heard lumbering up, and Mac-Guffog's voice in the character of pilot—"This way, this way; take care of the step;—that's the room."—Bertram's door was then unbolted, and, to his great surprise and joy, his terrier, Wasp, rushed into the room, and almost devoured him with caresses, followed by the massy form of his friend from Charlies-hope.

"Eh whow! Eh whow?" ejaculated the honest farmer, as he looked round upon his friend's miserable apartment and wretched accommodation—"What's this o't! what's this o't!"

"Just a trick of fortune, my good friend," said Bertram, rising and shaking him heartily by the hand, "that's all."

"But what will be done about it?—or what *can* be done about it?—is't for debt, or what is't for?"

“ Why, it is not for ~~debt~~ ; and if you have time to ~~sit~~ down, I’ll tell you all I know of the matter myself.”

“ If I hae time?—Ou, what the deevil am I come here for, man, but just ance errand to see about it? but ye’ll no be the waur o’ something to eat, I trow ;—it’s getting late at e’en—I tell’d the folk at the Change, ~~where~~ I put up’ Duple, to send ower my supper here, and the chield Mac-Guffog is agreeable to let it in—I hae settled a’ that.—And now let’s ~~hear~~ your story—whisht, Wasp, man! wow but he’s glad to see you, poor thing !”

Bertram’s story, being confined to the accident of Hazlewood, and the confusion made between his own identity and that of one of the smugglers, who had been active in the assault of Woodbourne, and chanced to bear the same name, was soon told. Dinmont listened very attentively. “ Aweel,” he said, “ this suld be nae sic dooms-desperate business surely—the lad’s doing weel again that was hurt, and what signifies twa or three lead draps in his shoulder? if ye had putten out his e’e it would hae been another case. But eh, as I wuss auld Sherra Pleydell was to the fore here!—odd, he was the man for sorting them, and the queerest rough-spoken deevil too that ever ye heard !”

“ But now tell me, my excellent friend, how did you find out I was here?”

“Odd, lad, queerly enough; but I’ll tell ye that after we are done wi’ our supper, for it will maybe no be sae weel to speak about it while that lang-lugged limmer o’ a lass is gaun flisking in and out o’ the room.”

Bertram’s curiosity was in some degree put to rest by the appearance of the supper which his friend had ordered, ~~which~~, although homely enough, had the appetizing cleanliness in which Mrs Mac-Guffog’s cookery was so eminently deficient. Dinmont also, premising he had ridden the whole day since breakfast-time, without tasting any thing “to speak of,” which qualifying phrase related to about three pounds of cold roast mutton which he had discussed at his mid-day stage,—Dinmont, I say, fell stoutly upon the good cheer, and, like one of Homer’s heroes, said little, either good or bad, till the rage of thirst and hunger was appeased. At length, after a draught of home-brewed ale, he began by observing, “Aweel, aweel, that hen,” looking upon the lamentable reliques of what had been once a large fowl, “wasna a bad ane to be bred at a town end, though it’s no like our barn-door chuckies at Charlies-hope—and I am glad to see that this vexing job hasna ta’en awa your appetite, Captain.”

“Why, really, my dinner was not so excellent, Mr Dinmont, as to spoil my supper.”

“ I dare say no, I dare say no :—But now, hiny, that ye hae brought us the brandy and the mug wi’ the het water, and the sugar, and a’ right, ye may steek the door, ye see, for we wad hae some o’ our ain cracks.” The damsel accordingly retired, and shut the door of the apartment, to which she added the precaution of drawing a large bolt on the outside.

So soon as she was gone, Dandie reconnoitered the premises, listened at the key-hole as if he had been listening for the blowing of an otter, and having satisfied himself that there were no eves-droppers, returned to the table, and making himself what he called a gay stiff cheerer, poked the fire, and began his story in an under tone of gravity and importance not very usual with him.

“ Ye see, Captain, I had been in Edinbro’ for twa or three days, looking after the burial of a friend that we hae lost, and may be I suld hae had something for my ride ; but there’s disappointments in a’ things, and wha can help the like o’ that? And I had a wee bit law business besides, but that’s neither here nor there. In short, I had got my matters settled, and hame I cam ; and the morn awa to the muirs to see what the herds had been about, and I thought I might as weel gie a look to the Tout-hope head, where Jock o’ Dawstone and me has the outcast about a march,—Weel, just as I was coming upon the bit, I saw a

man afore me that I kenn'd was nane o' our herds, and it's a wild bit to meet ony other body, so when I cam up to him, it was Tod Gabriel the fox-hunter. So I says to him, rather surprised like, 'What are ye doing up amang the craws here, without your hounds, man? are ye seeking the fox without the dogs?' So he said, 'Na, gudeman, but I wanted to see yoursel.'

'Ay,' said I, 'and ye'll be wanting eilding now, or something to pitt ower the winter?'

'Na, na,' quo' he, 'it's no that I'm seeking; but ye tak an unco interest in that Captain Brown that was staying wi' you, d'ye no?'

'Troth do I, Gabriel,' says I; 'and what about him, lad?'

"Says he, 'There's mair tak an interest in him than you, and some that I am bound to obey; and it's no just on my ain will that I'm here to tell you something about him that will no please you.'

'Faith, naething will please me,' quo' I, 'that's no pleasing to him.'

'And then,' quo' he, 'ye'll be ill-sorted to hear that he's like to be in the prison at Portanferry, if he disna tak a' the better care o' himsell, for there's been warrants out to tak him as soon as he comes ower the water frae Allonby. And now, gudeman, an ever ye wish him weel, ye maun ride down to Portanferry, and let nae grass grow at the

nag's heels; and if ye find him in confinement, ye maun stay beside him night and day, for a day or twa, for he'll want friends that hae baith heart and hand; and if ye neglect this ye'll never rue but ance, for it will be for a' your life.'

'But, safe us, man,' quo' I, 'how did ye learn a' this? it's an unco way between this and Portanferry.'

'Never ye mind that,' quo' he, 'them that brought us the news rade night and day, and ye maun be aff instantly if ye wad do ony gude—and sae I have naething mair to tell ye.'—Sae he sat himsell doun and hirselled doun into the glen, where it wad hae been ill following him wi' the beast, and I cam back to Charlies-hope to tell the gudewife, for I was uncertain what to do. It wad look unco-like, I thought, just to be sent out on a hunt-the-gowk errand wi' a land-louper like that. But, Lord! as the gudewife set up her throat about it, and said what a shame it wad be if ye was to come to ony wrang, an I could help ye; and then in cam your letter that confirmed it. So I took to the kist, and out wi' the pickle notes in case they should be needed, and a' the bairns ran to saddle Duple. By great luck I had ta'en the other beast to Edinbro', sae Duple was as fresh as a rose. Sae aff I set, and Wasp wi' me, for ye wad really hac thought he kenn'd where I was

gaun, pair beast ; and here I am after a trot o' sixty mile, or near bye."

In this strange story Bertram obviously saw, supposing the warning to be true, some intimation of danger more violent and imminent than could be likely to arise from a few days imprisonment. At the same time it was equally evident that some unknown friend was working in his behalf. "Did you not say," he asked Dinmont, "that this man Gabriel was of gypsey blood?"

"It was e'en judged sae," said Dinmont, "and I think this maks it likely ; for they aye ken where the gangs o' ilk ither are to be found, and they can gar news flee like a foot-ba' through the country an' they like. An' I forgat to tell ye, there's been an unco enquiry after the auld wife that we saw in Bewcastle ; the sheriff's had folk ower the Limestane Edge after her, and down the Hermitage and Liddle, and a' gates, and a reward offered for her to appear, o' fifty pound sterling, nae less ; and Justice Forster, he's had out warrants, as I am tell'd, in Cumberland, and an unco ranging and ripeing they have had a' gates seeking for her ; but she'll no be ta'en wi' them unless she likes, for a' that."

"And how comes that?" said Bertram.

"Ou, I dinna ken ; I dare say it's nonsense, but they say she has gathered the fern-seed, and

can gang ony gate she likes, like Jock-the-Giant-killer in the ballant, wi' his coat o' darkness and his shoon o' swiftness. Ony way she's a kind o' queen amang the gypsies ; she is mair than a hundred year auld, folk say, and minds the coming in o' the moss-troopers in the troublesome times when the Stuarts were put awa'. Sae if she canna hide hersell, they can hide her weel aneugh, ye needna doubt that. Odd, an' I had kenn'd it had been Meg Merrilies yon night at Tibb Mumps's, I wad ta'en care how I crossed her."

Bertram listened with great attention to this account, which tallied so well in many points with what he had himself seen of this gypsey sybil. After a moment's consideration, he concluded it would be no breach of faith to mention what he had seen at Darncleugh to a person who held Meg in such reverence as Dinmont obviously did. He told his story accordingly, often interrupted by ejaculations, such as, " Weel, the like o' that now !" or, " Na, deil an' that's no something now !"

When our Liddesdale friend had heard the whole to an end, he shook his great black head—" Weel, I'll uphaud there's baith gude and ill amang the gypsies, and if they deal wi' the Enemy, it's a' their ain business and no ours.—I ken what the streeking the corpse wad be, weel aneugh. Thae smuggler deevils, when ony o' them's killed in a fray, they'll send for a wife like Meg far aneugh to dress

the corpse ; odd, it's a' ^{the} burial they ever think o' ! and then to be put into the ground without ony decency, just like dogs. But they stick to it, that they'll be streekit, and hae an auld wife when they're dying to rhyme ower prayers, and ballants, and charms, as they ca' them, rather than they'll hae a minister to come and pray wi' them—that's an auld threep o' their's ; and I am thinking the man that died will hae been ane o' the folk that was shot when they burnt Woodbourne."

" But, my good friend, Woodbourne is not burnt."

" Weel, the better for them that bides in't. Odd, we had it up the water wi' us, that there wasna a stane on the tap o' anither. But there was fighting, ony way ; I dare to say, it would be fine fun ! And, as I said, ye may take it on trust, that that's been ane o' the men killed there, and that it's been the gypsies that took your pockmanky when they fand the chaise stickin in the snaw—they wadna pass the like o' that—it wad just come to their hand like the bowl o' a pint stoup."

" But if this woman is a sovereign among them, why was she not able to afford me open protection, and to get me back my property ?"

" Ou, wha kens ? she has muckle to say wi' them, but whiles they'll tak their ain way for a' that, when they're under temptation. And then there's the smugglers that they're aye leagued wi',

she maybe couldna manage them sae weel—they're aye banded thegither—I've heard, the gypsies ken when the smugglers will come aff, and where they're to land, better than the very merchants that deal wi' them. And then, to the boot o' that, she's whiles crack-brained, and has a bee in her head; they say that whether her spaeings and fortune-tellings be true or no, for certain she believes in them a' hersell, and is aye guiding hersell by some queer prophecy or anither. So she disna aye gang the straight road to the well.—But deil o' sic a story as yours, wi' glamour and dead folk and losing ane's gate, I ever heard out o' the tale-books!—But whisht, I hear the keeper coming.”—

Mac-Guffog accordingly interrupted their discourse by the harsh harmony of the bolts and bars, and shewed his bloated visage at the opening door. “Come, Mr Dinmont, we have put off locking up for an hour to oblige ye; ye must go to your quarters.”

“Quarters, man? I intend to sleep here the night. There's a spare bed in the Captain's room.”

“It's impossible!” answered the keeper.

“But I say it *is* possible, and that I winna stir—and there's a dram t'ye.”

Mac-Guffog drank off the spirits, and resumed his objection. “But it's against rule, sir; ye have committed nae malefaction.”

“ I’ll break your head if ye say ony mair about it, and that will be malefaction aneugh to entitle me to ae night’s lodging wi’ you, ony way.”

“ But I tell ye, Mr Dinmont,” reiterated the keeper, “ it’s against rule, and I would lose my post.”

“ Weel, Mac-Guffog, I hac just twa things to say. Ye ken wha I am weel aneugh, and that I wadna loose a prisoner.”

“ And how do I ken that ?”

“ Weel, if ye dinna ken that, ye ken this ;—ye ken ye’re whiles obliged to be up our water in the way o’ your business ; now, if ye let me stay quietly here the night wi’ the Captain, I’s pay ye double fees for the room ; and if ye say no, ye shall hae the best sark-fu’ o’ sair banes that ever ye had in your life, the first time ye set a foot bye Lid-dell-moat !”

“ Aweel, aweel, gudeman,” said Mac-Guffog, “ a willfu’ man maun hae his way ; but if I am challenged for it by the justices, I ken wha sall bear the wyte ;”—and having sealed this observation with a deep oath or two, he retired to bed, after carefully securing all the doors of the Bridewell. The bell from the town steeple tolled nine, just as the ceremony was concluded.

“ Although it’s but early hours,” said the farmer, who had observed that his friend looked somewhat pale and fatigued, “ I think we had better

lie down, Captain, if ye're no agreeable to another cheerer. But troth, ye're nae glass-breaker ; and neither am I, unless it be a screed wi' the neighbours, or when I'm on a ramble."

Bertram readily assented to the motion of his faithful friend, but, on looking at the bed, felt repugnance to trust himself undressed to Mrs Mac-Guffog's clean sheets.

" I'm muckle 'o' your opinion, Captain. Odd, this bed looks as if a' the colliers in Sanquhar had been in't thegither. But it winna win through my muckle coat." So saying, he flung himself upon the frail bed with a force that made all its timbers crack, and in a few moments gave audible signal that he was fast asleep. Bertram slipped off his coat and boots, and occupied the other dormitory. The strangeness of his destiny, and the mysteries which seemed to thicken around him, while he seemed alike to be persecuted and protected by secret enemies and friends, arising out of a class of people with whom he had no previous connection, for some time occupied his thoughts. Fatigue, however, gradually composed his mind, and in a short time he was as fast asleep as his companion. And in this comfortable state of oblivion we must leave them, until we acquaint the reader with some other circumstances which occurred about the same period.

CHAPTER XXV.

——— Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—
Speak, I charge you.

Macbeth.

UPON the evening of the day when Bertram's examination had taken place, Colonel Mannering arrived at Woodbourne from Edinburgh. He found his family in their usual state, which probably, so far as Julia was concerned, would not have been the case had she learned the news of Bertram's arrest. But as, during the Colonel's absence, the two young ladies lived much retired, this circumstance fortunately had not reached Woodbourne. A letter had already made Miss Bertram acquainted with the downfall of the expectations which had been formed upon the bequest of her kinswoman. Whatever hopes that news might have dispelled, the disappointment did not prevent her from joining her friend in affording a cheerful

reception to the Colonel, to whom she thus endeavoured to express the deep sense she entertained of his paternal kindness. She touched on her regret, that at such a season of the year he should have made, upon her account, a journey so fruitless.

“That it was fruitless to you, my dear,” said the Colonel, “I do most deeply regret; but for my own share, I have made some valuable acquaintances, and have spent the time I have been absent in Edinburgh with peculiar satisfaction; so that, on that score, there is nothing to be regretted. Even our friend the Dominie is returned thrice the man he was, from having sharpened his wits in controversy with the geniuses of the northern metropolis.”

“Of a surety,” said the Dominie, with great complacency, “I did wrestle, and was not overcome, though my adversary was cunning in his art.”

“I presume,” said Miss Mannering, “the contest was somewhat fatiguing, Mr Sampson?”

“Very much, young lady—howbeit I girded up my loins and strove against him.”

“I can bear witness,” said the Colonel, “I never saw an affair better contested. The enemy was like the Mahratta cavalry; he assailed on all sides, and presented no fair mark for artillery; but Mr Sampson stood to his guns, notwithstanding,

and fired away, now upon the enemy, and now upon the dust which he had raised. But we must not fight our battles over again to-night—to-morrow we shall have the whole at breakfast."

Upon the next day at breakfast, however, the Dominie did not make his appearance. He had walked out, a servant said, early in the morning. It was so common for him to forget his meals, that his absence never deranged the family. The house-keeper, a decent old-fashioned Presbyterian matron, having, as such, the highest respect for Sampson's theological acquisitions, had it in charge upon these occasions to take care that he was no sufferer by his absence of mind, and therefore usually way-laid him upon his return, to remind him of his sub-lunary wants, and to minister for their relief. It seldom, however, happened that he was absent from two meals together, as was the case in the present instance. We must explain the cause of this unusual occurrence.

The conversation which Mr Pleydell had held with Mr Mannering upon the subject of the loss of Harry Bertram, had awakened all the painful sensations which that event had inflicted upon Sampson. The affectionate heart of the poor Dominie had always reproached him, that his negligence in leaving the child in the care of Frank Kennedy had been the proximate cause of the murder of the one, the loss of the other, the death of

Mrs Bertram, and the ruin of the family of his patron. It was a subject which he never spoke upon,—if indeed his mode of conversation could be called speaking at any time,—but which was often present to his imagination. The sort of hope so strongly affirmed and asserted in Mrs Bertram's last settlement, had excited a corresponding feeling in the Dominie's bosom, which was exasperated into a sort of sickening anxiety, by the discredit with which Pleydell had treated it. "Assuredly," thought Sampson to himself, "he is a man of erudition, and well skilled in the weighty matters of the law; but he is also a man of humorous levity and inconsistency of speech; and wherefore should he pronounce *ex cathedra*, as it were, on the hope expressed by worthy Madam Margaret Bertram of Singleside?" All this, I say, the Dominie *thought* to himself; for had he uttered half the sentence, his jaws would have ached for a month under the unusual fatigue of such a continued exertion. The result of these cogitations was a resolution to go and visit the scene of the tragedy at Warroch Point, where he had not been for many years—not, indeed, since the fatal accident had happened. The walk was a long one, for the Point of Warroch lay on the farther side of the Ellangowan property, which was interposed between it and Woodbourne. Besides, the Dominie went astray more than once, and met with brooks swollen into

torrents by the melting of the snow, where he, honest man, had only the summer-recollection of little trickling rills.

At length, however, he reached the woods which he had made the object of his walk, and traversed them with care, muddling his disturbed brains with vague efforts to recal every circumstance of the catastrophe. It will readily be supposed that the influence of local situation and association was inadequate to produce conclusions different from those which he had formed under the immediate pressure of the occurrences themselves. "With many a weary sigh, therefore, and many a groan," the poor Dominie returned from his hopeless pilgrimage, and weariedly plodded his way towards Woodbourne, debating at times in his altered mind a question which was forced upon him by the cravings of an appetite rather of the keenest, namely, whether he had breakfasted that morning or no?—It was in this twilight humour, now thinking of the loss of the child, then involuntarily compelled to meditate upon the somewhat incongruous subject of hung-beef, rolls, and butter, that his route, which was different from that which he had taken in the morning, conducted him past the small ruined tower, or rather vestige of a tower, called by the country people the Kaim of Derncleugh.

The reader may recollect the description of this ruin in the sixth chapter of this volume, as the vault

in which young Bertram, under the auspices of Meg Merrilies, witnessed the death of Hatteraick's lieutenant. The tradition of the country added ghostly terrors to the natural awe inspired by the situation of this place, which terrors the gypsies, who so long inhabited the vicinity, had probably invented, or at least propagated, for their own advantage. It was said that, during the times of the Galwegian independence, one Hanlon Mac-Dingawae, brother to the reigning chief, Knarth Mac-Dingawae, murdered his brother and sovereign, in order to usurp the principality from his infant nephew, and that being pursued for vengeance by the faithful allies and retainers of the house, who espoused the cause of the lawful heir, he was compelled to retreat, with a few followers whom he had involved in his crime, to this impregnable tower called the Kaim of Derncleugh, where he defended himself until nearly reduced by famine, when, setting fire to the place, he and the small remaining garrison desperately perished by their own swords, rather than fall into the hands of their exasperated enemies. This tragedy, which, considering the wild times wherein it was placed, might have some foundation in truth, was larded with many legends of superstition and diablerie, so that most of the peasants of the neighbourhood, if benighted, would rather have chosen to make a considerable circuit, than pass these haunted walls

The lights, often seen around the tower when used as the rendezvous of the lawless characters by whom it was occasionally frequented, were accounted for, under authority of these tales of witchery, in a manner at once convenient for the private parties concerned, and satisfactory to the public.

Now it must be confessed, that our friend Sampson, although a profound scholar and mathematician, had not travelled so far in philosophy as to doubt the reality of witchcraft or apparitions. Born indeed at a time when a doubt in the existence of witches was interpreted to be a justification of their infernal practices, a belief of such legends had been impressed upon him as an article indivisible from his religious faith, and perhaps it would have been equally difficult to have induced him to doubt the one as the other. With these feelings, and in a thick misty day, which was already drawing to its close, Dominic Sampson did not pass the Kaim of Derneleugh without some feelings of tacit horror.

What then was his astonishment, when, on passing the door—that door which was supposed to have been placed there by one of the latter Lairds of Ellangowan to prevent presumptuous strangers from incurring the dangers of the haunted vault—that very door, supposed to be always locked, and the key of which was popularly said to be deposited with the presbytery—that very door opened suddenly, and the figure of Meg Merrilies, well known,

though not seen for many a revolving year, was placed at once before the eyes of the startled Dominie ! She stood immediately before him in the foot-path, confronting him so absolutely, that he could not avoid her except by fairly turning back, which his manhood prevented him from thinking of.

“ I kenn’d ye wad be here,” she said with her harsh and hollow voice : “ I ken wha ye seek ; but ye maun do my bidding.”

“ Get thee behind me !” said the alarmed Dominie—“ Avoid ye !—*Conjuro te, scelestissima—nequissima—spurcissima—iniquissima—atque miserrima—conjuro te ! ! !*”—

Meg stood her ground against this tremendous volley of superlatives, which Sampson hawked up from the pit of his stomach, and hurled at her in thunder. “ Is the carl daft,” she said, “ wi’ his glamour ?”

“ *Conjuro,*” continued the Dominie, “ *abjuro, contestor, atque viriliter impero tibi !*”—

“ What, in the name of Sathan, are ye feared for, wi’ your French gibberish, that would make a dog sick ? Listen, ye stickit stibbler, to what I tell ye, or ye sall rue it while there’s a limb o’ ye hings to anither !—Tell Colonel Mannering that I ken he’s seeking me. He kens, and I ken, that the blood will be wiped out, and the lost will be found,

And Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan height.

Hae, there's a letter to him ; I was gaun to send it in another way.—I canna write mysell ; but I hae them that will baith write and read, and ride and rin for me. Tell him the time's coming now, and the weird's drec'd, and the wheel's turning. Bid him look at the stars as he has looked at them before,—Will ye mind a' this ?”

“ Assuredly,” said the Dominie, “ I am dubious—for, woman, I am perturbed at thy words, and my flesh quakes to hear thee.”

“ They'll do you nae ill though, and maybe muckle gude.”

“ Avoid ye ! I desire no good that comes by unlawful means.”

“ Fule-body that thou art,” said Meg, stepping up to him with a frown of indignation that made her dark eyes flash like lamps from under her bent brows,—“ Fule-body ! if I meant ye wrang, couldna I clod ye ower that craig, and wad man ken how ye cam by your end mair than Frank Kennedy ? Here ye that, ye worricow ?”

“ In the name of all that is good,” said the Dominie, recoiling and pointing his long pewter-headed walking cane like a javelin at the supposed sorceress,—“ in the name of all that is good, bide off hands ! I will not be handled—woman, stand off

upon thine own proper peril !—desist, I say—I am strong—lo, I will resist !”—Here his speech was cut short ; for Meg, armed with supernatural strength (as the Dominie asserted) broke in upon his guard, put by a thrust which he made at her with his cane, and lifted him into the vault, “ as easily,” said he, “ as I could sway a Kitchen’s atlas.”

“ Sit down there,” she said, pushing the half-throttled preacher with some violence against a broken chair,—“ sit down there, and gather your wind and your senses, ye black barrow-tram o’ the kirk that ye are—Are ye fou or fasting ?”

“ Fasting—from all but sin,” answered the Dominie, who, recovering his voice, and finding his exorcisms only served to exasperate the intractable sorceress, thought it best to affect complaisance and submission, inwardly conning over, however, the wholesome conjurations which he durst no longer utter aloud. But as the Dominie’s brain was by no means equal to carry on two trains of ideas at the same time, a word or two of his mental exercise sometimes escaped, and mingled with his uttered speech in a manner ludicrous enough, especially as the poor man shrunk himself together after every escape of the kind, from terror of the effect it might produce upon the irritable feelings of the witch.

Meg, in the meanwhile, went to a great black

cauldron that was boiling on a fire on the floor, and, lifting the lid, an odour was diffused through the vault, which, if the vapours of a witch's cauldron could in aught be trusted, promised better things than the hell-broth which such vessels are usually supposed to contain. It was in fact the savour of a goodly stew, composed of fowls, hares, partridges, and moorgame, boiled in a large mess with potatoes, onions, and leeks, and from the size of the cauldron, appeared to be prepared for half a dozen of people at least. "So ye hae eat naething a' day?" said Meg, heaving a large portion of this mess into a brown dish, and strewing it savourily with salt and pepper.

"Nothing," answered the Dominie—*scelestissima*!—that is—gudewife."

"Hae then," said she, placing the dish before him, "there's what will warm your heart."

"I do not hunger—*malefica*—that is to say—Mrs Merrilies," for he said unto himself, "the savour is sweet, but it hath been cooked by a Canidia or an Eriethoe."

"If ye dinna eat instantly, and put some saul in ye, by the bread and the salt, I'll put it down your throat wi' the cutty spoon, scauding as it is, and whether ye will or no. Gape, sinner, and swallow!"

Sampson, afraid of eye of newt, and toe of frog, tigers' chaudrons, and so forth, had determined

not to venture ; but the smell of the stew was fast melting his obstinacy, which flowed from his chops as it were in streams of water, and the witch's threats decided him to feed. Hunger and fear are excellent casuists.

“ Saul,” said Hunger, “ feasted with the witch of Endor.”—“ And,” quoth Fear, “ the salt which she sprinkled upon the food sheweth plainly it is not a necromantic banquet, in which that seasoning never occurs.” “ And besides,” says Hunger, after the first spoonful, “ it is savoury and refreshing viands.”

“ So ye like the meat ?” said the hostess.

“ Yea,” answered the Dominic, “ and I give thee thanks—*sceleratissima!*—which means—Mrs Margaret.”

“ Aweel, eat your fill ; but an ye kenn'd how it was gotten, ye maybe wadna like it sac weel.”

Sampson's spoon dropped, in the act of conveying its load to his mouth. “ There's been mony a moonlight watch to bring a' that trade thegither—the folk that are to eat that dinner thought little o' your game-laws.”

“ Is that all ?” thought Sampson, resuming his spoon, and shovelling away manfully ; “ I will not lack my food upon that argument.”

“ Now ye maun tak a dram.”

“ I will,” quoth Sampson—“ *conjuro te*—that

is, I thank you heartily," for he thought to himself, in for a penny, in for a pound, and he fairly drank the witch's health, in a cupful of brandy. When he had put this cope-stone upon Meg's good cheer, he felt, as he said, "mightily elevated, and afraid of no evil which could befall unto him."

"Will ye remember my errand now?" said Meg Merrilies; "I ken by the cast o' your e'e that ye're anither man than when you cam in."

"I will, Mrs Margaret," repeated Sampson, stoutly; "I will deliver unto him the sealed yepistle, and will add what you please to send by word of mouth."

"Then I'll make it short," says Meg. "Tell him to look at the stars without fail this night, and to do what I desire him in that letter, as he would wish

.

That Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Should meet on Ellangowan height.

I have seen him twice when he saw na me; I ken when he was in this country first, and I ken what's brought him back again. Up, an to the gate! ye're ower lang here—follow me."

Sampson followed the sybil accordingly, who guided him about a quarter of a mile through the woods, by a shorter cut than he could have found for himself; they then entered upon the common,

Meg still marching before him at a great pace, until she gained the top of a small hillock which overhung the road.

“Here,” she said, “stand still here. Look how the setting sun breaks through yon cloud that’s been darkening the lift a’ day. See where the first stream o’ light fa’s—it’s upon Donagild’s round tower—the auldest tower in the Castle o’ Ellangowan—that’s no for naething!—See as it’s glooming to seaward abune yon sloop in the bay—that’s no for naething neither.—Here I stood on this very spot,” said she, drawing herself up so as not to lose one hair-breadth of her uncommon height, and stretching out her long sinewy arm, and clenched hand, “Here I stood, when I tauld the last Laird o’ Ellangowan what was coming on his house—and did that fa’ to the ground?—na—it hit even ower sair!—And here, where I brake the wand of peace ower him—here I stand again—to bid God bless and prosper the just heir of Ellangowan that will sune be brought to his ain; and the best laird he shall be that Ellangowan has seen for three hundred years.—I’ll no live to see it, may be; but there will be mony a blithe e’e see it though mine be closed. And now, Abel Sampson, as ever ye lo’ed the house of Ellangowan, away wi’ my message to the English Colonel, as if life and death were upon your haste!”

So saying, she turned suddenly from the amazed Dominie, and regained with swift and long strides the shelter of the wood from which she had issued, at the point where it most encroached upon the common. Sampson gazed after her for a moment in utter astonishment, and then obeyed her directions, hurrying to Woodbourne at a pace very unusual for him, exclaiming three times, “Prodigious ! prodigious ! pro-di-gi-ous !”

CHAPTER XXVI.

——It is not madness
That I have utter'd ; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gambol from.

Hamlet.

As Mr Sampson crossed the hall with a bewildered look, the good housekeeper, who was on the watch for his return, sallied forth upon him—
“ What’s this o’t now, Mr Sampson, this is waur than ever !—ye’ll really do yoursell some injury wi these lang fasts—naething’s sae hurtful to the stomach, Mr Sampson,—if ye would but put some pepermint draps in your pocket, or let Barnes cut ye a sandwich.”

“ Avoid thee !” quoth the Dominie, his mind running still upon his interview with Meg Merrihies, and making for the dining parlour.

“ Na, ye needna gang in there, the cloth’s been removed an hour syne, and the Colonel’s at his

wine; but just step into my room, I have a nice staik that the cook will do in a moment."

"*Exorcizo te!*" said Sampson,—“that is, I have dined."

"Dined! it's impossible—wha can ye hae dined wi', you that gangs out nae gate?"

"With Beelzebub, I believe," said the minister.

"Na, then he's bewitched for certain," said the housekeeper, letting go her hold; "he's bewitched, or he's daft, and ony way the Colonel maun just guide him his ain gate—Waes me! Heeh, sirs! It's a sair thing to see learning bring folk to this!" and with this compassionate ejaculation, she retreated into her own premises.

The object of her commiseration had by this time entered the dining parlour, where his appearance gave great surprise. He was mud up to the shoulders, and the natural paleness of his hue was twice as cadaverous as usual, through terror, fatigue, and perturbation of mind. "What on earth is the meaning of this, Mr Sampson?" said Mannering, who observed Miss Bertram looking much alarmed for her simple but attached friend.

"*Exorcizo,*"—said the Dominie.

"How, sir?"

"I crave pardon, honourable sir! but my wits"—

"Are gone a wool-gathering, I think—pray, Mr Sampson, collect yourself, and let me know the meaning of all this."

Sampson was about to reply, but finding his Latin *formula* of exorcism still came most readily to his tongue, he prudently desisted from the attempt, and put the scrap of paper which he had received from the gypsey into Mannering's hand, who broke the seal and read it with surprise. "This seems to be some jest," he said, "and a very dull one."

"It came from no jesting person," said Mr Sampson.

"From whom then did it come?"

The Dominic, who often displayed some delicacy of recollection in cases where Miss Bertram had an interest, remembered the painful circumstances connected with Meg Merrilies, looked at the young ladies, and remained silent. "We will join you at the tea-table in an instant, Julia; I see that Mr Sampson wishes to speak to me alone.—And now they are gone, what, in Heaven's name, is the meaning of this?"

"It may be a message from Heaven," said the Dominic, "but it came by Beelzebub's postmistress. It was that witch, Meg Merrilies, who should have been burned with a tar-barrel twenty years since, for a harlot, thief, witch, and gypsey."

"Are you sure it was she?" said the Colonel with great interest.

"Sure, honoured sir?—the like o' Meg Merrilies is not to be seen in any land."

The Colonel paced the room rapidly, cogitating with himself. "To send out to apprehend her—but it is too distant to send to Mac-Morlan, and Sir Robert Hazlewood is a pompous coxcomb; besides the chance of not finding her upon the spot, and the humour of silence that seized her before may again return;—no, I will not, to save being thought a fool, neglect the course she points out. Many of her class set out by being impostors, and end by being enthusiasts, or hold a kind of darkling conduct between both lines, unconscious almost when they are cheating themselves, or when imposing on others.—Well, my course is a plain one at any rate; and if my efforts are fruitless, it shall not be owing to over-jealousy of my own character for wisdom."

With this he rang the bell, and ordering Barnes into his private sitting-room, gave him some orders, with the result of which the reader may be made hereafter acquainted. We must now take up another adventure, which is also to be woven into the story of this remarkable day.

Charles Hazlewood had not ventured to make a visit at Woodbourne during the absence of the Colonel. Indeed Mannering's whole behaviour had impressed upon him an opinion that this would be disagreeable; and such was the ascendancy which the successful soldier and accomplished gentleman had attained over his conduct, that in no respect

would he have ventured to offend him. He saw, or thought he saw, in Colonel Mannering's general conduct, an approbation of his attachment to Miss Bertram. But then he saw still more plainly the impropriety of any attempt at a private correspondence, of which his parents could not be supposed to approve, and he respected this barrier interposed betwixt them, both on Mannering's account, and as he was the liberal and zealous protector of Miss Bertram. "No," said he to himself, "I will not endanger the comfort of my Lucy's present retreat, until I can offer her a home of her own."

With this valorous resolution, which he maintained, although his horse, from constant habit, turned his head down the avenue of Woodbourne, and although he himself passed the lodge twice every day, he withstood a strong inclination to ride down, just to ask how the young ladies were, and whether he could be of any service to them during Colonel Mannering's absence. But upon the second occasion, he felt the temptation so severe, that he resolved not to expose himself to it a third time; and, contenting himself with sending hopes and enquiries, and so forth, to Woodbourne, he resolved to make a visit long promised to a family at some distance, and to return in such time as to be one of the earliest among Mannering's visitors, who should congratulate his safe return from his distant

and hazardous expedition to Edinburgh. Accordingly, he made out his visit, and having arranged matters so as to be informed within a few hours after Colonel Mannering reached Woodbourne, he fixed to take leave of the friends with whom he had spent the intervening time, with the intention of dining at Woodbourne, where he was in a great measure domesticated ; and this (for he thought much more deeply on the subject than was necessary) would, he flattered himself, appear a simple, natural, and easy mode of conducting himself.

Fate, however, of which lovers make so many complaints, was, in this case, unfavourable to Charles Hazlewood. His horse's shoes required an alteration, in consequence of the fresh weather having decidedly commenced. The lady of the house, where he was a visitor, chose to indulge in her own room till a very late breakfast hour. His friend also insisted on showing him a litter of puppies, which his favourite pointer bitch had produced that morning. The colours had occasioned some doubts about the paternity, a weighty question of legitimacy, to the decision of which Hazlewood's opinion was called in as arbiter between his friend and his groom, and which inferred in its consequences, which of the litter should be drowned, which saved. Besides, the Laird himself delayed our young lover's departure for a considerable time, endeavouring, with long and superfluous rhetoric,

to insinuate to Sir Robert Hazlewood, through the medium of his son, his own particular ideas respecting the line of a meditated turnpike road. It is greatly to the shame of our young lover's apprehension, that after the tenth reiterated account of the matter, he could not see the advantage to be obtained by the proposed road passing over the Lang-hirst, Windy-knowe, the Goodhouse-park, Hailziecroft, and then crossing the river at Simon's Pool, and so by the road to Kippletringan ; and the less eligible line pointed out by the English surveyor, which would go clear through the main enclosures at Hazlewood, and cut within a mile, or nearly so, of the house itself, destroying the privacy and pleasure, as his informer contended, of the grounds.

In short, the adviser (whose actual interest was to have the bridge built as near as possible to a farm of his own) failed in every effort to attract young Hazlewood's attention, until he mentioned by chance that the proposed line was favoured by " that fellow Glossin," who pretended to take a lead in the county. On a sudden young Hazlewood became attentive and interested ; and having satisfied himself which was the line that Glossin patronized, assured his friend it should not be his fault if his father did not countenance any other instead of that. But these various interruptions consumed the morning. Hazlewood got on horse-

back at least three hours later than he intended, and, cursing fine ladies, pointers, puppies, and turn-pike acts of parliament, saw himself detained beyond the time when he could, with propriety, intrude upon the family at Woodbourne.

He had passed, therefore, the turn of the road which led to that mansion, only edified by the distant appearance of the blue smoke, curling against the pale sky of the winter evening, when he thought he beheld the Dominie taking a foot-path for the house through the woods. He called after him, but in vain; for that honest gentleman, never the most susceptible of extraneous impressions, had just that moment parted from Meg Merillies, and was too deeply wrapt up in pondering upon her vaticinations, to make any answer to Hazlewood's call. He was, therefore, obliged to let him proceed without enquiry after the health of the young ladies, or any other fishing question, to which he might, by good chance, have had an answer returned wherein Miss Bertram's name might have been mentioned. All cause for haste was therefore now over, and, slackening the reins upon his horse's neck, he permitted him to ascend at his own leisure the steep sandy track between two high banks, which, ascending to a considerable height, commanded, at length, an extensive view of the neighbouring country. Hazlewood was, however, so far from eagerly looking forward to

this prospect, though it had the recommendation, that great part of the land was his father's, and must necessarily be his own, that his head still turned towards the chimneys of Woodbourne, although at every step his horse made the difficulty of employing his eyes in that direction become greater. From the reverie in which he was sunk, he was suddenly roused by a voice too harsh to be called female, yet too shrill for a man :—" What's kept you on the road sae lang ?—maun ither folk do your wark ?"

He looked up ; the spokeswoman was very tall, had a voluminous handkerchief rolled round her head, grizzled hair flowing in elf-locks from beneath it, a long red cloak, and a staff in her hand, headed with a sort of spear point—it was, in short, Meg Merrilies. Hazlewood had never seen this remarkable figure before ; he drew up his reins in astonishment at her appearance, and made a full stop. " I think," continued she, " they that hae ta'en interest in the house of Ellangowan suld sleep nane this night ; three men hae been seeking ye, and you are gaun hame to sleep in your bed—d'ye think if the lad-bairn fa's, the sister will do weel ? na, na !"

" I don't understand you, good woman," said Hazlewood : " If you mean Miss—I mean any of the late Ellangowan family, tell me what I can do for them."

“Of the late Ellangowan family?” she answered with great vehemence; “of the *late* Ellangowan family! and when was there ever, or when will there ever be, a family of Ellangowan, but bearing the gallant name of the bauld Bertrams?”

“But what do you mean, good woman?”

“I am nae good woman—a’ the country kens I am bad eneugh, and may be sorry eneugh that I am nae better. But I can do what good women canna, and darena do. I can do what would freeze the blood o’ them that is bred in biggit wa’s for naething but to bind bairns’ heads, and to hap them in the cradle. Hear me—the guard’s drawn off at the custom-house at Portanferry, and it’s brought up to Hazlewood-house by your father’s orders, because he thinks his house is to be attacked this night by the smugglers;—there’s naebody means to touch his house; he has gude blood and gentle blood—I say little o’ him for himsell, but there’s naebody thinks him worth meddling wi’. Send the horsemen back to their post, cannily and quietly—see an’ they winna hae wark the night—ay will they—the guns will flash and the swords will glitter in the braw moon.”

“Good God! what do you mean? your words and manner would persuade me you are mad, and yet there is a strange combination in what you say.”

“I am not mad! I have been imprisoned for mad—scourged for mad—banished for mad—but

mad I am not. Hear ye, Charles Hazlewood of Hazlewood; d'ye bear malice against him that wounded you?"

"No, dame, God forbid; my arm is quite well, and I have always said the shot was discharged by accident. I should be glad to tell the young man so."

"Then do what I bid ye, and ye'll do him mair gude than ever he did you ill; for if he was left to his ill-wishers he would be a bloody corpse ere morn, or a banished man—but there's ane abune a'.—Do as I bid you; send back the soldiers. There's nae mair fear o' Hazlewood-house than there's o' Cruiffell-fell." And she vanished with her usual celerity of pace.

It would seem that the appearance of this female, and the mixture of frenzy and enthusiasm in her address, seldom failed to produce the strongest impression upon those whom she addressed. Her words, though wild, were too plain and intelligible for actual madness, and yet too vehement and extravagant for sober-minded communication. She seemed acting under the influence of an imagination rather strongly excited than deranged; and it is wonderful how palpably the difference, in such cases, is impressed upon the mind of the auditor. This may account for the attention with which her strange and mysterious hints were heard and acted upon. It is certain, at least, that young Hazle-

wood was strongly impressed by her sudden appearance and imperative tone. He rode to Hazlewood at a brisk pace. It had been dark for some time before he reached the house, and on his arrival there, he saw a confirmation of what the sybil had hinted.

Thirty dragoon horses stood under a shed near the offices, with their bridles linked together. Three or four soldiers attended as a guard, while others stamped up and down with their long broad-swords and heavy boots in front of the house. Hazlewood asked a non-commissioned officer from whence they came ?

“ From Portanferry.”

“ Had they left any guard there ?”

“ No ; they had been drawn off by order of Sir Robert Hazlewood for defence of his house, against an attack which was threatened by the smugglers.”

Charles Hazlewood instantly went in quest of his father, and, having paid his respects to him upon his return, requested to know upon what account he had thought it necessary to send for a military escort. Sir Robert assured his son in reply, that from the information, intelligence, and tidings, which had been communicated to, and laid before him, he had the deepest reason to believe, credit, and be convinced, that a riotous assault would that night be attempted and perpetrated against Hazlewood-house, by a set of smugglers, gypsies, and

other desperadoes. "And what, my dear sir, should direct the fury of such persons against ours rather than any other house in the country?"

"I should rather think, suppose, and be of opinion, sir," answered Sir Robert, "with deference to your wisdom and experience, that upon these occasions and times, the vengeance of such persons is directed or levelled against the most important and distinguished in point of rank, talent, birth, and situation, who have checked, interfered with, and discountenanced their unlawful and illegal and criminal actions or deeds."

Young Hazlewood, who knew his father's foible, answered, that the cause of his surprise did not lie where Sir Robert apprehended, but that he only wondered they should think of attacking a house where there were so many servants, and where a signal to the neighbouring tenants could call in such strong assistance; and added, that he doubted much whether the reputation of the family would not in some degree suffer from calling soldiers from their duty at the custom-house, to protect them, as if they were not sufficiently strong to defend themselves upon any ordinary occasion. He even hinted, that in case their house's enemies should observe that this precaution had been taken unnecessarily, there would be no end of their sarcasms.

Sir Robert Hazlewood was rather puzzled at this intimation, for, like most dull men, he heartily hated and feared ridicule. He gathered himself up, and looked with a sort of pompous embarrassment, as if he wished to be thought to despise the opinion of the public, which in reality he dreaded.

“I really should have thought,” he said, “that the injury which had already been aimed at my house in your person, being the next heir and representative of the Hazlewood family, failing me—I should have thought and believed, I say, that this would have justified me sufficiently in the eyes of the most respectable and greatest part of the people, for taking such precautions as are calculated to prevent and impede a repetition of outrage.”

“Really, sir, I must remind you of what I have often said before, that I am positive the discharge of the piece was accidental.”

“Sir, it was not accidental; but you will be wiser than your elders.”

“Really, sir, in what so intimately concerns myself?——

“Sir, it does not concern you but in a very secondary degree—that is, it does not concern you, as a giddy young fellow, who takes pleasure in contradicting his father; but it concerns the country, sir; and the county, sir; and the public, sir; and

the kingdom of Scotland, in so far as the interest of the Hazlewood family, sir, is committed, and interested, and put in peril, in, by, and through you, sir. And the fellow is in safe custody, and Mr Glossin thinks"——

"Mr Glossin, sir?"

"Yes, sir, the gentleman who has purchased Ellangowan—you know who I mean, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; but I should hardly have expected to hear you quote such authority. Why, this fellow—all the world knows him to be sordid, mean, tricking, and I suspect him to be worse. And you yourself, my dear sir, when did you call such a person a gentleman in your life before?"

"Why, Charles, I did not mean gentleman in the precise sense and meaning, and restricted and proper use, to which, no doubt, it ought legitimately to be confined; but I mean to use it relatively, as marking something of that state to which he has elevated and raised himself—as designing, in short, a decent and wealthy and estimable sort of a person."

"Allow me to ask, sir, if it was by this man's orders that the guard was drawn from Portanferry?"

"Sir, I do apprehend that Mr Glossin would not presume to give orders, or even an opinion, unless asked, in a matter in which Hazlewood house and the house of Hazlewood—meaning by the one

this mansion-house of my family, and by the other, typically, metaphorically, and parabolically, the family itself—I say then where the house of Hazlewood, or Hazlewood-house, were so immediately concerned”——

“ I presume, however, sir, he approved of the proposal ?”

“ Sir, I thought it decent and right and proper to consult him as the nearest magistrate, as soon as report of the intended outrage reached my ears ; and although he declined, out of deference and respect, as became our relative situations, to concur in the order, yet he did entirely approve of my arrangement.”

At this moment a horse’s feet were heard coming very fast up the avenue. In a few minutes the door opened, and Mr Mac-Morlan presented himself. “ I am under great concern to intrude, Sir Robert, but”——

“ Give me leave, Mr Mac-Morlan,—this is no intrusion, sir ; for your situation as sheriff-substitute calling upon you to attend to the peace of the county, (and, doubtless, feeling yourself particularly called upon to protect Hazlewood-house,) you have an acknowledged, and admitted, and undeniable right, sir, to enter the house of the first gentleman in Scotland, uninvited—always presuming you to be called there by the duty of your office.”

“ It is indeed the duty of my office,” said Mac-

Morlan, who waited with impatience an opportunity to speak, "that makes me an intruder."

"No intrusion!" reiterated the Baronet, gracefully waving his hand.

"But permit me to say, Sir Robert, I do not come with the purpose of remaining here, but to recall these soldiers to Portanferry, and to assure you that I will answer for the safety of your house."

"To withdraw the guard from Hazlewood-house?—and *you* will be answerable for it! And, pray, who are you, sir, that I should take your security, and caution, and pledge, official or personal, for the safety of Hazlewood-house?—I think, sir, and believe, sir, and am of opinion, sir, that if any one of these family pictures were deranged, or destroyed, or injured, it would be difficult for me to make up the loss upon the guarantee which *you* so obligingly offer me."

"In that case I shall be sorry for it, Sir Robert; but I presume I may escape the pain of feeling my conduct the cause of such irreparable loss, as I can assure you there will be no attempt upon Hazlewood-house whatever, and I have received information which induces me to suspect that the rumour was put afloat merely in order to occasion the removal of the soldiers from Portanferry. And under this strong belief and conviction, I must exert my authority to order the whole, or greater part of them, back again. I regret much, that by my ac-

cidental absence, a good deal of delay has already taken place, and we shall not now reach Portanferry until it is late."

As Mr Mac-Morlan was the superior magistrate, and expressed himself peremptory in the purpose of acting as such, the Baronet, though highly offended, could only say, "Very well, sir, it is very well. Nay, sir, take them all with you—I am far from desiring any to be left here, sir. We, sir, can protect ourselves, sir. But you will have the goodness to observe, sir, that you are acting on your own proper risque, sir, and peril, sir, and responsibility, sir, if anything shall happen or befall to Hazlewood-house, sir, or the inhabitants, sir, or to the furniture and paintings, sir."

"I am acting to the best of my judgment and information, Sir Robert, and I must pray of you to believe so, and to pardon me accordingly. I beg you to observe it is no time for ceremony—it is already very late."

But Sir Robert, without deigning to listen to his apologies, immediately employed himself in arming and arraying his domestics. Charles Hazlewood longed to accompany the military, which were about to depart for Portanferry, and which were now drawn up and mounted by direction and under the guidance of Mr Mac-Morlan, as the civil magistrate. But it would have given pain and offence to his father to have left him at a mo-

ment when he conceived himself beset with enemies. Young Hazlewood therefore gazed from a window with suppressed regret and displeasure, until he heard the officer give the word of command—"From the right to the front, by files, m-a-rch. Leading file, to the right wheel—Trot."—The whole party then getting into a sharp and uniform pace, were soon lost among the trees, and the noise of their hoofs died speedily away in the distance.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Wi' coulters and wi' forehammers
We garr'd the bars bang merrily,
Until we came to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

Old Border Ballad.

WE return to Portanferry, and to Bertram and his honest-hearted friend, most innocent inhabitants of a place built for the guilty. The slumbers of the farmer were as sound as it was possible. But Bertram's first heavy sleep passed away long before midnight, nor could he again recover that state of oblivion. Added to the uncertain and uncomfortable state of his mind, his body felt feverish and oppressed. This was chiefly owing to the close and confined air of the small apartment in which they slept. After enduring for some time the broiling and suffocating feeling attendant upon such an atmosphere, he rose to endeavour to open the window of the apartment, and thus to procure a change of air. Alas ! the first trial reminded him that he was in jail, and that the building being contrived

for security, not comfort, the means of procuring fresh air were not left at the disposal of the wretched inhabitants. Disappointed in this attempt, he stood by the unmanageable window for some time. Little Wasp, though oppressed with the fatigue of his journey on the preceding day, crept out of bed after his master, and stood by him rubbing his shaggy coat against his legs, and expressing, by a murmuring sound, the delight which he felt at being restored to him. Thus accompanied, and waiting until the feverish feeling which at present agitated his blood should subside into a desire for warmth and slumber, Bertram remained for some time looking out upon the sea. The tide was now nearly full, and dashed hoarse and near below the base of the building. Now and then a large wave reached even the barrier or bulwark which defended the foundation of the house, and was flung upon it with greater force and noise than those which only broke upon the sand. Far at distance, under the indistinct light of a hazy and often over-clouded moon, the ocean rolled its multitudinous complication of waves, crossing, bursting, and mingling with each other. "A wild and dim spectacle," said Bertram to himself, "like those crossing tides of fate which have tossed me about the world from my infancy upwards. When will this uncertainty cease, and how soon shall I be permitted to look out for a tranquil home, where I may cultivate in

quiet, and without dread and perplexity, those arts of peace from which my cares have been hitherto so forcibly diverted? The ear of Fancy, it is said, can discover the voice of sea-nymphs and tritons amid the bursting murmurs of the ocean; would that I could do so, and that some syren or Proteus would arise from these billows to unriddle for me the strange maze of fate in which I am so deeply entangled!—Happy friend!" he said, looking at the bed where Dinmont had deposited his bulky person, "thy cares are confined to the narrow round of a healthy and thriving occupation! Thou canst lay them aside at pleasure, and enjoy the deep repose of body and mind which wholesome labour has prepared for thee!"

At this moment his reflections were broken by little Wasp, who, attempting to spring up against the window, began to yelp and bark most furiously. The sounds reached Dinmont's ears, but without dissipating the illusion which had transported him from this wretched apartment to the free air of his own green hills. "Hoy, Yarrow, man—far yaud—far yaud," he muttered between his teeth, imagining, doubtless, that he was calling to his sheep-dog. The continued barking of the terrier within was answered by the angry challenge of the mastiff in the court-yard, which had for a long time been silent, excepting only an occasional short and deep note, uttered when the moon shone suddenly

from among the clouds. Now, his clamour was continued and furious, and seemed to be excited by some disturbance distinct from the barking of Wasp, which had first given him the alarm, and which, with much trouble, his master had contrived to still into an angry note of low growling. At last Bertram, whose attention was now fully awakened, conceived that he saw a boat upon the sea, and heard in good earnest the sound of oars and of human voices, mingling with the dash of the billows. "Some benighted fishermen," he thought, "or perhaps some of the desperate traders from the Isle of Man. They are very hardy, however, to approach so near to the Custom-house, where there must be centinels. It is a large boat, like a long-boat, and full of people; perhaps it belongs to the revenue service." Bertram was confirmed in this last opinion, by observing that the boat made for a little quay which ran into the sea behind the custom-house, and, jumping ashore one after another, the crew, to the number of twenty hands, glided secretly up a small lane which divided the Custom-house from the Bridewell, and disappeared from his sight, leaving only two persons to take care of the boat.

The dash of these men's oars at first, and latterly the suppressed sounds of their voices, had excited the wrath of the wakeful centinel in the courtyard, who now exalted his deep voice into such a

horrid and continuous din, that it awakened his brute master, as savage a ban-dog as himself. His cry from a window, of “How now, Tearum, what’s the matter, sir?—down, d—n ye, down!” produced no abatement of Tearum’s vociferation, which in part prevented his master from hearing the sounds of alarm which his ferocious vigilance was in the act of challenging. But the mate of the two-legged Cérberus was gifted with sharper ears than her husband. She also was now at the window; “B—t ye, gae down and let loose the dog,” she said, “they’re sporting the door of the Custom-house, and the auld sap at Hazlewood-house has ordered off the guard. But ye hae nae mair heart than a cat.” And down the Amazon sallied to perform the task herself, while her help-mate, more jealous of insurrection within doors, than of storm from without, went from cell to cell to see that the inhabitants of each were carefully secured.

These latter sounds, with which we have made the reader acquainted, had their origin in front of the house, and were consequently imperfectly heard by Bertram, whose apartment, as we have already noticed, looked from the back part of the building upon the sea. He heard, however, a stir and tumult in the house, which did not seem to accord with the stern seclusion of a prison at the hour of midnight, and could not but suppose that something extraordinary was about to take place. In

this belief he shook Dinmont by the shoulder—
“Eh!—Ay!—Oh!—Ailie, woman, it's no time to get up yet,” groaned the sleeping man of the mountains. More roughly shaken, however, he gathered himself up, shook his ears, and asked, “In the name of Providence, what's the matter?”

“That I can't tell you,” replied Bertram; “but either the place is on fire, or some extraordinary thing is about to happen. Do you hear what a noise there is of clashing doors within the house, and of hoarse voices, murmurs, and distant shouts on the outside? Upon my word, I believe something very extraordinary has taken place—Get up, for the love of Heaven, and let us be on our guard.”

Dinmont rose at the idea of danger, as intrepid and undismayed as any of his ancestors when the beacon-light was kindled. “Odd, Captain, this is a queer place! they winna let ye out in the day, and they winna let ye sleep in the night. Deil, but it wad break my heart in a fortnight. But, Lordsake, what a rackit they're making now!—Odd, I wish we had some light—Wasp—Wasp, whisht, hinny—whisht, my bonnie man, and let's hear what they're doing.—Deil's in ye, will ye whisht?”—They sought in vain among the embers the means of lighting their candle, and the noise without still continued. Dinmont in his turn had recourse to the window—“Lordsake, Captain!

come here.—Odd, they hae broken the Custom-house !”

Bertram hastened to the window, and plainly saw a miscellaneous crowd of smugglers, and blackguards of different descriptions, some carrying lighted torches, others bearing packages and barrels down the lane to the boat that was lying at the quay, to which two or three other fisher-boats were now brought round. They were loading each of these in their turn, and one or two had already put off to seaward. “ This speaks for itself,” said Bertram ; “ but I fear something worse has happened. Do you feel a strong smell of smoke, or is it my fancy ?”

“ Fancy ?” answered Dinmont, “ there’s a reek like a killogie. Odd, if they burn the Custom-house, it will catch here, and we’ll lunt like a tar-barrel a’ thegither.—Eh ! it wad be fearsome to be burnt alive for naething, like as if ane had been a warlock ! Mac-Guffog, hear ye !”—roaring at the top of his voice, “ an ye wad ever hae a hail bane in your skin, let’s out, man ! let out !”

The fire began now to rise high, and thick clouds of smoke rolled past the window, at which Bertram and Dinmont were stationed. Sometimes, as the wind pleased, the dim shroud of vapour hid every thing from their sight ; sometimes a red glare illuminated both land and sea, and shone full on the stern and fierce figures, who, wild

with ferocious activity, were engaged in loading the boats. The fire was at length triumphant, and spouted in jets of flame out at each window of the burning building, while huge flakes of flaming materials came driving on the wind against the adjoining prison, and rolling a dark canopy of smoke over all the neighbourhood. The shouts of a furious mob resounded far and wide ; for the smugglers, in their triumph, were joined by all the rabble of the little town and neighbourhood, now aroused, and in complete agitation, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour.

Bertram began to be seriously uneasy for their fate. There was no stir in the house ; it seemed as if the jailor had deserted his charge, and left the prison with its wretched inhabitants to the mercy of the conflagration which was spreading towards them. In the meantime a new and fierce attack was heard upon the outer gate of the Correction-house, which, battered with sledge-hammers and crows, was soon forced. The keeper and his wife had fled ; their servants readily surrendered the keys. The liberated prisoners, celebrating their deliverance with the wildest yells of joy, mingled among the mob which had given them freedom. In the midst of the confusion that ensued, three or four of the principal smugglers hurried to the apartment of Bertram with lighted torches, and armed with cutlasses and pistols.—

“Der deyvil,” said the leader, “here’s our mark !” and two of them seized on Bertram ; but one whispered in his ear, “Make no resistance till you are in the street.” The same individual found an instant to say to Dinmont—“Follow your friend, and help when you see the time come.”

In the hurry of the moment, Dinmont obeyed and followed close. The two smugglers dragged Bertram along the passage, down stairs, through the court-yard, now illuminated by the glare of fire, and into the narrow street to which the gate opened, where, in the confusion, the gang were necessarily in some degree separated from each other. A rapid noise, as of a body of horse advancing, seemed to add to the disturbance. “Hagel and wetter, what is that ?” said the leader ; “keep together, kinder, look to the prisoner.”—But in spite of his charge, the two who held Bertram were the last of the party.

The sounds and signs of violence were heard in front. The press became furiously agitated, while some endeavoured to defend themselves, others to escape ; shots were fired, and the glittering broadswords began to appear flashing above the heads of the rioters. “Now,” said the warning voice, “shake off that fellow, and follow me.”

Bertram, exerting his strength suddenly and effectually, easily burst from the grasp of the man who held his collar on the right side. The fellow

attempted to draw a pistol, but was prostrated by a blow of Dinmont's fist, which an ox could hardly have received without the same humiliation. "Follow me quick," said the friendly partizan, and dived through a very narrow and dirty lane which led from the street.

No pursuit took place. The attention of the smugglers was otherwise and very disagreeably engaged by the sudden appearance of Mac-Morlan and the party of horse. This indeed would have happened in time sufficient to have prevented the attempt, had not the magistrate received upon the road some false information, which led him to think that the smugglers were to be landed at the Bay of Ellangowan. Nearly two hours were lost in consequence of this false intelligence, which it may be no lack of charity to suppose that Glossin, so deeply interested in the issue of that night's daring attempt, had contrived to throw in Mac-Morlan's way, availing himself of the knowledge that the soldiers had left Hazlewood-house, which would soon reach an ear so anxious as his.

In the mean time, Bertram followed his guide, and was in his turn followed by Dinmont. The shouts of the mob, the trampling of the horses, the dropping pistol-shots, sunk more and more faintly upon their ears; when at the end of this lane they found a post-chaise with four horses. "Are you

here, in God's name?" said the guide to the postillion who drove the leaders.

"Ay, troth am I, and I wish I were ony gate else."

"Open the carriage then—you gentlemen get into it—in a short time you'll be in a place of safety—and (to Bertram) remember your promise to the gypsy wife!"

Bertram, resolving to be passive in the hands of a person who had just rendered him such a distinguished piece of service, got into the chaise as directed. Dinmont followed; Wasp, who had kept close by them, sprung in at the same time, and the carriage drove off very fast. "Have a care o' me," said Dinmont, "but this is the queerest thing yet!—Odd, I trust they'll no coup us—and then what's to come o' Duple?—I would rather be on his back than in the Dewke's coach, God bless him."

Bertram observed, that they could not go at that rapid rate to any very great distance without changing horses, and that they might insist upon remaining till day-light at the first inn they stopped at, or at least upon being made acquainted with the purpose and termination of their journey, and Mr Dinmont might there give directions about his faithful horse.—"Aweel, aweel, e'en sae be it for Dandie.—Odd, if we were ance out o' this trindling kist o' a thing, I am thinking they wad find

it hard wark to gar us gang ony gate but where we liked oursells."

While he thus spoke, the carriage making a sudden turn, showed them, through the left window, the village at some distance, but still widely beaconsed by the fire, which, having reached a storehouse wherein spirits were deposited, now rose high into the air, a wavering column of brilliant light. They had not long time to admire this spectacle, for another turn upon the road carried them into a close lane between plantations, through which the chaise proceeded in nearly total darkness, but with unabated speed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better.

Tam o' Shanter.

WE must now return to Woodbourne, which, it may be remembered, we left just after the Colonel had given some directions to his confidential servant. When he returned, his absence of mind, and an unusual expression of thought and anxiety upon his features, struck the ladies whom he joined in the drawing-room. Mannering was not, however, a man to be questioned, even by those whom he most loved, upon the cause of the mental agitation which these signs expressed. The hour of tea arrived, and the party were partaking of that refreshment in silence, when a carriage drove up to the door, and the bell announced the arrival of a visitor. "Surely," said Mannering, "it is too soon by some hours."—

There was a short pause, when Barnes, opening the door of the saloon, announced Mr Pleydell. In marched the lawyer, whose well-brushed black

coat, and well-powdered wig, together with his point ruffles, brown silk stockings, highly varnished shoes, and gold buckles, exhibited the pains which the old gentleman had taken to prepare his person for the ladies' society. He was welcomed by Mannering with a hearty shake by the hand. "The very man I wished to see at this moment!"

"Yes, I told you I would take the first opportunity; so I have ventured to leave the Court for a week in session time—no common sacrifice—but I had a notion I could be useful, and I was to attend a proof here about the same time. But will you not introduce me to the young ladies?—Ah! there is one I should have known at once, from her family likeness! Miss Lucy Bertram, my love, I am most happy to see you."—And he folded her in his arms, and gave her a hearty kiss on each side of the face, to which Lucy submitted in blushing resignation.—"*On n' arrete pas dans un si beau chemin,*" continued the gay old gentleman, and, as the Colonel presented him to Julia, took the same liberty with that fair lady's cheek. Julia laughed, coloured, and disengaged herself. "I beg a thousand pardons," said the lawyer, with a bow which was not at all professionally awkward; "age and old fashions give privileges, and I can hardly say whether I am most sorry just now at being too well entitled to claim them at all, or happy in having such an opportunity to exercise them so agreeably."

“ Upon my word, sir,” said Miss Mannering, laughing, “ if you make such flattering apologies, we shall begin to doubt whether we can admit you to shelter yourself under your alleged qualifications.”

“ I can assure you, Julia,” said the Colonel, “ you are perfectly right ; my friend the counselor is a dangerous person ; the last time I had the pleasure of seeing him, he ~~was~~ closetted with a fair lady, who had granted him a *tete-a-tete* at eight in the morning.”

“ Ay, but, Colonel, you should add, I was more indebted to my chocolate than my charms for so distinguished a favour, from a person of such propriety of demeanour as Mrs Rebecca.”

“ And that should remind me, Mr Pleydell,” said Julia, “ to offer you tea—that is, supposing you have dined.”

“ Any thing, Miss Mannering, from your hands—yes, I have dined—that is to say, as people dine at a Scotch inn.”

“ And that is indifferently enough,” said the Colonel, with his hand upon the bell-handle ; “ give me leave to order something.”

“ Why, to say truth, I had rather not ; I have been enquiring into that matter, for you must know I stopped an instant below to pull off my boot-hose, ‘ a world too wide for my shrunk shanks,’ ”

glancing down with some complacency upon limbs which looked very well for his time of life, "and I had some conversation with your Barnes, and a very intelligent person whom I presume to be the housekeeper; and it was settled among us—*tota re perspecta*—I beg Miss Mannering's pardon for my Latin—that the old lady should add to your light family-supper the more substantial refreshment of a brace of wild-ducks. I told her (always under deep submission) my poor thoughts about the sauce, and, if you please, I would rather wait till they are ready before eating anything solid."

"And we will anticipate our usual hour of supper," said the Colonel.

"With all my heart," said Pleydell, "providing I don't lose the ladies' company a moment the sooner. I am of counsel with my old friend B——; I love the *cæna*, the supper of the ancients, the pleasant meal and social glass that washes out of one's mind the cobwebs that business or gloom have been spinning in our brains all day."

The vivacity of Mr Pleydell's look and manner, and the quietness with which he put himself at home upon the subject of his little epicurean comforts, amused the ladies, but particularly Miss Mannering, who immediately gave the counsellor a great deal of flattering attention; and more pretty things were said upon both sides during the

“ You will laugh at me if I own I did.”

“ Who, I?—no, truly, I think it was the wisest thing you could do.”

“ Yes, and the worst is paying the chaise-hire—I sent a post-chaise and four from Kippletringan, with instructions corresponding to the letter—the horses will have a long and cold station upon the out-post to-night if our intelligence be false.”

“ O, but I think it will prove otherwise. This woman has played a part till she believes it; or, if she be a thorough-paced impostor, without a single grain of self-delusion to qualify her knavery, still she may think herself bound to act in character—this I know, that I could get nothing out of her by the common modes of interrogation, and the wisest thing we can do is to give her an opportunity of making the discovery her own way. And now have you more to say, or shall we go to the ladies?”

“ Why, my mind is uncommonly agitated, and—but I really have no more to say—only I shall count the minutes till the carriage returns; but you cannot be expected to be so anxious.”

“ Why, no—use is all in all—I am much interested certainly, but I think I shall be able to survive the interval, if the ladies will afford us some music.”

“ And with the assistance of the wild-ducks by and bye?”

“ True, Colonel ; a lawyer’s anxiety about the fate of the most interesting cause has seldom spoiled either his sleep or digestion. And yet I shall be very eager to hear the rattle of these wheels on their return, notwithstanding.”

So saying, he rose and led the way into the next room, where Miss Mannering, at his request, took her seat at the harpsichord. Lucy Bertram, who sung her native melodies very sweetly, was accompanied by her friend upon the instrument, and Julia afterwards performed some of Corelli’s sonatas with great brilliancy. The old lawyer, scraping a little upon the violoncello, and being a member of the gentlemen’s concert in Edinburgh, was so greatly delighted with this mode of spending the evening, that I doubt if he once thought of the wild ducks until Barnes informed the company that supper was ready.

“ Tell Mrs Allan to have something in readiness,” said the Colonel—“ I expect—that is, I hope—perhaps some person may be here to-night ; and let the men sit up, and do not lock the upper gate on the lawn until I desire you.”

“ Lord, sir,” said Julia, “ whom can you possibly expect to-night ?”

“ Why, some persons, strangers to me, talked of calling in the evening about business—it is quite uncertain.”

“ Well, we shall not pardon them disturbing our party, unless they bring as much good humour, and as susceptible hearts, as my friend and admirer, for so he has dubbed himself, Mr Pleydell.”

“ Ah, Miss Julia,” said Pleydell, offering his arm with an air of gallantry to conduct her into the eating-room, “ the time has been—when I returned from Utrecht in the year 1738”——

“ Pray don’t talk of it—we like you much better as you are—Utrecht, in heaven’s name!—I dare say you have spent all the intervening years in getting rid so completely of the effects of your Dutch education.”

“ O forgive me, Miss Mannering ; the Dutch are a much more accomplished people in point of gallantry than their volatile neighbours are willing to admit. They are constant as clock-work in their attentions.”

“ I should tire of that.”

“ Imperturbable in their good temper.”

“ Worse and worse.”

“ And then, although for six times three-hundred and sixty-five days, your swain has placed the capuchin round your neck, and the stove under your feet, and driven your little cabriole upon the ice in winter, and through the dust in summer, you may dismiss him at once, without reason or apology, upon the two thousand one hundred and ninetieth day, which, according to my hasty calcu-

lation, and without reckoning leap-years, will complete the cycle of the supposed adoration, and that without your amiable feelings having the slightest occasion to be alarmed for the consequences to those of Mynheer."

"Well, that last is truly a Dutch recommendation, Mr Pleydell—glasses and hearts would lose all their merit in the world, if it were not for their fragility."

"Why, as to that, Miss Mannering, it is as difficult to find a heart that will break, as a glass that will not; and for that reason I would press the value of mine own—were it not that I see Mr Sampson's eyes have been closed, and his hands clasped for some time, attending the end of our conference to begin the ~~grace~~—And, to say the truth, the appearance of the wild-ducks is very appetizing." So saying, the worthy counsellor sat himself to table, and laid aside his gallantry for a while, to do honour to the good things placed before him. Nothing further is recorded of him for some time, excepting an observation that the ducks were roasted to a single turn, and that Mrs Allan's sauce was beyond praise.

"I see," said Miss Mannering, "I have a formidable rival in Mr Pleydell's favour, even on the very first night of his avowed admiration."

"Pardon me, my fair lady, your avowed rigour alone has induced me to commit the solecism

of eating a good supper in your presence ; how shall I support your frowns without reinforcing my strength ? Upon the same principle, and no other, I will ask permission to drink wine with you."

" This is the fashion of Utrecht also, I suppose, Mr Pleydell ?"

" Forgive me, madam ; the French themselves, the patterns of all that is gallant, term their tavern-keepers *restaurateurs*, alluding, doubtless, to the relief they afford the disconsolate lover, when bowed down to the earth by his mistress's severity. My own case requires so much relief, that I must trouble you for that other wing, Mr Sampson, without prejudice to my afterwards applying to Miss Bertram for a tart ;—be pleased to tear the wing, sir, instead of cutting it off—Mr Barnes will assist you, Mr Sampson,—thank you, sir—and, Mr Barnes, a glass of ale if you please."

While the old gentleman, pleased with Miss Mannering's liveliness and attention, rattled away for her amusement and his own, the impatience of Colonel Mannering began to exceed all bounds. He declined sitting down at table, under pretence that he never eat supper ; and traversed the parlour, in which they were, with hasty and impatient steps, now throwing up the window to gaze upon the dark lawn, now listening for the remote sound of the carriage advancing up the avenue. At length, in a feeling of uncontrollable impatience,

he left the room, took his hat and cloak, and pursued his walk up the avenue, as if his so doing would hasten the approach of those whom he desired to see. "I really wish," said Miss Bertram, "Colonel Mannering would not venture out after night-fall. You must have heard, Mr Pleydell, what a cruel fright we had."

"O, with the smugglers?—they are old friends of mine. I was the means of bringing some of them to justice a long time since."

"And then the alarm we had immediately afterwards from the vengeance of one of these wretches."

"When young Hazlewood was hurt—I heard of that too."

"Imagine, my dear Mr Pleydell, how much Miss Mannering and I were alarmed, when a ruffian, equally dreadful for his great strength, and the sternness of his features, rushed out upon us!"

"You must know, Mr Pleydell," said Julia, unable to suppress her resentment at this undesigned aspersion of her admirer, "that young Hazlewood is so handsome in the eyes of the young ladies of this country, that they think every person shocking who comes near him."

"Oho!" thought Pleydell, who was by profession an observer of tones and gestures, "there's something wrong here between my young friends.—Well, Miss Mannering, I have not seen young Hazlewood since he was a boy, so the ladies may be

perfectly right; but I can assure you, in spite of your scorn, that if you want to see handsome men you must go to Holland; the prettiest fellow I ever saw was a Dutchman, in spite of his being called Vanbost, or Vanbuster, or some such barbarous name. He won't be quite so handsome now to be sure."

It was now Julia's turn to look a little out of countenance, but at that instant the Colonel entered the room. "I can hear nothing of them yet," he said; "still, however, we will not separate—Where is Dominie Sampson?"

"Here, honoured sir."

"What is that book you hold in your hand, Mr Sampson?"

"It's even the learned De Lyra, sir—I would crave his honour Mr Pleydell's judgment, always with his best leisure, to expound a disputed passage."

"I am not in the vein, Mr Sampson," answered Pleydell; "here's metal more attractive—I do not despair to engage these two young ladies in a glee or a catch, wherein I, even I myself, will adventure myself for the bass part—Hang de Lyra, man; keep him for a fitter season."

The disappointed Dominie shut his ponderous tome, much marvelling in his mind how a person, possessed of the lawyer's erudition, could give his mind to these frivolous toys. But the counsellor,

indifferent to the high character which he was trifling away, filled himself a large glass of Burgundy, and after preluding a little with a voice somewhat the worse for the wear, gave the ladies a courageous invitation to join in "We be three poor Mariners," and accomplished his own part therein with great eclat.

"Are you not withering your roses with sitting up so late, my young ladies?" said the Colonel.

"Not a bit, sir," answered Julia; "your friend, Mr Pleydell, threatens to become a pupil of Mr Sampson's to-morrow, so we must make the most of our conquest to-night."

This led to another musical trial of skill, and that to lively conversation. At length, when the solitary sound of one o'clock had long since resounded on the ebon ear of night, and the next signal of the advance of time was close approaching, Mannerling, whose impatience had long subsided into disappointment and despair, looked his watch, and said, "We must now give them up"—when at that instant—But what then befell will require a separate chapter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

- *Justice.* This does indeed confirm each circumstance
The gypsy told !—————
No orphan, nor without a friend art thou——
I am thy father, here's thy mother, there
Thy uncle——*This thy first cousin, and these*
Are all thy near relations !

. The Critic.

As Mannering replaced his watch, he heard a distant and hollow sound—"It is a carriage for certain—no, it is but the sound of the wind among the leafless trees. Do come to the window, Mr Pleydell." The counsellor, who with his large silk handkerchief in his hand was expatiating away to Julia upon some subject which he thought was interesting, obeyed however the summons, first throwing the handkerchief round his neck by way of precaution against the cold air. The sound of wheels became now very perceptible, and Pleydell, as if he had reserved all his curiosity till that moment, ran out to the hall. The Colonel rung for Barnes to desire that the persons who came in the carriage might be shown into a separate room, being alto-

gether uncertain whom it might contain. It stopped however at the door, before his purpose could be fully explained. A moment after, Mr Pleydell called out, "Here's our Liddesdale friend, I protest, with a strapping young fellow of the same calibre." His voice arrested Dinmont, who recognized him with equal surprise and pleasure. "Odd, if it's your honour, we'll a' be as right and tight as thack and rape can make us."

But while the farmer stopped to make his bow, Bertram, dazzled with the sudden glare of light, and bewildered with the circumstances of his situation, almost unconsciously entered the open door of the parlour, and confronted the Colonel, who was just advancing towards it. The strong light of the apartment left no doubt of his identity, and he himself was equally confounded with the appearance of those to whom he so unexpectedly presented himself, as they were by the sight of so utterly unlooked-for an object. It must be remembered that each individual present had their own peculiar reasons for looking with terror upon what seemed at first sight a spectral apparition. Mannering saw before him the man whom he supposed he had killed in India; Julia beheld her lover in a most peculiar and hazardous situation; and Lucy Bertram at once knew the person who had fired upon young Hazlewood. Bertram, who interpreted the

fixed and motionless astonishment of the Colonel into displeasure at his intrusion, hastened to say that it was involuntary, since he had been hurried hither without even knowing whither he was to be transported.

“ Mr Brown, I believe !” said Colonel Manner-
ing.

“ Yes, sir, the same you knew in India ; and who ventures to hope, that what you did then know of him is not such as should prevent his requesting you would favour him with your attestation to his character, as a gentleman and man of honour.”

“ Mr Brown—I have been seldom—never—so much surprised—certainly, sir, in what passed between us, you have a right to command my testimony.”

At this critical moment entered the Counsellor and Dinmont. The former beheld, to his astonishment, the Colonel but just recovering from his first surprise, Lucy Bertram ready to faint with terror, and Miss Mannerling in an agony of doubt and apprehension, which she in vain endeavoured to disguise or suppress. “ What is the meaning of all this ?” said he ; “ has this young fellow brought the Gorgon’s head in his hand ?—let me look at him.—By heaven !” he muttered to himself, “ the very image of old Ellangowan !—the witch has kept her word.” Then instantly passing

to Miss Bertram, "Look at that man, Lucy, my dear; have you never seen any one like him?"

Lucy had only ventured one glance at this object of terror, which, from his remarkable height and appearance, at once recognized the supposed assassin of young Hazlewood, and excluded, of course, the more favourable association of ideas which might have occurred on a closer view.—
"Don't ask me about him, sir; send him away, for heaven's sake! we shall all be murdered!"

"Murdered! where's the poker?" said the advocate in some alarm; "but nonsense! we are three men besides the servants, and there is honest Liddesdale worth half-a-dozen to boot—we have the *major vis* upon our side—however, here, my friend Dandie—Davie—what do they call you?—keep between that fellow and us for the protection of the ladies."

"Lord! Mr Pleydell, that's Captain Brown; d'ye no ken the Captain?"

"Nay, if he's a friend of your's we may be safe enough; but keep near him."

All this passed with such rapidity, that it was over before the Dominie had recovered himself from a fit of absence, shut the book which he had been studying in a corner, and advancing to obtain a sight of the strangers, exclaimed at once upon beholding Bertram, "If the grave can give

up the dead, that is my dear and honoured master !”

“ We’re right after all, by Heaven ! I was sure I was right,” said the lawyer ; “ he is the very image of his father.—Come, Colonel, what do you think of, that you do not bid your guest welcome ? I think—I believe—I trust we’re right—never saw such a likeness—but patience—Dominie, say not a word.—Sit down, young gentleman.”

“ I beg pardon, sir ; if I am, as I understand, in Colonel Mannering’s house, I should wish first to know if my accidental appearance here gives offence, or if I am welcome ?”

Mannering instantly made an effort. “ Welcome ? most certainly, especially if you can point out how I can serve you. I believe I may have some wrongs to repair towards you—I have often suspected so ; but your sudden and unexpected appearance, connected with painful recollections, prevented my saying at first, as I now say, that whatever has procured me the honour of this visit, it is an acceptable one.”

Bertram bowed with an air of distant, yet civil acknowledgment, to the grave courtesy of Mannering.

“ Julia, my love, you had better retire. Mr Brown, you will excuse my daughter ; there are circumstances which I perceive rush upon her recollection.”

Miss Mannering rose and retired accordingly ; yet, as she passed Bertram, could not suppress the words, “ Infatuated ! a second time ! ” but so pronounced as to be heard by him alone. Miss Bertram accompanied her friend, much surprised, but without venturing a second glance at the object of her terror. Some mistake she saw there was, and was unwilling to increase it by denouncing the stranger as an assassin. He was known, she saw, to the Colonel, and received as a gentleman ; certainly he either was not the person, or Hazlewood was right in supposing the shot accidental.

The remaining part of the company would have formed no bad group for a skilful painter. Each was too much embarrassed with his own sensations to observe those of the others. Bertram most unexpectedly found himself in the house of one, whom he was alternately disposed to dislike as his personal enemy, and to respect as the father of Julia ; Mannering was struggling between his high sense of courtesy and hospitality, his joy at finding himself relieved from the guilt of having shed life in a private quarrel, and the former feelings of dislike and prejudice, which revived in his haughty mind at the sight of the object against whom he had entertained them ; Sampson, supporting his shaking limbs by leaning on the back of a chair, fixed his eyes upon Bertram, with a staring expression of

nervous anxiety which convulsed his whole visage ; Dinmont, clothed in his loose shaggy great-coat, and resembling a huge bear erect upon his hinder legs, stared on the whole scene with great round eyes that witnessed his amazement.

The counsellor alone was in his element, shrewd, prompt, and active ; he already calculated the prospect of brilliant success in a strange, eventful, and mysterious law-suit, and no young monarch, flushed with hopes, and at the head of a gallant army, could experience more glee when taking the field on his first campaign. He bustled about with great energy, and took the arrangement of the whole explanation upon himself. “ Come, come, gentlemen, sit down ; this is all in my province : you must let me arrange it for you. Sit down, my dear Colonel, and let me manage ; sit down, Mr Brown, *aut quocunque alio nomine vocaris*—Dominie, take your seat—draw in your chair, honest Liddesdale.”

“ I dinna ken, Mr Pleydell,” said Dinmont, looking at his dreadnought-coat, then at the handsome furniture of the room, “ I had maybe better gang some gate else, and leave ye till your cracks—I’m no just that weel put on.”

The Colonel, who by this time recognized Dandie, immediately went up and bid him heartily welcome ; assuring him, that from what he had

seen of him in Edinburgh, he was sure his rough coat and thick-soled boots would honour a royal drawing-room.

“Na, na, Colonel, we’re just plain up-the-country folk ; but nae doubt I would fain hear o’ ony pleasure that was gaun to happen the Captain, and I’m sure a’ will gae right if Mr Pleydell will take his bit job in hand.”

“You’re right, Dandie—spoke like a Hieland oracle—and now be silent.—Well, you are all seated at last ; take a glass of wine till I begin my catechism methodically. And now,” turning to Bertram, “my dear boy, do you know who or what you are?”

In spite of his perplexity, the catechumen could not help laughing at this commencement, and answered, “Indeed, sir, I formerly thought I did ; but I own late circumstances have made me somewhat uncertain.”

“Then tell us what you formerly thought yourself.”

“Why, I was in the habit of thinking and calling myself Vanbeest Brown, who served as a cadet or volunteer under Colonel Mannering, when he commanded the —— regiment, in which capacity I was not unknown to him.”

“There,” said the Colonel, “I can assure Mr Brown of his identity ; and add, what his modesty

may have forgotten, that he was distinguished as a young man of talent and spirit."

"So much the better, my dear sir; but that is to general character—Mr Brown must tell us where he was born."

"In Scotland, I believe, but the place uncertain."

"Where educated?"

"In Holland, certainly."

"Do you remember nothing of your early life before you left Scotland?"

"Very imperfectly; yet I have a strong idea, perhaps more deeply impressed upon me by subsequent hard usage, that I was during my childhood the object of much solicitude and affection. I have an indistinct remembrance of a good-looking man whom I used to call papa, and of a lady who was infirm in health, and who, I think, must have been my mother; but it is an imperfect and confused recollection—I remember too a tall thin man in black, who used to teach me my letters and walk out with me; and I think the very last time"——

Here the Dominie could contain no longer. While every succeeding word served to prove that the child of his benefactor stood before him, he had struggled with the utmost difficulty to suppress his emotions; but, when the juvenile recollections of Bertram turned towards his tutor and his precepts, he was compelled to give way to his feelings. He

rose hastily from his chair, and with clasped hands, trembling limbs, and streaming eyes, called out aloud, " Harry Bertram !—look at me—was I not the man ?"

" Yes !" said Bertram, starting from his seat as if a sudden light had burst in upon his mind,—
" Yes—that was my name !—and that is the voice and the figure of my kind old master !"

The Dominie threw himself into his arms, pressed him a thousand times to his bosom in convulsions of transport, which shook his whole frame, sobbed hysterically, and, at length, in the emphatic language of scripture, lifted up his voice and wept aloud. Colonel Mannering had recourse to his handkerchief ; Pleydell made wry faces, and, wiped the glasses of his spectacles ; and honest Dinmont, after two loud blubbering explosions, exclaimed, " De'il's in the man ! he's garr'd me do that I haena done since my auld mither died."

" Come, come," said the counsellor at last, " silence in the court.—We have a clever party to contend with, we must lose no time in gathering our information—for any thing I know, there may be something to be done before day-break."

" I will order a horse to be saddled, if you please," said the Colonel.

" No, no, time enough—time enough—but come, Dominie, I have allowed you a competent space to

~~express your feelings.~~ I must circumduce the term—you must let me proceed in my examination.”

The Dominie was habitually obedient to any one who chose to impose commands upon him ; he sunk back into his chair, spread his chequered handkerchief over his face, to serve, as I suppose, for the Grecian painter's veil, and, from the action of his folded hands, appeared for a time engaged in the act of mental thanksgiving. He then raised his eyes over the screen, as if to be assured that the pleasing apparition had not melted into air—then again sunk them to resume his internal act of devotion, until he felt himself compelled to give attention to the counsellor, from the interest which his questions excited.

“ And now,” said Mr Pleydell, after several minute enquiries concerning his recollection of early events—“ And now, Mr Bertram, for I think we ought in future to call you by your own proper name, will you have the goodness to let us know every particular which you can recollect concerning the mode of your leaving Scotland ?”

“ Indeed, sir, to say the truth, though the terrible outlines of that day are strongly impressed upon my memory, yet somehow the very terror which fixed them there has in a great measure confounded and confused the details. I recollect, however, that I was walking somewhere or other—in a wood, I think”——

“ O yes, it was in Warroch-wood, my dear,” said the Dominie.

“ Hush, Mr Sampson,” said the lawyer.

“ Yes, it was in a wood—and some one was with me—this kind-hearted gentleman, I think.”

“ O, ay, ay, Harry, Lord bless thee—it was even I myself.”

“ Be silent, Dominie, and don’t interrupt the evidence,” said Pleydell ;—“ And so, sir ?” to Bertram.

“ And so, sir, like one of the changes of a dream, I thought I was on horseback before my guide.”

“ No, no,” exclaimed Sampson, “ never did I put my own limbs, not to say thine, into such peril.”

“ On my word this is intolerable !—Look ye, Dominie, if you speak another word till I give you leave, I will read three sentences out of the Black Acts, whisk my cane round my head three times, undo all the magic of this night’s work, and conjure Harry Bertram back again into Vanbeece Brown.”

“ Honoured and worthy sir, I humbly crave pardon—it was but *verbum volans*.”

“ Well, *volens volens*, you must hold your tongue.”

“ Pray, be silent, Mr Sampson,” said the Colonel ; “ it is of great consequence to your recovered

friend, that you permit Mr Pleydell to proceed in his enquiries."

"I am mute," said the rebuked Dominie.

"On a sudden," continued Brown, "two or three men sprung out upon us, and we were pulled from horseback. I have little recollection of anything else, but that I tried to escape in the midst of a desperate scuffle, and fell into the arms of a very tall woman who started from the bushes, and protected me for some time—the rest is all confusion and dread—a dim recollection of a sea-beach, and a cave, and of some strong potion which lulled me to sleep for a length of time. In short, it is all a blank in my memory, until I recollect myself first an ill-used and half-starved cabin-boy aboard a sloop, and then a school-boy in Holland under the protection of an old merchant, who had taken some fancy for me."

"And what account did your guardian give of your parentage?"

"A very brief one, and a charge to enquire no farther. I was given to understand, that my father was concerned in the smuggling trade carried on on the eastern coast of Scotland, and was killed in a skirmish with the revenue officers; that his correspondents in Holland had a vessel on the coast at the time, part of the crew of which were engaged in the affair, and brought me off after it was over, from a motive of compassion, as I was

left destitute by my father's death. As I grew older there was much of this story seemed inconsistent with my own recollections, but what could I do? I had no means of ascertaining my doubts, nor a single friend with whom I could communicate or canvass them. The rest of my story is known to Colonel Mannering: I went out to India to be a clerk in a Dutch house; their affairs fell into confusion—I betook myself to the military profession, and, I trust, as yet I have not disgraced it.”

“Thou art a fine young fellow, I’ll be bound for thee,” said Pleydell, “and since you have wanted a father so long, I wish from my heart I could claim the paternity myself. But this affair of young Hazlewood”——

“Was merely accidental,” said Brown. “I was travelling in Scotland for pleasure, and after a week’s residence with my friend, Mr Dinmont, with whom I had the good fortune to form an accidental acquaintance”——

“It was my gude fortune that,” said Dinmont; “odd, my brains wad hae been knockit out by twa blackguards, if it hadna been for his four quarters.”

“Shortly after we parted at the town of ——, I lost my baggage by thieves, and it was while residing at Kippletringan I accidentally met the young gentleman. As I was approaching to pay my respects to Miss Mannering, whom I had

known in India, Mr Hazlewood, conceiving my appearance none of the most respectable, commanded me rather haughtily to stand back, and so gave occasion to the fray in which I had the misfortune to be the accidental means of wounding him.— And now, sir, that I have answered all your questions”——

“ No, no, not quite all,” said Pleydell, winking sagaciously ; “ there are some interrogatories which I shall delay till to-morrow, for it is time, I believe, to close the sederunt for this night, or rather morning.”

“ Well then, sir, to vary the phrase, since I have answered all the questions which you have chosen to ask to-night, will you be so good as to tell me who you are that take such interest in my affairs, and who you take me to be, since my arrival has occasioned such commotion ?”

“ Why, sir, for myself, I am Paulus Pleydell, an advocate at the Scottish bar ; and for you, it is not easy to say distinctly who you are at present ; but I trust in a short time to hail you by the title of Henry Bertram, Esq. representative of one of the oldest families in Scotland, and heir of tailzie and provision to the estate of Ellangowan—Aye,” continued he, shutting his eyes and speaking to himself, “ we must pass over his father, and serve him heir to his grand-father Lewis, the entailer—

the only wise man of his family ~~that I ever~~ heard of."

They had ~~now~~ risen to retire to their apartments for the night, when Colonel Mannering walked up to Bertram, as he stood astonished at the counsellor's words. "I give you joy," he said, "of the prospects which fate has opened before you. I was an early friend of your father, and chanced to be in the house of Ellangowan as unexpectedly as you are now in mine, upon the very night in which you were born. I little knew this circumstance when—but I trust unkindness will be forgotten between us. Believe me, your appearance here, as Mr Brown, alive and well, has relieved me from most painful sensations; and your right to the name of an old friend renders your presence, as Mr Bertram, doubly welcome."

"And my parents?" said Bertram.

"Are both no more—and the family property has been sold, but I trust may be recovered. Whatever is wanted to make your right effectual, I shall be most happy to supply."

"Nay, you may leave all that to me," said the counsellor; "'tis my vocation, Hal, I shall make money of it."

"I'm sure it's no for the like o' me," observed Dinmont, "to speak to you gentle-folks; but if siller would help on the Captain's plea, and they say nae plea gangs on weel without it"—

“ Except on Saturday night,” said Pleydell.

“ Ay, but when your honour wadna take your fee ye wadna hae the cause neither, sae I’ll ne’er fash you on a Saturday at e’en again—but I was saying, there’s some siller in the spleuchan that’s like the Captain’s ain, for we’ve aye counted it such, baith Ailie and me.”

“ No, no, Liddesdale—no occasion, no occasion whatever—keep thy cash to stock thy farm.”

“ To stock my farm? Mr Pleydell, your honour kens mony things, but ye dinna ken the farm o’ Charlies-hope—it’s sae weel stockit already, that we sell maybe sax hundred pounds off it ilka year, flesh and fell thegither—na, na.”

“ Can’t you take another then?”

“ I dinna ken—the Dewke’s no that fond o’ led farms, and he canna bide to put away the auld tenantry; and then I wadna like, mysell, to gang about whistling and raising the rent on my neighbours.”

“ What, not upon thy neighbour at Dawston—Devilstone—how d’ye call the place?”

“ What, on Jock o’ Dawston? hout na—he’s a camsteary chield, and fasheous about marches, and we’ve had some bits o’ splores thegither; but de’il o’ me if I wad wrang Jock o’ Dawston neither.”

“ Thou’rt an honest fellow,” said the lawyer; “ get thee to bed. Thou wilt sleep sounder, I warrant thee, than many a man that throws off an

embroidered coat, and puts on a laced night-cap.—Colonel, I see you are busy with our *Enfant trouvé*. But Barnes must give me a summons of wakening at seven to-morrow morning, for my servant's a sleepy-headed fellow ; and I dare say Driver's had Clarence's fate, drowned by this time in a butt of your ale ; for Mrs Allan promised to make him comfortable, and she'll soon discover what he expects from that engagement. Good night, Colonel—good night, Dominic Sampson—good night, Dinmont the downright—good night, last of all, to the new-found representative of the Bertrams, and the Mac-Dingawaies, the Knarths, the Arths, the Godfreys, the Dennises, and the Rolands, and, last and dearest title, heir of tailzie and provision of the lands and barony of Ellangowan, under the settlement of Lewis Bertram, Esq. whose representative you are.”

And so saying, the old gentleman took his candle and left the room ; and the company dispersed after the Dominic had once more hugged and embraced his “ little Harry Bertram,” as he continued to call the young soldier of six feet high.

CHAPTER XXIX.

My imagination
Carries no favour in it but Bertram's ;
I am undone ; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. —————

All's well that ends well.

AT the hour which he had appointed the preceding evening, the indefatigable lawyer was seated by a good fire, and a pair of wax candles, with a velvet cap upon his head, and a quilted silk nightgown on his person, busy arranging his *memoranda* of proofs and indications concerning the murder of Frank Kennedy. An express had also been dispatched to Mr Mac-Morlan, requesting his attendance at Woodburne as soon as possible, upon business of importance.. Dinmont, fatigued with the events of the evening before, and finding the accommodations of Woodbourne much preferable to those of Mac-Guffog, was in no hurry to rise. The impatience of Bertram might have put him earlier in motion, but Colonel Mannering had intimated an intention to visit him in his apartment in the

morning, and he did not chuse to leave it. Before this interview he had dressed himself, Barnes having, by his master's orders, supplied him with every accommodation of linen, &c., and now anxiously waited the promised visit of his landlord.

In a short time a gentle tap announced the Colonel, with whom Bertram held a long and satisfactory conversation. Each, however, concealed from the other one circumstance. Mannering could not bring himself to acknowledge the astrological prediction; and Bertram was, for motives which may be easily conceived, silent respecting his love for Julia. In other respects, their intercourse was frank and grateful to both, and had latterly, upon the Colonel's part, even an approach to cordiality. Bertram carefully measured his own conduct by that of his host, and seemed rather to receive his offered kindness with gratitude and pleasure, than to press for it with solicitation.

Miss Bertram was in the breakfast parlour when Sampson shuffled in, his face all radiant with smiles; a circumstance so uncommon, that Lucy's first idea was, that somebody had been bantering him with an imposition, which had thrown him into this ecstacy. Having sate for some time, rolling his eyes and gaping with his mouth like the great wooden head at Merlin's exhibition, he at length began—"And what do you think of him, Miss Lucy?"

“ Think of whom, Mr Sampson ? ”

“ Of Har—no—of him that you know about ? ”

“ That I know about ? ”

“ Yes, the stranger, you know, that came last evening in the post vehicle—he who shot young Hazlewood—ha, ha, ho ! ”

“ Indeed, Mr Sampson, you have chosen a strange subject for mirth—I think nothing about the man, only I hope the outrage was accidental, and that we need not fear a repetition of it.”

“ Accidental ! ho, ho, ha ! ”

“ Really, Mr Sampson,” said Lucy, somewhat piqued, “ you are unusually gay this morning.”

“ Yes, of a surety I am ! ha, ha, ho ! face-tious—ho, ho, ha ! ”

“ So unusally facetious, my dear sir, that I would wish rather to know the meaning of your mirth, than to be amused with its effects only.”

“ You shall know it, Miss Lucy—Do you remember your brother ? ”

“ Good God ! how can you ask me ?—no one knows better than you, he was lost the very day I was born.”

“ Very true, very true,” answered the Dominie, saddening at the recollection ; “ I was strangely oblivious—ay, ay—too true—But you remember your worthy father ? ”

“ How should you doubt it, Mr Sampson ? it’s not so many weeks since”——

“ True, true—ay, too true—I will be facetious no more under these remembrances—but look at that young man !”—

Bertram at this instant entered the room. “ Yes, look at him well—he is your father’s living image ; and as God has deprived you of your dear parents—O my children, love one another !”

“ It is indeed my father’s face and form,” said Lucy, turning very pale : Bertram ran to support her—the Dominie to fetch water to throw upon her face—(which in his haste he took from the boiling tea-urn) when fortunately her colour returning rapidly, saved her from the application of this ill-judged remedy. “ I conjure you to tell me, Mr Sampson,” she said, in an interrupted, yet solemn voice, “ is this my brother ?”

“ It is—it is !—Miss Lucy, it is little Harry Bertram, as sure as God’s sun is in that Heaven !”

“ And this is my sister ?” said Bertram, giving way to all that family affection which had so long slumbered in his bosom for want of an object to expand itself upon—

“ It is—it is !—it is Miss Lucy Bertram, whom by my poor aid you will find perfect in the tongues of France, and Italy, and even of Spain—in reading and writing her vernacular tongue, and in arithmetic and book-keeping by double and single entry—I say nothing of her talents of shaping, and hemming and governing a household, which, to

give every one their due, she acquired not from me, but from the housekeeper—nor do I take merit for her performance upon stringed instruments, whereunto the instructions of an honourable young lady of virtue and modesty, and very facetious withal—Miss Julia Mannering—hath not meanly contributed—*Suum cuique tribuito.*”

“You then,” said Bertram to his sister, “are all that remains to me!—Last night, but more fully this morning, Colonel Mannering gave me an account of our family misfortunes, though without saying I should find my sister here.”

“That,” said Lucy, “he left to this gentleman to tell you, one of the kindest and most faithful of friends, who soothed my father’s long sickness, witnessed his dying moments, and amid the heaviest clouds of fortune would not desert his orphan.”

“God bless him for it!” said Bertram, shaking the Dominic’s hand, “he deserves the love with which I have always regarded even the shadow of his memory which my childhood retained.”

“And God bless you both, my dear children,” said Sampson; “if it had not been for your sake, I would have been contented (had Heaven’s pleasure so been) to lay my head upon the turf beside my patron.”

“But, I trust,” said Bertram, “I am encouraged to hope we shall all see better days. All our

wrongs shall be redressed, since Heaven has sent me means and friends to assert my right."

"Friends indeed!" echoed the Dominie, "and sent, as you truly say, by HIM, to whom I early taught you to look up as the source of all that is good. There is the great Colonel Mannering from the Eastern Indies, who is a man of great erudition considering his imperfect opportunities; and there is, moreover, the great advocate Mr Pleydell, who is also a man of great erudition, but who descendeth to trifles unbecoming thereof; and there is Mr Andrew Dinmont, whom I do not understand to have possession of much erudition, but who, like the patriarchs of old, is cunning in that which belongeth to flocks and herds—Lastly, there is even I myself, whose opportunities of collecting erudition, as they have been greater than those of the aforesaid valuable persons, have not, if it becomes me to speak, been pretermitted by me, in so far as my poor faculties have enabled me to profit by them. Of a surety, little Harry, we must speedily resume our studies. I will begin from the foundation—Yes, I will reform your education upward from the true knowledge of English grammar, even to that of the Hebrew or Chaldaic tongue."

The reader may observe, that, upon this occasion, Sampson was infinitely more profuse of words than he had hitherto exhibited himself. The reason was,

that in recovering his pupil his mind went instantly back to their original connection, and he had, in his confusion of ideas, the strongest desire in the world to resume spelling lessons and half-text with young Bertram. This was the more ridiculous, as towards Lucy he assumed no such powers of tuition. But she had grown up under his eye, and had been gradually emancipated by increase in years and knowledge from his government, whereas his first ideas went to take up Harry pretty nearly where he had left him. From the same feelings of reviving authority, he indulged himself in what was to him a profusion of language ; and as people seldom speak more than usual without exposing themselves, he gave those whom he addressed plainly to understand, that while he deferred implicitly to the opinions and commands, if they chose to impose them, of almost every one whom he met with, it was under an internal conviction, that in the article of *eru-di-ti-on*, as he usually pronounced the word, he was infinitely superior to them all put together. At present, however, this intimation fell upon heedless ears, for the brother and sister were too deeply engaged in asking and receiving intelligence concerning their former fortunes to attend to it.

When Colonel Mannering left Bertram, he went to Julia's dressing-room, and dismissed her attendant. " My dear sir," she said as he entered,

“ you have forgot our vigils last night, and have hardly allowed me to comb my hair, although you must be sensible how it stood on end at the various wonders which took place.”

“ It is with the inside of your head that I have some business at present, Julia ; I will return the outside to the care of your Mrs Mincing in a few minutes.”

“ Lord, papa, think how entangled all my ideas are, and you to propose to comb them out in a few minutes ! If Mincing were to do so in her department, she would tear half the hair out of my head.”

“ Well then, tell me where the entanglement lies, which I will try to extricate with due gentleness ?”

“ O, every where—the whole is a wild dream.”

“ Well then, I will try to unriddle it.”—He gave a brief sketch of the fate and prospects of Bertram, to which Julia listened with an interest which she in vain endeavoured to disguise—“ Well, are your ideas on the subject more luminous ?”

“ More confused than ever, my dear sir—Here is this young man come from India, after he had been supposed dead, like Aboulfouaris the great voyager to his sister Canzade and his brother Hour. I am wrong in the story, I believe—Canzade was his wife—but Lucy may represent the one, and the Dominie the other. And then this lively crack-brained Scotch lawyer appears like a panto-

mime at the end of a tragedy—And then how delightful it will be if Lucy gets back her fortune!”

“Now I think,” said the Colonel, “that the most mysterious part of the business is, that Miss Julia Mannering, who must have known her father’s anxiety about the fate of this young man Brown, or Bertram, as we must now call him, should have met him when Hazlewood’s accident took place, and never once mentioned to her father a word of the matter, but suffered the search to proceed against this young gentleman as a suspicious character and assassin.”

Julia, much of whose courage had been hastily assumed to meet the interview with her father, was now unable to rally herself; she hung down her head in silence, after in vain attempting to utter a denial that she recollected Brown when she met him.

“No answer!—Well, Julia, allow me to ask you, Is this the only time you have seen Brown since his return from India?—Still no answer. I must then naturally suppose that it is *not* the first time?—Still no reply. Julia Mannering, will you have the kindness to answer me? Was it this young man who came under your window and conversed with you during your residence at Mervyn-Hall? Julia—I command—I entreat you to be candid.”

Miss Mannering raised her head. "I have been, sir—I believe I am still very foolish—and it is perhaps more hard upon me that I must meet this gentleman, who has been, though not the cause entirely, yet the accomplice of my folly, in your presence."—Here she made a full stop.

"I am to understand, then, that this was the author of the serenade?"

There was something in this allusive change of epithet, that gave Julia a little more courage—"He was indeed, sir; and if am very wrong, as I have often thought, I have some apology."

"And what is that?" answered the Colonel, speaking quick and with something of harshness.

"I will not venture to name it, sir—but"—She opened a small cabinet, and put some letters into his hands; "I will give you these, that you may see how this intimacy began, and by whom it was encouraged."

Mannering took the packet to the window—his pride forbade a more distant retreat—he glanced at some passages of the letters with an unsteady eye and an agitated mind—his stoicism, however, came in time to his aid; that philosophy, which, rooted in pride, yet frequently bears the fruits of virtue. He returned towards his daughter with as firm an air as his feelings permitted him to assume.

“ There is great apology for you, Julia, as far as I can judge from a glance at these letters—you have obeyed at least one parent. Let us adopt a Scotch proverb the Dominie quoted the other day — ‘ Let bygones be bygones ’—I will never upbraid you with want of confidence—do you judge of my intentions by my actions, of which hitherto you have surely had no reason to complain. Keep these letters—they were never intended for my eye, and I would not willingly read more of them than I have done, at your desire and for your exculpation. And now, are we friends ? Or rather do you understand me ? ”

“ O my dear, generous father,” said Julia, throwing herself into his arms, “ why have I ever for an instant misunderstood you ? ”

“ No more of that, Julia ; he that is too proud to vindicate the affection and confidence which he conceives should be given without solicitation, must meet much, and perhaps deserved disappointment. It is enough that one dearest and most regretted member of my family has gone to the grave without knowing me ; let me not lose the confidence of a child, who ought to love me if she really loves herself.”

“ O no danger—no fear ! let me but have your approbation and my own, and there is no rule you can prescribe so severe that I will not follow.”

“ Well, my love,” kissing her forehead, “ I trust we shall not call upon you for any thing too heroic. With respect to this young gentleman’s addresses, I expect in the first place that all clandestine correspondence—which no young woman can entertain for a moment without lessening herself in her own eyes, and in those of her lover—I request, I say, that clandestine correspondence of every kind may be given up, and that you will refer Mr Bertram to me for the reason. You will naturally wish to know what is to be the issue of such a reference. In the first place, I desire to observe this young gentleman’s character more closely than circumstances, and perhaps my own prejudices, have permitted formerly—I should also be glad to see his birth established. Not that I am anxious about his getting the estate of Ellangowan, though such a subject is held in absolute indifference no where except in a novel ; but certainly Henry Bertram, heir of Ellangowan, whether possessed of the property of his ancestors or not, is a very different person from Vanbeest Brown, the son of nobody at all. His fathers, Mr Pleydell tells me, are distinguished in history as following the banners of their native princes, while our own fought at Cressy and Poitiers. In short, I neither give nor withhold my approbation, but I expect you will redeem past errors ; and as you can now unfortunately only have recourse to *one* parent, that you will shew the duty

of a child, by reposing that confidence in me, which I will say my inclination to make you happy renders a filial debt upon your part."

The first part of this speech affected Julia a good deal; the comparative merit of the ancestors of the Bertrams and Mannerings excited a secret smile, but the conclusion was such as to soften a heart peculiarly open to the feelings of generosity. "No, my dear sir," she said, extending her hand, "receive my faith, that from this moment you shall be the first person consulted respecting what shall pass in future between Brown—I mean Bertram—and me; and that no engagement shall be undertaken by me, excepting what you shall immediately know and approve of. May I ask—if Mr Bertram is to continue a guest at Woodbourne?"

"Certainly, while his affairs render it advisable."

"Then, sir, you must be sensible, considering what is already past, that he will expect some reason for my withdrawing—I believe I must say the encouragement, which he may think I have given."

"I expect, Julia, that he will respect my roof, and entertain some sense perhaps of the services. I am about to render him, and so will not insist upon any course of conduct of which I might have reason to complain; and I expect of you, that you will make him sensible of what is due to both."

“ Then, sir, I understand you, and you shall be implicitly obeyed.”

“ Thank you, my love ; my anxiety (kissing her) is on your account.—Now wipe these witnesses from your eyes, and so to breakfast.”

CHAPTER XXX.

And, Sheriff, I will engage my word to you,
That I will by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal.

First Part of Henry IV.

WHEN the several bye-plays, as they may be termed, had taken place among the individuals of the Woodbourne family, as we have intimated in the preceding chapter, the breakfast party at length assembled. There was an obvious air of constraint on the greater part of the assistants. Julia dared not raise her voice in asking Bertram if he chose another cup of tea. Bertram felt embarrassed while eating his toast and butter under the eye of Mannerling. Lucy, while she indulged to the uttermost her affection for her recovered brother, began to think of the quarrel betwixt him and Hazlewood. The Colonel felt the painful anxiety natural to a proud mind, when it deems its slightest action subject for a moment to the watchful construction of others. The lawyer, while sedulously

buttering his roll, had an aspect of unwonted gravity, arising, perhaps, from the severity of his morning studies. As for the Dominie, his state of mind was ecstatic!—He looked at Bertram—he looked at Lucy—he whimpered—he sniggled—he grinned—he committed all manner of solecisms in point of form—poured the whole cream (no unlucky mistake) upon the plate of porridge, which was his own usual breakfast—threw the slops of what he called his “crowning dish of tea” into the sugar-dish instead of the slop-basin, and concluded with spilling the scalded liquor upon old Plato, the Colonel’s favourite spaniel, who received the libation with a howl that did little honour to his philosophy.

The Colonel’s equanimity was rather shaken by this last blunder. “Upon my word, my good friend, Mr Sampson, you forget the difference between Plato and Zenocrates.”

“The former was chief of the Academics, the latter of the Stoics,” said the Dominie, with some scorn of the supposition.

“Yes, my dear sir, but it was Zenocrates, not Plato, who denied that pain was an evil.”

“I should have thought,” said Pleydell, “that very respectable quadruped, which is just now limping out of the room upon three of his four legs, was rather of the Cynic school.”

“ Very well hit off——But here comes an answer from Mac-Morlan.”

It was unfavourable. Mrs Mac-Morlan sent her respectful compliments, and her husband had been, and was detained, by some alarming disturbances which had taken place the preceding night at Portanferry, and the necessary investigation which they had occasioned.

“ What’s to be done, now, Counsellor ?” said the Colonel to Pleydell.

“ Why, I wish we could have seen Mac-Morlan, who is a sensible fellow himself, and would besides have acted under my advice. But there is little harm. Our friend here must be made *sui juris*——he is at present an escaped prisoner ; the law has an awkward claim upon him ; he must be placed *rectus in curia*, that is the first object. For which purpose, Colonel, I will accompany you in your carriage down to Hazlewood-house. The distance is not great ; we will offer our bail ; and I am confident I can easily shew Mr —— I beg his pardon——Sir Robert Hazlewood, the necessity of receiving it.”

“ With all my heart,” said the Colonel ; and, ringing the bell, gave the necessary orders. “ And what is next to be done ?”

“ We must get hold of Mac-Morlan, and look out for more proof.”

“ Proof ! the thing is as clear as day-light——

here's Mr Sampson and Miss Bertram, and you yourself, at once recognise the young gentleman as his father's image; and he himself recollects all the very peculiar circumstances preceding his leaving this country—What else is necessary to conviction?"

"To moral conviction nothing more, perhaps, but for legal proof a great deal. Mr Bertram's recollections are his own recollections merely, and therefore not evidence in his own favour; Miss Bertram, the learned Mr Sampson, and I, can only say, what every one who knew the late Ellangowan will readily agree in, that this gentleman is his very picture—But that will not make him Ellangowan's son, and give him the estate."

"And what will do so?"

"Why, we must have a distinct probation.—There's these gypsies,—but then, alas! they are almost infamous in the eye of law—scarce capable of bearing evidence, and Meg Merrilies utterly so, by the various accounts which she formerly gave of the matter, and her impudent denial of all knowledge of the fact when I examined her respecting it."

"What must be done then?"

"We must try what proof can be got at in Holland, among the persons by whom our young friend was educated.—But then the fear of being called in question for the murder may make them silent ;

or if they speak, they are either foreigners or outlawed smugglers. In short, I see doubts."

"Under favour, most learned and honoured sir," said the Dominie, "I trust HE, who hath restored little Harry Bertram to his friends, will not leave his own work imperfect."

"I trust so too, Mr Sampson ; but we must use means ; and I am afraid we shall have more difficulty in procuring them than I at first thought.—But a faint heart never won a fair lady—and, by the way, (apart to Miss Mannering, while Bertram was engaged with his sister) there's a vindication of Holland for you ! what smart fellows do you think Leyden and Utrecht must send forth, when such a very genteel and handsome young man comes from the paltry schools of Middleburgh ?"

"Of a verity," said the Dominie, jealous of the reputation of the Dutch seminary,—“ of a verity, Mr Pleydell, but I make it known to you that I myself laid the foundation of his education.”

"True, my dear Dominie, that accounts for his proficiency in the graces without question—but here comes your carriage, Colonel. Adieu, young folks : Miss Julia, keep your heart till I come back again—let there be nothing done to prejudice my right, whilst I am *non valens agere*."

Their reception at Hazlewood-house was more cold and formal than usual, for in general the Ba-

ronet expressed great respect for Colonel Manner-
ing, and Mr Pleydell was an old friend. But now
he seemed dry and embarrassed in his manner.
“ He would willingly,” he said, “ receive bail, not-
withstanding that the offence had been directly
perpetrated, committed, and done, against young
Hazlewood of Hazlewood ; but the young man
had given himself a fictitious description, and was
altogether that sort of person, who should not be
liberated, discharged, or let loose upon society ; and
therefore”——

“ I hope, Sir Robert Hazlewood,” said the Co-
lonel, “ you do not mean to doubt my word, when
I assure you that he served under me as cadet in
India ?”

“ By no means or account whatsoever. But you
call him a cadet ; now he says, avers, and upholds,
that he was a captain, or held a troop in your re-
giment.”

“ He was promoted since I gave up the com-
mand.”

“ But you must have heard of it ?”

“ No. I returned on account of family circum-
stances from India, and have not since been soli-
citous to hear particular news from the regiment ;
the name of Brown too is so common, that I might
have seen his promotion in the Gazette without
noticing it. But a day or two will bring letters
from his commanding officer ”

“ But I am told and informed, Mr Pleydell, that he does not mean to abide by this name of Brown, but is to set up a claim to the estate of Ellangowan, under the name of Bertram.”

“ Ay, who says that?” said the Counsellor.

“ Or,” demanded the soldier, “ whoever says so, does that give a right to keep him in prison?”

“ Hush, Colonel,” said the lawyer; “ I am sure you would not, any more than I, countenance him, if he prove an impostor—And, among friends, who informed you of this, Sir Robert?”

“ Why a person, Mr Pleydell, who is peculiarly interested in investigating, sifting, and clearing out this business to the bottom—you will excuse my being more particular.”

“ O, certainly—well, and he says?”——

“ He says that it is whispered about among tinkers, gypsies, and other idle persons, that there is such a plan as I mentioned to you, and that this young man, who is a bastard or natural son of the late Ellangowan, is pitched upon as the impostor, from his strong family likeness.”

“ And was there such a natural son, Sir Robert?”

“ O, certainly, to my own positive knowledge. Ellangowan had him placed as cabin-boy or powder-monkey on board an armed sloop or yacht belonging to the revenue, through the interest of the late Commissioner Bertram, a kinsman of Ellangowan.”

“ Well, Sir Robert,” said the lawyer, taking the word out of the mouth of the impatient soldier —“ you have told me news ; I shall investigate them, and if I find them true. certainly Colonel Mannering and I will not countenance this young man. In the meanwhile, as we are all willing to make him forthcoming, to answer all complaints against him, I do assure you, you will act most illegally, and incur heavy responsibility, if you refuse our bail.”

“ Why, Mr Pleydell, as you must know best, and as you promise to give up this young man”—

“ If he proves an impostor.”

“ Ay, certainly—under that condition I will take your bail ; though I must say, an obliging, well-disposed, and civil neighbour of mine, who was himself bred to the law, gave me a hint or caution this morning against doing so. It was from him I learned that this youth was liberated and had come abroad, or rather had broken prison. —But where shall we find one to draw the bail-bond ?”

“ Here,” said the Counsellor, applying himself to the bell, “ send up my clerk Mr Driver—it will not do my character harm if I dictate the needful myself.” It was written, accordingly and signed, and, the Justice having subscribed a regular warrant for Bertram *alias* Brown’s discharge, the visitors took their leave.

Each threw himself into his own corner of the post-chariot, and said nothing for some time. The Colonel first broke silence: "So you intend 'to give up this poor young fellow at the first brush?"

"Who, I?—I will not give up one hair of his head, though I should follow them to the court of last resort in his behalf—but what signified moot-ing points and shewing one's hand to that old ass? Much better he should report to his prompter, Glossin, that we are indifferent or lukewarm in the matter. Besides, I wished to have a peep at the enemies' game."

"Indeed!—Then I see there are stratagems in law as well as war. Well, and how do you like their line of battle?"

"Ingenious, but I think desperate—they are finessing too much; a common fault on such occasions."

During this discourse the carriage rolled rapidly towards Woodbourne without any thing occurring worthy of the reader's notice, excepting their meeting with young Hazlewood, to whom the Colonel told the extraordinary history of Bertram's re-appearance, which he heard with high delight, and then rode on before to pay Miss Bertram his compliments on an event so happy and so unexpected.

We return to the party at Woodbourne. After the departure of Mannering, the conversation rela-

ted chiefly to the fortunes of the Ellangowan family, their domains, and their former power. "It was, then, under the towers of my fathers," said Bertram, "that I landed some days since, in circumstances much resembling those of a vagabond? Its mouldering turrets and darksome arches even then awakened thoughts of the deepest interest, and recollections which I was unable to decypher. I will now visit them again with other feelings, and I trust other hopes."

"Do not go there now," said his sister. "The house of our ancestors is at present the habitation of a wretch as insidious as dangerous, whose arts and villainy accomplished the ruin and broke the heart of our unhappy father."

"You increase my anxiety to confront this miscreant, even in the den he has constructed for himself—I think I have seen him."

"But you must consider," said Julia, "that you are now left under Lucy's guard and mine, and are responsible to us for all your motions—consider I have not been a lawyer's mistress twelve hours for nothing, and I assure you it would be madness to attempt to go to Ellangowan just now.—The utmost to which I can consent is, that we shall walk in a body to the head of the avenue, and from that perhaps we may indulge you with our company as far as a rising ground in the common, whence your eyes may be blessed with a dis-

tant prospect of those gloomy towers, which struck so strongly your sympathetic imagination."

The party was speedily agreed upon; and the ladies, having taken their cloaks, followed the route proposed, under the escort of Captain Bertram. It was a pleasant winter morning, and the cool breeze served only to freshen, not to chill, the fair walkers. A secret though unacknowledged bond of kindness combined the two ladies, and Bertram, now hearing the interesting accounts of his own family, now communicating his adventures in Europe and in India, repaid the pleasure which he received. Lucy felt proud of her brother, as well from the bold and manly turn of his sentiments, as from the dangers he had encountered, and the spirit with which he had surmounted them. And Julia, while she pondered on her father's words, could not help entertaining hopes, that the independent spirit which had seemed to her father presumption in the humble and plebeian Brown, would have the grace of courage, noble bearing, and high blood, in the far-descended heir of Ellangowan.

They reached at length the little eminence or knoll upon the highest part of the common, called Gibbie's-knowe—a spot repeatedly mentioned in this history, as being on the skirts of the Ellangowan estate. It commanded a fair variety of hill and dale, bordered with natural woods, which at this season relieved the general colour of the land-

scape with a dark purple hue ; and in other places the prospect was more formally intersected by lines of plantation, where the Scotch firs displayed their variety of dusky green. At the distance of two or three miles lay the bay of Ellangowan, its waves rippling under the influence of the western breeze. The towers of the ruined castle, seen high over every object in the neighbourhood, received a brighter colouring from the wintry sun. "There," said Lucy Bertram, pointing them out in the distance, "there is the seat of our ancestors. God knows, my dear brother, I do not covet in your behalf the extensive power which the lords of these ruins are said to have possessed so long, and sometimes to have used so ill. But, O that I might see you in possession of such reliques of their fortune as should give you an honourable independence, and enable you to stretch your hand for the protection of the old and destitute dependants of our family, whom our poor father's death"——

"True, my dearest Lucy ; and I trust, with the assistance of Heaven, which has so far guided us, and with that of these good friends, whom their own generous hearts have interested in my behalf, such a consummation of my hard adventures is now not unlikely.—But as a soldier, I must look with some interest upon that worm-eaten hold of ragged stone ; and if this fellow, who is now in possession, displaces a pebble of it"——

He was here interrupted by Dinmont, who came hastily after them up the road, unseen till he was near the party :—" Captain, Captain ! ye're wanted—Ye're wanted by her ye ken o'."

And immediately Meg Merrilies, as if emerging out of the earth, ascended from the hollow-way, and stood before them. " I sought ye at the house," she said, " and found but him, (pointing to Dinmont ;) but ye are right, and I am wrang. It is *here* we should meet, on this very spot. Remember your promise, and follow me."

CHAPTER XXXI.

To hail the king in seemly sort
The ladie was full fain ;
But King Arthur, all sore amazed,
No answer made again.
“ What wight art thou,” the ladie said,
“ That will not speak to me ?
Sir, I may chance to ease thy pain,
Though I be foul to see.”

The Marriage of Sir Gawaine.

THE fairy bride of Sir Gawaine, while under the influence of the spell of her wicked step-mother, was more decrepit probably, and what is commonly called more ugly, than Meg Merrilies ; but I doubt if she possessed that wild sublimity which an excited imagination communicated to features, marked and expressive in their own peculiar character, and to the gestures of a form, which, her sex considered, might be termed gigantic. Accordingly, the Knights of the Round Table did not recoil with more terror from the apparition of the loathly lady placed between “ an oak and a green holly,” than Lucy Bertram and Julia Man

nering did from the appearance of this Galwegian sybil upon the common of Ellangowan.

“For God’s sake,” said Julia, pulling out her purse, “give that dreadful woman something, and bid her go away.”

“I cannot,” said Bertram; “I must not offend her.”

“What keeps you here?” said Meg, exalting the harsh and rough tones of her hollow voice; “Why do you not follow?—Must your hour call you twice?—Do you remember your oath?—were it at kirk or market, wedding or burial,”—and she held high her skinny forefinger in a menacing attitude.

Bertram turned round to his terrified companions. “Excuse me for a moment; I am engaged by a promise to follow this woman.”

“Good heavens! engaged to a madwoman!” said Julia.

“Or to a gypsy, who has her band in the wood ready to murder you!” said Lucy.

“That was not spoke like a bairn of Ellangowan,” said Meg, frowning upon Miss Bertram. “It is the ill-doers are ill-dreaders.”

“In short, I must go,” said Bertram, “it is absolutely necessary; wait for me five minutes on this spot.”

“Five minutes?” said the gypsy, “five hours may not bring you here again.”

“Do you hear that?” said Julia; “for heaven’s sake do not go!”

“I must, I must—Mr Dinmont will protect you back to the house.”

“No,” said Meg, “he must gang with you; it is for that he is here. He maun take part wi’ hand and heart; and weel his part it is, for redding him might have cost you dearer.”

“Troth, Luckie, it’s very true; and ere I turn back frae the Captain’s side, I’ll show that I hae-na forgotten’t.”

“O, yes,” exclaimed both the ladies at once, “let him go with you, if go you must, on this strange summons.”

“Indeed I must, but you see I am safely guarded—Adieu for a short time, go home as fast as you can.”

He pressed his sister’s hand, and took a yet more affectionate farewell of Julia with his eyes. Almost stupified with surprise and fear, the young ladies watched with their looks the course of Bertram, his companion, and their extraordinary guide. Her tall figure moved across the wintry heath with steps so swift, so long, and so steady, that she appeared rather to glide than to walk. Bertram and Dinmont, both tall men, apparently scarce equalled her in height, owing to her longer dress and high head-gear. She proceeded straight across the common, without turning aside to the winding path,

by which passengers avoided the inequalities and little rills that traversed it in different directions. Thus the diminishing figures often disappeared from the eye, as they dived into such broken ground, and again ascended to sight when they were past the hollow. There was something frightful and unearthly, as it were, in the rapid and undeviating course which she pursued, undeterred by any of the impediments which usually incline a traveller from the direct path. Her way was as straight, and nearly as swift, as that of a bird through the air. At length they reached those thickets of natural wood which extended from the skirts of the common towards the glades and brook of Darncleuch, and were there lost to the view.

“ This is very extraordinary,” said Lucy after a pause, and turning round to her companion ; “ What can he have to do with that old hag ? ”

“ It is very frightful,” answered Julia, “ and almost reminds me of the tales of sorceresses, witches, and evil genii, which I have heard in India. They believe there in a fascination of the eye, by which those who possess it controul the will and dictate the motions of their victims. What can your brother have in common with that fearful woman, that he should leave us, obviously against his will, to attend to her commands ? ”

“ At least,” said Lucy, “ we may hold him safe from harm ; for she would never have summoned

that faithful creature Dinmont, of whose courage and steadiness Henry said so much, to attend upon an expedition where she projected evil to the person of his friend. And now let us go back to the house till the Colonel returns—perhaps Bertram may be back first; at any rate, the Colonel will judge what is to be done.”

Leaning then upon each other's arm, but yet occasionally stumbling, between fear and the disorder of their nerves, they at length reached the head of the avenue, when they heard the tread of a horse behind. They started, for their ears were awake to every sound, and beheld to their great pleasure young Hazlewood. “The Colonel will be here immediately,” he said; “I galloped on before to pay my respects to Miss Bertram, with the sincerest congratulations upon the joyful event which has taken place in her family. I long to be introduced to Captain Bertram, and to thank him for the well-deserved lesson he gave to my rashness and indiscretion.”

“He has left us just now,” said Lucy, “and in a manner that has frightened us very much.”

Just at that moment the Colonel's carriage drove up, and, upon observing the ladies, stopped, while Mannering and his learned counsel alighted and joined them. They instantly communicated the new cause of alarm.

“ Meg Merrilies again !” said the Colonel ; “ she certainly is a most mysterious and unaccountable personage ; but I think she must have something to impart to Bertram, to which she does not mean we should be privy.”

“ The devil take the bedlamite old woman,” said the Counsellor ; “ will she not let things take their course, *prout de lege*, but must always be putting in her oar in her own way ?—Then I fear from the direction they took they are going upon the Ellan-gowan estate—that rascal Glossin has shewn us what ruffians he has in his disposal. I wish honest Liddesdale may be guard sufficient.”

“ If you please,” said Hazlewood, “ I should be most happy to ride in the direction which they have taken. I am so well known in the country, that I scarce think any outrage will be offered in my presence, and I shall keep at such a cautious distance as not to appear to watch Meg, or interrupt any communication which she may make.”

“ Upon my word,” said Pleydell, “ to be a sprig, whom I remember with a whey face and a satchel not so very many years ago, I think young Hazlewood grows a fine fellow. I am more afraid of a new attempt at legal oppression than at open violence, and from that this young man’s presence would deter both Glossin and his understrappers. Hie away then, my boy—peer out—peer out—

you'll find them somewhere about Dorncleugh, or very probably in Warroch-wood."

Hazlewood turned his horse. "Come back to us to dinner, Hazlewood," cried the Colonel. He bowed, spurred his horse, and galloped off.

We now return to Bertram and Dinmont, who continued to follow their mysterious guide through the woods and dingles, between the open common and the ruined hamlet of Dorncleugh. As she led the way, she never looked back upon her followers, unless to chide them for loitering, though the sweat, in spite of the season, poured from their brows. At other times she spoke to herself in such broken expressions as these:—"It is to rebuild the auld house—it is to lay the corner stone—and did I not warn him?—I tell'd him I was born to do it, if my father's head had been the stepping-stane, let alane his. I was doomed—still I kept my purpose in the cage and in the stocks—I was banished—I kept it in an unco land;—I was scourged—I was branded—It lay deeper than scourge or red iron could reach—and now the hour is come."—

"Captain," said Dinmont, in a half whisper, "I wish she binna uncanny! her words dinna seem to come in God's name, or like other folk's. Odd, they threep in our country that there *are* sic things."

"Don't be afraid, my friend."

"Fear'd! fient a haet care I, be she witch or deevil; it's a' ane to Dandie Dinmont."

“Haud your peace, gudeman,” said Meg, looking sternly over her shoulder; “is this a time or place for you to speak, think ye?”

“But, my good friend,” said Bertram, “I have no doubt in your good faith, or kindness, which I have experienced; but you should have some confidence in me—I wish to know where you are leading me.”

“There’s but ae answer to that, Henry Bertram.—I swore my tongue should never tell, but I never said my finger should never shew. Go on and meet your fortune, or turn back and lose it—that’s a’ I hae to say.”

“Go on then,” answered Bertram, “I shall ask no more questions.”

They descended into the glen about the same place where Meg had formerly parted from Bertram. She paused an instant beneath the tall rock where he had witnessed the burial of a dead body, and stamped upon the ground, which, notwithstanding all the care that had been taken, shewed vestiges of having been recently moved. “Here rests ane,” she said; “he’ll maybe hae neibors sune.”

She then moved up the brook until she came to the ruined hamlet, where, pausing with a look of peculiar and softened interest before one of the gables which was still standing, she said in a tone less abrupt, though as solemn as before, “Do you see that blackit and broken end of a sheeling?—

there my kettle boiled for forty years—there I bore twelve buirdly sons and daughters—where are they now?—where are the leaves that were on that auld ash-tree at Martinmas!—the west wind has made it bare—and I'm stripped too.—Do you see that saugh-tree?—it's but a blackencd rotten stump now—I've sate under it mony a bonny summer afternoon, when it hung its gay garlands ower the poppling water.—I've sate there, and," elevating her voice, "I've held you on my kneec, Henry Bertram, and sung ye sangs of the auld barons and their bloody wars—It will ne'er be green again, and Meg Merrilies will never sing blithe sangs mair. But ye'll no forget her, and ye'll gar big up the auld wa's for her sake?—and let somebody live there that's ower gude to fear them of another warld—For if ever the dead came back amang the living, I'll be seen in this glen mony a night after these crazed banes are in the mould."

The mixture of insanity and wild pathos with which she spoke these last words, with her right arm bare and extended, her left bent and shrowded beneath the dark red drapery of her mantle, might have been a study worthy of our Siddons herself. "And now," she said, resuming at once the short, stern, and hasty tone which was most ordinary to her—"let us to the wark—let us to the wark."

She then led the way to the promontory on which the Kaim of Derncleugh was situated, produced a large key from her pocket, and unlocked the door. The interior of this place was in better order than formerly. "I have made things decent," she said; "I may be streekit here or night.—There will be few, few at Meg's like-wake, for mony of our folk will blame what I hae done, and am to do!"

She then pointed to a table, upon which was some cold meat, arranged with more attention to neatness than could have been expected from Meg's habits. "Eat," she said, "cat; ye'll need it this night yet."

Bertram, in complaisance, eat a morsel or two; and Dinmont, whose appetite was unabated either by wonder or apprehension, made his usual figure as a trencher-man. She then offered each a single glass of spirits, which Bertram drank diluted and his companion plain.

"Will ye taste something yoursell, Luckie?" said Dinmont.

"I will not need it," replied their mysterious hostess. "And now," she said, "ye maun hae arms—ye maunna gang on dry-handed—but use them not rashly—take captive, but save life—let the law hae its ain—he maun speak or he die."

"Who is to be taken?—who is to speak?" said Bertram in astonishment, receiving a pair of pistols

which she offered him, and which, upon examining, he found loaded and locked.

“The flints are gude,” she said, “and the powder dry—I ken that wark weel.”

Then without answering his questions, she armed Dinmont also with a large pistol, and desired them to choose sticks for themselves out of a parcel of very suspicious-looking bludgeons, which she brought from a corner. They then left the hut together, and, in doing so, Bertram took an opportunity to whisper Dinmont, “There’s something inexplicable in all this—But we need not use these arms unless we see necessity and lawful occasion—take care to do as you see me do.”

Dinmont gave a sagacious nod; and they continued to follow, over wet and dry, through bog and fallow, the footsteps of their conductress. She guided them to the wood of Warroch by the same track which the late Ellangowan had used when riding to Dorncleugh in quest of his child, on the miserable evening of Kennedy’s murder.

When Meg Merrilies had attained these groves, through which the wintry sea-wind was now whistling hoarse and shrill, she seemed to pause a moment as if to recollect the way. “We maun go the precise track,” she said, and continued to go forward, but rather in a zigzag and involved course than according to her former steady and direct line of motion. At length she guided them through

the mazes of the wood to a little open glade of about a quarter of an acre, surrounded by trees and bushes, which made a wild and irregular boundary. Even in winter it was a sheltered and snugly sequestered spot; but when arrayed in the verdure of spring, the earth sending forth all its wild flowers, the shrubs spreading their waste of blossom around it, and the weeping birches which towered over the underwood, drooping their long and leafy fibres to intercept the sun, it must have seemed a place for a youthful poet to study his earliest sonnet, or a pair of lovers to exchange their first mutual avowal of affection. Apparently it now awakened very different recollections. Bertram's brow, when he had looked round the spot, became gloomy and embarrassed. Meg, after uttering to herself, "This is the very spot!" looked at him with a ghastly side-glance,—“D'ye mind it?”

“Yes!” answered Bertram, “imperfectly I do.”

“Ay!” pursued his guide, “on this very spot the man fell from his horse—I was behind that bourtree-bush at the very moment. Sair, sair he strove, and sair he cried for mercy—but he was in the hands of them that never kenn'd the word!—Now will I show you the further track—the last time ye travelled it was in these arms.”

She led them accordingly by a long and winding passage almost overgrown with brushwood, until, without any very perceptible descent, they sudden-

ly found themselves by the sea-side. Meg then walked very fast on between the surf and the rocks, until she came to a remarkable fragment of rock detached from the rest. "Here," she said in a low, and scarcely audible whisper, "here the corpse was found."

"And the cave," said Bertram, in the same tone, "is close beside it—are you guiding us there?"

"Yes. Bend up both your hearts—follow me as I creep in—I have placed the fire-wood so as to screen you. Bide behind it for a gliff till I say, *The hour and the man are baith come*; then rin in on him, take his arms, and bind him till the blood burst frae his finger nails."

"I will—if he is the man I suppose—Jansen!"

"Ay, Jansen, Hatteraick, and twenty mair names are his."

"Dinmont, you must stand by me now," said Bertram.

"Ye needna doubt that—but I wish I could mind a bit prayer or I creep after the witch into that hole that she's opening—It wad be a sair thing to leave the blessed sun, and the free air, and gang and be killed, like a tod that's run to earth, in a dungeon like that. But, as I said, deil hae me if I baulk you." This was uttered in the lowest tone of voice possible. The entrance was

now open. Meg crept in upon her hands and knees, Bertram followed, and Dinmont, after giving a rueful glance toward the daylight, whose blessings he was abandoning, brought up the rear.

CHAPTER XXXII.

—— Die, prophet ! in thy speech ;
For this, among the rest, was I ordained.

Henry VI. Part III.

THE progress of the Borderer, who, as we have said, was the last of the party, was fearfully arrested by a hand, which caught hold of his leg as he dragged his long limbs after him in silence and perturbation through the low and narrow entrance of the subterranean passage. The steel heart of the bold yeoman had well nigh given way, and he suppressed with difficulty a shout, which, in the defenceless posture and situation which they then occupied, might have cost all their lives. He contented himself, however, with extricating his foot from the grasp of this unexpected follower. “ Be still,” said a voice behind him, releasing him ; “ I am a friend—Charles Hazlewood.”

These words were uttered in a very low voice, but they produced sound enough to startle Meg

Merrilies, who led the van, and who, having already gained the place where the cavern expanded, had risen upon her feet. She began, as if to command any listening ear, to growl, to mutter, and to sing aloud, and at the same time to make a bustle among some brushwood which was now heaped in the cave.

“ Here—beldam—Deyvil’s kind,” growled the harsh voice of Dirk Hatteraick from the inside of his den, “ what makest thou there ?”

“ Laying the roughies to keep the cauld wind frae you, ye desperate do-nae-good—Ye’re c’en ower weel off, and wots na ; it will be otherwise soon.”

“ Have you brought me the brandy, and any news of my people ?”

“ There’s the bottle for ye. Your people—dispersed—broken—gone—or cut to ribbands by the red coats.”

“ Der Deyvil !—this coast is fatal to me.”

“ Ye may hae mair reason to say sae.”

While this dialogue went forward, Bertram and Dinmont had both gained the interior of the cave, and assumed an erect position. The only light which illuminated its rugged and sable precincts was a quantity of wood burnt to charcoal in an iron grate, such as they use in spearing salmon by night. On these red embers Hatteraick from time to time threw a handful of twigs or splintered wood ; but

these, even when they blazed up, afforded a light much disproportioned to the extent of the cavern ; and, as its principal inhabitant lay upon the side of the grate most remote from the entrance, it was not easy for him to discover distinctly objects which lay in that direction. The intruders, therefore, whose number was now augmented unexpectedly to three, stood behind the loosely-piled brushwood with little risk of discovery. Dinmont had the sense to keep back Hazlewood with one hand till he whispered to Bertram, " A friend—young Hazlewood."

It was no time for following up the introduction, and they all stood as still as the rocks around them, obscured behind the pile of brushwood, which had been probably placed there to break the cold wind from the sea, without totally intercepting the supply of air. The branches were laid so loosely above each other, that, looking through them towards the light of the fire-grate, they could easily discover what passed in its vicinity, although a much stronger degree of illumination than it afforded, would not have enabled the persons placed near the bottom of the cave to have descried them in the position which they occupied.

The scene, independent of the peculiar moral interest and personal danger which attended it, had, from the effect of the light and shade on the uncommon objects which it exhibited, an appear-

ance emphatically dismal. The light in the fire-grate was the dark-red glare of charcoal in a state of ignition, relieved from time to time by a transient flame of a more vivid or duskier light, as the fuel with which Dirk Hatteraick fed his fire was better or worse for his purpose. Now a dark cloud of stifling smoke rose up to the roof of the cavern, and then lighted into a reluctant and sullen blaze, which flashed wavering up the pillar of smoke, and was suddenly rendered brighter and more lively by some drier fuel, or perhaps some splintered fir-timber, which at once converted the smoke into flame. By such fitful irradiation, they could see, more or less distinctly, the form of Hatteraick, whose savage and rugged cast of features, now rendered yet more ferocious by the circumstances of his situation and the deep gloom of his mind, assorted well with the ragged and broken vault, which rose in a rude arch over and around him. The form of Meg Merrilies, which stalked about him, sometimes in the light, sometimes partially obscured in the smoke or darkness, contrasted strongly with the sitting figure of Hatteraick as he bent over the flame, and from his stationary posture was constantly visible to the spectator, while that of the female flitted around, appearing or disappearing like a spectre.

Bertram felt his blood boil at the sight of Hatteraick. He remembered him well under the name

of Jansen, which the smuggler had adopted after the death of Kennedy ; and he remembered also, that this Jansen, and his mate Brown, had been the brutal tyrants of his infancy. Bertram knew farther, from piecing his own imperfect recollections with the narratives of Mannering and Pleydell, that this man was the prime agent in the act of violence which tore him from his family and country, and had exposed him to so many distresses and dangers. A thousand exasperating reflections rose within his bosom ; and he could hardly refrain from rushing upon Hatteraick and blowing his brains out. At the same time this would have been no safe adventure. The flame, as it rose and fell, while it displayed the strong, muscular, and broad-chested frame of the ruffian, glanced also upon two brace of pistols in his belt, and upon the hilt of his cutlass : it was not to be doubted that his desperation was commensurate with his personal strength and means of resistance. Both, indeed, were inadequate to encounter the combined power of two such men as Bertram himself and his friend Dinmont, without reckoning their unexpected assistant Hazlewood, who was unarmed, and of a slighter make ; but Bertram felt there would be neither sense nor valour in anticipating the hangman's office, and he considered the importance of making Hatteraick prisoner alive. He therefore repressed his indignation, and awaited

what should pass between the ruffian and his gypsey guide.

“ And how are ye now ?” said the harsh and discordant tone of his attendant : “ Said I not it would come upon you—ay, and in this very cave, where ye harboured after the deed ?”

“ Wetter and sturm, ye hag ! keep your deyvil’s matins till they’re wanted. Have you seen Glossin ?”

“ No : you’ve missed your blow, ye blood-spiller ! and ye have nothing to expect from the tempter.”

“ Hagel ! if I had him but by the throat !—and what am I to do then ?”

“ Do ?” answered the gypsey ; “ Die like a man, or be hanged like a dog !”

“ Hanged, ye hag of Satan !—the hemp’s not sown that shall hang me.”

“ It’s sown, and it’s grown, and it’s heckled, and it’s twisted. Did I not tell ye when ye wad take away the boy Harry Bertram, in spite of my prayers,—did I not say he would come back when he had dree’d his wierd in foreign land till his twenty-first year ?—Did I not say the auld fire would burn down to a spark, but wad kindle again ?”

“ Well, mother, you did say so ; and, donner and blitzen ! I believe you spoke the truth—that younker of Ellangowan has been a rock a-head to me all my life ! and now, with Glossin’s cursed

contrivance, my crew have been cut off, my boats destroyed, and I dare say the lugger's taken—there were not men enough to work her, far less to fight her—a dredge-boat might have taken her. And what will the owners say?—Hagel and sturm! I shall never dare go back again to Flushing."

"You'll never need."

"What are you doing there, and what makes you say that?"

During this dialogue, Meg was heaping some flax loosely together. Before answer to this question, she dropped a fire-brand upon the flax, which had been previously steeped in some spirituous liquor, for it instantly caught fire, and rose in a vivid pyramid of the most brilliant light up to the very top of the vault. As it ascended, Meg answered the ruffian's question in a firm and steady voice:—" *Because the Hour's come, and the Man.*"

At the appointed signal, Bertram and Dinmont sprung over the brushwood, and rushed upon Hatteraick. Hazlewood, unacquainted with their plan of assault, was a moment later. The ruffian, who instantly saw he was betrayed, turned his first vengeance on Meg Merrilies, at whom he discharged a pistol. She fell, with a piercing and dreadful cry, between the shriek of pain and the sound of laughter, when at its highest and most suffocating

height. "I kenn'd it would be this way," she said.

Bertram, in his haste, slipped his foot upon the uneven rock which floored the cave; a fortunate stumble, for Hatteraick's second bullet whistled over him with so true and steady an aim, that had he been standing upright, it must have lodged in his brain. Ere Hatteraick could draw another pistol, Dinmont closed with him, and endeavoured by main force to pinion down his arms. Such, however, was the wretch's personal strength, joined to the efforts of his despair, that, in spite of the gigantic force with which the Borderer grappled him, he dragged Dinmont through the blazing flax, and had well nigh succeeded in drawing a third pistol, which might have proved fatal to the honest farmer, had not Bertram, as well as Hazlewood, come to his assistance, when, by main force, and no ordinary exertion of it, they threw him on the ground, disarmed him, and bound him. This scuffle, though it takes up some time in the narrative, passed in less than a single minute. When he was fairly mastered, after one or two desperate and almost convulsionary struggles, Hatteraick lay perfectly still and silent. "He's gaun to die game ony how," said Dinmont; "weel, I like him na the waur o' that."

This observation honest Dandie made while he was shaking the blazing flax from his rough coat

and shaggy black hair, some of which had been singed in the scuffle. "He is quiet now," said Bertram; "stay by him, and do not permit him to stir till I see whether the poor woman be alive or dead." With Hazlewood's assistance he raised Meg Merrilies.

"I kenn'd it would be this way," she muttered, "and it's e'en this way that it should be."

The ball had penetrated in the breast below the throat. It did not bleed much externally; but Bertram, accustomed to see gun-shot wounds, thought it the more alarming. "Good God! what shall we do for this poor woman?" said he to Hazlewood, the circumstances superseding the necessity of previous explanation or introduction to each other.

"My horse stands tied above in the wood," said Hazlewood. "I have been watching you these two hours—I will ride off for some assistants that may be trusted. Meanwhile, you had better defend the mouth of the cavern against every one until I return." He hastened away. Bertram, after binding Meg Merrilies's wound as well as he could, took station near the mouth of the cave with a cocked pistol in his hand; Dinmont continued to watch Hatteraick. There was a dead silence in the cavern, only interrupted by the low and suppressed moaning of the wounded female, and by the hard breathing of the prisoner.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

For though, seduced and led astray,
Thou'st travelled far and wandered long,
Thy God hath seen thee all the way,
And all the turns that led thee wrong.
The Hall of Justice.

AFTER the space of about three quarters of an hour, which the uncertainty and danger of their situation made seem almost thrice as long, the voice of young Hazlewood was heard without. "Here I am," he cried, "with a sufficient party."

"Come in then," answered Bertram, not a little pleased to find his guard relieved. Hazlewood then entered, followed by two or three countrymen, one of whom acted as a peace officer. They lifted Hatteraick up, and carried him in their arms as far as the entrance of the vault was high enough to permit them ; then laid him on his back, and dragged him along as well as they could, for no persuasion would induce him to assist the transportation by any exertion of his own. He lay as silent and inactive in their hands as a dead corpse, in no way

either opposing or aiding their operations. When he was dragged into day-light, and placed erect upon his feet among three or four assistants, who had remained without the cave, he seemed stupified and dazzled by the sudden change from the darkness of his cavern. While others were superintending the removal of Meg Merrilies, those who remained with Hatteraick attempted to make him sit down upon a fragment of rock which lay close upon the high-water mark. A strong shuddering convulsed his iron frame for an instant, as he resisted their purpose. "Not there—Hagel!—you would not make me sit *there*?"

These were the only words he spoke; but their import, and the deep tone of horror in which they were uttered, served to shew what was passing in his mind.

When Meg Merrilies had also been removed from the cavern, with all the care for her safety that circumstances admitted, they consulted where she should be carried. Hazlewood had sent for a surgeon, and proposed that she should be lifted in the mean time to the nearest cottage. But the patient exclaimed with great earnestness, "Na, na, na! To the Kaim o' Dernelcuch—the Kaim o' Dernelcuch—the spirit will not free itself o' the flesh but there."

"You must indulge her, I believe," said Ber-

tram ; “ her troubled imagination will otherwise aggravate the fever of the wound.”

They bore her accordingly to the vault. Upon the way her mind seemed to run more upon the scene which had just passed, than on her own approaching death. “ There were three of them set upon him—I brought the twasome—but wha was the third ?—It would be *himsell* returned to work his ain vengeance.”

It was evident that the unexpected appearance of Hazlewood, whose person the outrage of Hatteraick left her no time to recognize, had produced a strong effect on her imagination. She often recurred to it. Hazlewood accounted for it to Bertram, by saying, that he had kept them in view for some time by the direction of Mannering ; that, observing them disappear into the cave, he had crept after them, meaning to announce himself and his errand, when his hand in the darkness encountering the leg of Dinmont, had nearly produced a catastrophe, which indeed nothing but the presence of mind and fortitude of the bold yeoman could have averted.

When the gypsy arrived at the hut, she produced the key ; and when they entered, and were about to deposit her upon the bed, she said, in an anxious tone, “ Na, na ! not that way, the head to the east,” and appeared gratified when they reversed her posture accordingly.

“Is there no clergyman near,” said Bertram, “to assist this unhappy woman’s devotions?”

A gentleman, the minister of the parish, who had been Charles Hazlewood’s tutor, had, with many others, caught the alarm, that the murderer of Kennedy was taken on the spot where the deed had been done so many years before, and that a woman was mortally wounded. From curiosity, or rather from the feeling that his duty called him to scenes of distress, this gentleman had come to the Kaim of Dorncleugh, and now presented himself. The surgeon arrived at the same time, and was about to probe the wound; but Meg resisted the assistance of either. “It’s no what man can do that will heal me or save me.—Let me speak what I have to say, and then ye may work your will; I’ll be nae hindrance.—But where’s Henry Bertram?”—The assistants, to whom this name had been long a stranger, gazed upon each other.—“Yes!” she said, in a stronger and harsher tone, “I said *Henry Bertram of Ellangowan*. Stand from the light, and let me see him.”

All eyes were turned towards Bertram, who approached the wretched couch. The wounded woman took hold of his hand. “Look at him,” she said, “all that ever saw his father or his grandfather, and bear witness if he is not their living image?” A murmur went through the crowd—

the resemblance was too striking to be denied. "And now hear me—and let that man," pointing to Hatteraick, who was seated with his keepers on a sea-chest at some distance—"let him deny what I say if he can. That is Henry Bertram, son to Godfrey Bertram, umquhile of Ellangowan; that is the child that Dirk Hatteraick carried off from Warroch wood the day that he murdered the gauger. I was there like a wandering spirit—for I longed to see that wood or we left the country. I saved the bairn's life, and sair, sair I prigged and prayed they would leave him wi' me—But they bore him away, and he's been lang ower the sea, and now he's come for his ain, and what should withstand him?—I swore to keep the secret till he was ane-and-twenty—I kenn'd he behoved to dree his weird till that day cam—I keepit that oath—but I swore another to mysell, that if I lived to see the day of his return, I would set him in his father's seat, if every step was on a dead man. I have keepit that oath. I will be ae step mysell—He (pointing to Hatteraick) will soon be another, and there will be ane mair yet."

The clergyman, now interposing, remarked it was a pity this deposition was not regularly taken and written down, and the surgeon urged the necessity of examining the wound, previously to exhausting her by questions. When she saw them removing

Hatteraick, in order to clear the room and leave the surgeon to his operations, she called out aloud, raising herself at the same time upon the couch, "Dirk Hatteraick, you and I will never meet again until we are before the judgment-seat—Will ye own to what I have said?" He turned his hardened brow upon her, with a look of dumb and inflexible defiance. "Dirk Hatteraick, dare ye deny, with my blood upon your hands, one word of what my dying breath is uttering?"—He looked at her with the same expression of hardihood and dogged stubbornness, and moved his lips, but uttered no sound. "Then fareweel!" she said, "and God forgive you! your hand has sealed my evidence.—When I was in life, I was the mad randy gypsy, that had been scourged, and banished, and branded,—that had begged from door to door, and been hounded like a stray tyke from parish to parish—wha would hae minded *her* word?—But now I am a dying woman, and my words will not fall to the ground, any more than the earth will cover my blood!"

She here paused, and all left the hut except the surgeon and two or three women. After a very short examination, he shook his head, and resigned his post by the dying woman's side to the clergyman.

A chaise returning empty to Kippletringan had been stopped on the high road by a constable, who

foresaw it would be necessary to convey Hatteraick to jail. The driver, understanding what was going on at Derncleugh, left his horses to the care of a blackguard boy, confiding, it is to be supposed, rather in their years and discretion than in his, and set off full speed to sec, as he expressed himself, “whaten a sort o’ fun was gaun on.” He arrived just as the group of tenants and peasants, whose numbers increased every moment, satiated with gazing upon the rugged features of Hatteraick, had turned their attention towards Bertram. Almost all of them, especially the aged men who had seen Ellangowan in his better days, felt and acknowledged the justice of Meg Merrilies’s appeal. But the Scotch are a cautious people; they remembered there was another in possession of the estate, and they as yet only expressed their feelings in low whispers to each other. Our friend Jock Jabos, the postillion, forced his way into the middle of the circle; but no sooner cast his eyes upon Bertram, than he started back in amazement, with a solemn exclamation, “As sure as there’s breath in man, it’s auld Ellangowan arisen from the dead!”

This public declaration of an unprejudiced witness was just the spark wanted to give fire to the popular feeling, which burst forth in three distinct shouts:—“Bertram for ever!”—“Long life to the heir of Ellangowan!”—“God send him his

ain, and to live among us as his forebears did of yore !”

“ I.hae been seventy years on the land,” said one.

“ I and mine hae been seven^{ty} and seventy to that,” said another ; “ I have a right to ken the glance of a Bertram.”

“ I and mine hae been three hundred years here,” said another old man, “ and I sall sell my last cow. but I’ll see the young laird in his right.”

The women, ever delighted with the marvellous, and not less so when a handsome young man is the subject of the tale, added their shrill acclamations to the general all-hail. “ Blessings on him—he’s the very picture o’ his father !—the Bertrams were aye the wale o’ the country side !”

“ Eh ! that his puir mother, that died in grief and in doubt about him, had but lived to see this day !” exclaimed some voices.

“ But we’ll help him to his ain, kimmers,” cried others ; “ and before Glossin sall keep the Place of Ellangowan, we’ll howk him out o’t wi’ our nails !”

Others crowded around Dinmont, who was nothing loth to tell what he knew of his friend, and to boast the honour which he had in contributing to the discovery. As he was known to several persons present, his testimony afforded an additional motive to the general enthusiasm. In short,

it was one of those moments of intense feeling, when the frost of the Scottish melts like a snow-wreath, and the dissolving torrent carries dam and dyke before it.

The sudden shouts interrupted the devotions of the clergyman ; and Meg, who was in one of those dozing fits of stupefaction that precede the close of existence, suddenly started—" Dinna ye hear?—dinna ye hear?—he's owned!—he's owned!—I lived but for this.—I am a sinfu' woman ; but if my curse brought it down,—my blessing has ta'en it off! And now I wad hae liked to hae said mair. But it canna be. Stay"—she continued, stretching her head towards the gleam of light that shot through the narrow slit which served for a window, " Is he not there?—stand out o' the light, and let me look upon him ance mair. But the darkness is in my ain een," she said, sinking back, after an earnest gaze upon vacuity—" it's a' ended now,

‘ Pass breath,
Come death ! ’ ”

And, sinking back upon her couch of straw, she expired without a groan. The clergyman and the surgeon carefully noted down all that she had said, now deeply regretting they had not examined her more minutely, but both remaining morally convinced of the truth of her disclosure.

Hazlewood was the first to compliment Bertram upon the near prospect of his being restored to his name and rank in society. The people around, who now learned from Jabos that Bertram was the person who had wounded him, were struck with his generosity, and added his name to Bertram's in their exulting acclamations.

Some, however, demanded of the postillion how he had not recognised Bertram when he saw him some time before at Kippletringan? to which he gave the very natural answer,—“ Hout, what was I thinking about Ellangowan then?—It was the cry that was rising e'en now that the young laird was found, that put me on finding out the likeness—There was nae missing it ance ane was set to look for't.”

The obduracy of Hatteraick during the latter part of this scene was in some slight degree shaken. He was observed to twinkle with his eye-lids—to attempt to raise his bound hands for the purpose of pulling his hat over his brow—to look angrily and impatiently to the road, as if anxious for the vehicle which was to remove him from the spot. At length Mr Hazlewood, apprehensive that the popular ferment might take a direction towards him, directed he should be taken to the post-chaise, and so removed to the town of Kippletringan to be at Mr Mac-Morlan's disposal; at the same time he sent an express to warn that gentleman of what

had happened. “And now,” he said to Bertram, “I should be happy if you would accompany me to Hazlewood-house ; but as that might not be so agreeable just now as I trust it will be in a day or two, you must allow me to return with you to Woodbourne. But you are on foot.”—“O if the young laird would take my horse !”—“Or mine”—“Or mine,” said half a dozen voices—“Or mine ; he can trot ten mile an hour without whip or spur, and he’s the young laird’s frae this moment, if he likes to take him for a herezeld, as they ca’d it lang syne.”—Bertram readily accepted the horse as a loan, and poured forth his thanks to the assembled crowd for their good wishes, which they repaid with shouts and vows of attachment.

While the happy owner was directing one lad to “gae down for the new saddle ;” another, “just to rin the beast ower wi’ a dry wisp o’ strae ;” a third, “to hie down and borrow Dan Dunkieson’s plated stirrups,” and expressing his regret, “that there was nae time to gie the nag a feed that the young laird might ken his mettle,” Bertram, taking the clergyman by the arm, walked into the vault, and shut the door immediately after them. He gazed in silence for some minutes upon the body of Meg Merrilies, as it lay before him, with the features sharpened by death, yet still retaining the stern and energetic character, which had maintained in life her superiority as the wild chieftainess

of the lawless people amongst whom she was born. The young soldier dried the tears which involuntarily rose upon viewing this wreck, which might be said to have died a victim to her fidelity to his family. He then took the clergyman's hand, and asked solemnly, if she appeared able to give that attention to his devotions which befitted a departing person?

"My dear sir," said the good minister, "I trust this poor woman had remaining sense to feel and join in the import of my prayers. But let us humbly hope we are judged of by our opportunities of religious and moral instruction. In some degree she might be considered as an uninstructed heathen, even in the bosom of a Christian country; and let us remember, that the errors and vices of an ignorant life were balanced by instances of disinterested attachment, amounting almost to heroism. To HIM, who can alone weigh our crimes and errors against our efforts towards virtue, we consign her with awe, but not without hope."

"May I request," said Bertram, "that you will see every decent solemnity attended to in behalf of this poor woman? I have some property belonging to her in my hands—at all events I will be answerable for the expence—you will hear of me at Woodbourne."

Dinmont, who had been furnished with a horse by one of his acquaintance, now loudly called out

that all was ready for their return ; and Bertram and Hazlewood, after a strict exhortation to the crowd, which was now increased to several hundreds, to preserve good order in their rejoicing, as the least ungoverned zeal might be turned to the disadvantage of the young Laird, as they termed him, took their leave amid the shouts of the multitude.

As they rode past the ruined cottages at Derncleugh, Dinmont said, “ I’m sure when ye come to your ain, Captain, ye’ll no forget to bigg a bit eot-house there? Deil be in me but I wad do’t mysell, an it werena in better hands.—I wadna like to live in’t though, after what she said. Odd, I wad put in auld Elspeth, the bedral’s widow—the like o’ them’s used wi’ graves and ghaists, and thae things.”

A short but brisk ride brought them to Woodbourne. The news of their exploit had already flown far and wide, and the whole inhabitants met them on the lawn with shouts of congratulation. “ That you have seen me alive,” said Bertram to Lucy, who first ran up to him, though Julia’s eyes even anticipated hers, “ you must thank these kind friends.”

With a blush expressing at once pleasure, gratitude, and bashfulness, Lucy courtesied to Hazlewood, but to Dinmont she frankly extended her hand. The honest farmer, in the extravagance

of his joy, carried his freedom farther than the hint warranted, for he imprinted his thanks on the lady's lips, and was instantly shocked at the rudeness of his own conduct. "Lord sake, madam, I ask your pardon," he said; "I forgot but ye had been a bairn o' my ain—the Captain's sac hamely, he gars ane forget himsell."

Old Pleydell now advanced: "Nay, if fees like these are going," he said——

"Stop, stop, Mr Pleydell," said Julia, "you had your fees before-hand—remember last night."

"Why, I do confess a retainer," said the barrister, "but if I don't deserve double fees from both Lucy and you when I conclude my examination of Dirk Hatteraick to-morrow—Gad, I will so supple him!—You shall see, Colonel, and you, my saucy misses, though you may not see, shall hear."

"Ay, that's if we chuse to listen, Counsellor."

"And you think it's two to one you won't chuse that?—But you have curiosity that teaches you the use of your ears now and then."

"I declare, Counsellor, that such saucy bachelors as you would teach us the use of our fingers now and then."

"Reserve them for the harpsichord, my love. Better for all parties."

While this idle chat ran on, Colonel Mannering introduced to Bertram a plain good-looking man,

in a grey coat and waistcoat, buck-skin breeches, and boots. "This, my dear sir, is Mr Mac-Morlan."

"To whom," said Bertram, embracing him cordially, "my sister was indebted for a home, when deserted by all her natural friends and relations."

The Dominie then pressed forward, grinned, chuckled, made a diabolical sound in attempting to whistle, and finally, unable to stifle his emotions, ran away to empty the feelings of his heart at his eyes.

We shall not attempt to describe the expansion of heart and glee of this happy evening.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

————— How like a hateful ape,
Detected grinning 'midst his pilfer'd hoard,
A cunning man appears, whose secret frauds
Are opened to the day!——

COUNT BASIL.

THERE was a great movement at Woodbourne early on the following morning, to attend the examination at Kippletringan. Mr Pleydell, from the investigation which he had formerly bestowed on the dark affair of Kennedy's death, as well as from the general deference due to his professional abilities, was requested by Mr Mac-Morlan and Sir Robert Hazlewood, and another justice of peace who attended, to take the situation of chairman, and the lead in the examination. Colonel Mannerling was invited to sit down with them. The examination, being previous to trial, was private in other respects.

The Counsellor resumed and re-interrogated former evidence. He then examined the clergy-

man and surgeon respecting the dying declaration of Meg Merrilies. They stated, that she distinctly, positively, and repeatedly, declared herself an eye-witness of Kennedy's death by the hands of Hatteraick, and two or three of his crew ; that her presence was accidental ; that she believed their resentment at meeting him, when they were in the act of losing their vessel through means of his information, led to the commission of the crime ; that she said there was one witness of the murder, but who refused to participate in it, still alive,—her nephew, Gabriel Faa ; and she had hinted at another person, who was an accessory after, not before, the fact ; but her strength there failed her. They did not forget to mention her declaration, that she had saved the child, and that he was torn from her by the smugglers, for the purpose of carrying him to Holland.—All these particulars were carefully reduced to writing.

Dirk Hatteraick was then brought in, heavily ironed ; for he had been strictly secured and guarded, owing to his former escape. He was asked his name ; he made no answer :—His profession ; he was silent :—Several other questions were put ; to none of which he returned any reply. Pleydell wiped the glasses of his spectacles, and considered the prisoner very attentively. “ A very trueulent-looking fellow,” he whispered to Mannering ; “ but, as Dogberry says, I'll go cunningly to work

with him.—Here, call in Soles—Soles the shoemaker.—Soles, do you remember measuring some foot-steps imprinted on the mud at the wood of Warroch, upon —— November, 17—?” Soles remembered the circumstance perfectly. “Look at that paper—is that your note of the measurement?”—Soles verified the memorandum—“Now, there stands a pair of shoes on that table; measure them, and see if they correspond with any of the marks you have noted there.” The shoemaker obeyed, and declared “that they answered exactly to the largest of the foot-prints.”

“We will prove,” said the Counsellor, aside to Mannering, “that these shoes, which were found in the ruins at Darncleugh, belonged to Brown, the fellow whom you shot on the lawn at Woodbourne.—Now, Soles, measure that prisoner’s feet very accurately.”

Mannering observed Hatteraick strictly, and could notice a visible tremor. “Do these measurements correspond with any of the foot-prints?”

The man looked at the note, then at his foot-rule and measure—then verified his former measurement by a second. “They correspond,” he said, “within a hair-breadth, to a foot-mark broader and shorter than the former.”

Hatteraick’s genius here deserted him—“Der deyvil!” he broke out, “how could there be a foot-

mark on the ground, when it was a frost as hard as the heart of a Memel log?"

"In the evening, I grant you, Captain Hatteraick, but not in the forenoon—will you favour me with information where you were upon the day you remember so exactly?"

Hatteraick saw his blunder, and again screwed up his hard features for obstinate silence—"Put down his observation, however," said Pleydell to the clerk.

At this moment the door opened, and, much to the surprise of most present, Mr Gilbert Glossin made his appearance. That worthy gentleman had, by dint of watching and eves-dropping, ascertained that he was not mentioned in Meg Merrilies' dying declaration, a circumstance, certainly not owing to her favourable disposition towards him, but to the delay of taking her regular examination, and to the rapid approach of death. He therefore supposed himself safe from all evidence but such as might arise from Hatteraick's confession; to prevent which he resolved to push a bold face, and join his brethren of the bench during his examination. "I shall be able," he thought, "to make the rascal sensible his safety lies in keeping his own counsel and mine; and my presence, besides, will be a proof of confidence and innocence. If I must lose the estate, I must—but I trust better things."

He entered with a profound salutation to Sir

Robert Hazlewood. Sir Robert, who had rather begun to suspect that his plebeian neighbour had made a cat's paw of him, inclined his head stiffly, took snuff, and looked another way—"Mr Corsand, your most humble servant."

"Your humble servant, Mr Glossin," answered Mr Corsand drily, composing his countenance *regis ad exemplar*, that is to say, after the fashion of the Baronet. "Mac-Morlan, my worthy friend, how d'ye do—always upon your duty?"

"Umph," said honest Mac-Morlan, with little respect either to the compliment or salutation. "Colonel Mannering (a low bow slightly returned) and Mr Pleydell, (another low bow) I dared not have hoped for your assistance to poor country gentlemen at this period of the session."

Pleydell took a snuff, and cyed him with a glance equally shrewd and sarcastic—"I'll teach him," he said, "the value of the old admonition, *Ne accesseris in consilium antequam voceris*."

"But perhaps I intrude, gentlemen?—is this an open meeting?"

"For my part," said Mr Pleydell, "so far from considering your attendance as an intrusion, Mr Glossin, I was never so pleased in my life to meet with you, especially as I think we should have had occasion to request the favour of your company in the course of the day."

"Well, then, gentlemen," said Glossin, drawing

his chair to the table, and beginning to bustle about among the papers, "where are we?—how far have we got? where are the declarations?"

"Clerk, give me all these papers," said Mr Pleydell;—"I have an odd way of arranging my documents, Mr Glossin, another person touching them puts me out—but I shall have occasion for your assistance by and by."

Glossin, thus reduced to inactivity, stole one glance at Dirk Hatteraick, but could read nothing in his dark scowl save malignity and hatred to all around. "But, gentlemen," said Glossin, "is it quite right to keep this poor man so heavily ironed, when he is taken up merely for examination?"

This was hoisting a kind of friendly signal to the prisoner. "He has escaped once before," said Mac-Morlan drily, and Glossin was silenced.

Bertram was now introduced, and, to Glossin's confusion, was greeted in the most friendly manner even by Sir Robert Hazlewood himself. He told his recollections of his infancy with that candour and caution of expression which afforded the best warrant for his good faith. "This seems to be rather a civil than a criminal question," said Glossin, rising; "and as you cannot be ignorant, gentlemen, of the effect which this young person's pretended parentage may have on my fortune, I would rather beg leave to retire."

"No, my good sir," said Mr Pleydell, "we can

by no means spare you. But why do you call this young man's claims pretended?—I don't mean to fish for your defences against them, if you have any, 'but'——

“ Mr Pleydell, I think I can explain the matter at once.—This young fellow, whom I take to be a natural son of the late Ellangowan, has gone about this country for some weeks under different names, caballing with a wretched old mad-woman, who, I understand, was shot in a late scuffle, and with other tinkers, gypsies, and persons of that description, stirring up the tenants against their landlords, which, as Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood knows”——

“ Not to interrupt you, Mr Glossin,” said Pleydell, “ I ask who you say this young man is ?”

“ Why, I say, and I believe this gentleman (looking at Hatteraick) knows, that he is a natural son of the late Ellangowan, by a girl called Janet Lightoheel, who was afterwards married to Hewit the shipwright, that lived in the shire of Annan. His name is Godfrey Bertram Hewit, by which name he was entered on board the Royal Caroline excise yacht.”

“ Ay ?” said Pleydell, “ that is a very likely story !—but, not to pause upon some difference of eyes, complexion, and so forth—be pleased to step forward, sir.”——A young seafaring man came forward.——“ Here's the real Simon Pure—here's

Godfrey Bertram Hewit, arrived last night from Antigua *via* Liverpool, mate of a West Indian, and in a fair way of doing well in the world, although he came somewhat irregularly into it."

While some conversation passed between the other justices and this young man, Pleydell lifted from among the papers on the table Hatteraick's old pocket-book. A peculiar glance of the smuggler's eye induced the shrewd lawyer to think there was something here of interest. He therefore continued the examination of the papers, laying the book on the table, but instantly perceived that the prisoner's interest in the research had cooled. "It must be in the book still, whatever it is," thought Pleydell; and again applied himself to the pocket-book, until he discovered, on a narrow scrutiny, a slit between the pasteboard and leather, out of which he drew three small slips of paper. Pleydell now, turning to Glossin, requested the favour that he would tell them if he had assisted at the search for the body of Kennedy, and the child of his patron, upon the day when they disappeared.

"I did not—that is—I did," answered the conscience-struck Glossin.

"It is remarkable though, that, connected as you were with the Ellangowan family, I don't recollect your being examined, or even appearing before me, while that investigation was proceeding?"

“ I was called to London on most important business the morning after that sad affair.”

“ Clerk,” said Pleydell, “ minute down that reply.—I presume the business, Mr Glossin, was to negociate these three bills drawn by you on Messrs Vanbeest and Vanbruggen, and accepted by one Dirk Hatteraick in their name on the very day of the murder.” Glossin’s countenance fell. “ This piece of real evidence makes good the account given of your conduct on this occasion by a man called Gabriel Faa, whom we have now in custody, and who witnessed the whole transaction between you and that worthy prisoner—Have you any explanation to give ?”

“ Mr Pleydell,” said Glossin, with great composure, “ I presume, if you were my counsel, you would not advise me to answer upon the spur of the moment to a charge which the basest of mankind seem ready to establish by perjury.”

“ My advice would be regulated by my opinion of your innocence or guilt. In your case, I believe you take the wisest course ; but you are aware you must stand committed ?”

“ What, sir ? Upon a charge of murder ?”

“ No ; only as art and part of kidnapping the child.”

“ That is aailable offence.”

“ Pardon me,” said Pleydell, “ it is *plagium*, and *plagium* is felony.”

“Forgive me, Mr Pleydell ; there is only one case upon record, Torrence and Waldie. They were, you remember, resurrection-women, who had promised to procure a child’s body for some young surgeons. Being upon honour to their employer, rather than disappoint the evening lecture of the students, they stole a live child, murdered it, and sold the body for three shillings and sixpence. They were hanged, but for the murder, not for the *plagium*. Your civil law has carried you a little too far.”

“Well, sir, but in the meantime we must commit you to the county jail, in case this young man repeats the same story.—Officers, remove Mr Glossin and Hatteraick, and guard them in different apartments.”

Gabriel, the gypsey, was then introduced, and gave a distinct account of his deserting from Captain Pritchard’s vessel and joining the smugglers in the action, and how Dirk Hatteraick set fire to his ship when he found her disabled, and under cover of the smoke escaped with his crew, and as much goods as they could save, into the cavern, where they proposed to lie till night-fall. Hatteraick himself, his mate Vanbeest Brown, and three others, of whom the declarant was one, went into the neighbouring woods to communicate with some of their friends in the neighbourhood. They fell in with Kennedy unexpectedly, and Hatteraick

and Brown, aware that he was the occasion of their disasters, resolved to murder him. He stated, that, after the deed, they regained the cavern by different routes, and Dirk Hatteraick was giving an account how he had pushed a huge crag over, as Kennedy lay groaning on the beach, when Glossin suddenly appeared among them. To the whole transaction by which Hatteraick purchased his secrecy he was witness. Respecting young Bertram, he could give a distinct account till he went to India, after which he had lost sight of him until he unexpectedly saw him in Liddesdale. He stated, that he instantly sent notice to his aunt, Meg Merrilies, as well as to Hatteraick, who he knew was then upon the coast, but that he had incurred his aunt's displeasure upon the latter account. He concluded, that his aunt had immediately declared that she would do all that lay in her power to help young Ellangowan to his right, even if it should be by informing against Dirk Hatteraick ; and that many of her people assisted her besides himself, from a belief that she was gifted with supernatural inspirations. With the same purpose, he understood, his aunt had given to Bertram the treasure of the tribe, of which she had the custody. Three or four gypsies mingled in the crowd when the Custom-House was attacked, for the purpose of liberating Bertram, which he had himself effected. He said, that in obeying

Meg's dictates they did not pretend to estimate their propriety or rationality, the respect in which she was held by her tribe precluding all such subjects of speculation. Upon farther interrogation he added, that his aunt had always said that Harry Bertram carried that round his neck which would ascertain his birth. It was a spell, she said, that an Oxford scholar had made for him, and she possessed the smugglers with an opinion, that to deprive him of it would occasion the loss of the vessel.

Bertram here produced a small velvet bag, which he said he had worn round his neck from his earliest infancy, and which he had preserved, first, from superstitious reverence, and, latterly, from the hope that it might serve one day to aid in the discovery of his birth. The bag, being opened, was found to contain a blue silk case, from which was drawn a scheme of nativity. Upon inspecting this paper, Colonel Mannering instantly admitted it was his own composition; and afforded the strongest and most satisfactory evidence, that the possessor of it must necessarily be the young heir of Ellangowan, by avowing his having first appeared in that country in the character of an astrologer.

“And now,” said Pleydell, “make out warrants of commitment for Hatteraick and Glossin until liberated in due course of law. I am sorry for Glossin.”

“ Now, I think,” said Mannering, “ he’s incomparably the least deserving of pity of the two. The other’s a bold fellow, though as hard as flint.”

“ Very natural, Colonel, that you should be interested in the ruffian and I in the knave—that’s all professional taste—but I can tell you Glossin would have been a pretty lawyer, had he not had such a turn for the roguish part of the profession.”

“ Scandal would say, he might not be the worse lawyer for that.”

“ Scandal would tell a lie, then, as she usually does. Law’s like laudanum ; its much more easy to use it as a quack does, than to learn to apply it like a physician.”

CHAPTER XXXV.

Unfit to live or die—O marble heart !

After him, fellows, drag him to the block.

Measure for Measure.

THE jail at the county town of the shire of ——— was one of those old-fashioned dungeons which disgraced Scotland until of late years. When the prisoners and their guard arrived there, Hatteraick, whose violence and strength were well known, was secured in what was called the condemned ward. This was a large apartment near the top of the prison. A round bar of iron, about the thickness of a man's arm above the elbow, crossed the apartment horizontally at the height of about six inches from the floor, and was built into the wall at either end. Hatteraick's ancles were secured within shackles, which were connected by a chain at the distance of about four feet, with a large iron ring which travelled upon the bar we have described. Thus a prisoner might shuffle along the length of the bar from one side of the room to another, but could not rest farther from it in any

other direction than the length of the chain admitted. When his feet had been thus secured, the keeper removed his hand-cuffs, and left his person at liberty in other respects.

Hatteraick had not been long in this place of confinement, before Glossin arrived at the same prison-house. In respect to his comparative rank and education, he was not ironed, but placed in a decent apartment, under the inspection of Mac-Guffog, who, since the destruction of the Bridewell of Portanferry by the mob, had acted here as an under-turnkey. When Glossin was inclosed within this room, and had solitude and leisure to calculate all the chances against him and in his favour, he could not prevail upon himself to consider the game as desperate. "The estate is lost," he said, "that must go; and, between Pleydell and Mac-Morlan, they'll cut down my claim on it to a trifle. My character—but if I get off with life and liberty, I'll get money yet, and varnish that over again. Let me see:—This Bertram was a child at the time—his evidence must be imperfect—the other fellow is a deserter, a gypsy, and an outlaw—Meg Merilics, d—n her, is dead. These infernal bills!—Hatteraick brought them with him, I suppose, to have the means of threatening me, or extorting money from me. I must endeavour to see the rascal;—must get him to stand steady;—must get him to put some other colour upon the business."

His mind teeming with schemes of future deceit to cover former villainy, he spent the time in arranging and combining them until the hour of supper. Mac-Guffog attended upon this occasion. After giving him a glass of brandy, and sounding him with one or two cajoling speeches, Glossin made it his request that he would help him to an interview with Dirk Hatteraick. "Impossible! utterly impossible! it's contrary to the express orders of Mr Mac-Morlan, and the captain (as the head jailor of a county jail is called in Scotland) would never forgie me."

"But why should he know of it?" said Glossin, slipping a couple of guineas into Mac-Guffog's hand.

The turnkey weighed the gold, and looked sharp at Glossin. "Eye, eye, Mr Glossin, ye ken the ways o' this place—Lookee, at lock-up hour, I'll return and bring ye up stairs to him—But ye must stay a' night in his cell, for I must carry the keys to the captain for the night, and I cannot let you out again until morning—then I'll visit the wards half an hour earlier than usual, and ye may get out, and be snug in your ain birth when the captain gangs his rounds."

When the hour of ten had pealed from the neighbouring steeple, Mac-Guffog came prepared with a small dark lantern. He said softly to Glossin, "Slip your shoes off, and follow me." When

Glossin was out of the door, Mac-Guffog, as if in the execution of his ordinary duty, and speaking to a prisoner within, called aloud, "Good-night to you, sir," and locked the door, clattering the bolts with much ostentatious noise. He then guided Glossin up a steep and narrow stair, at the top of which was the door of the condemned ward; he unbarred and unlocked it, and, giving Glossin the lantern, made a sign to him to enter, and locked the door behind him with the same affected accuracy.

In the large dark cell into which he was thus introduced, Glossin's feeble light for some time enabled him to discover nothing. At length he could dimly distinguish a pallet bed stretched on the floor beside the great iron bar which traversed the room, and on that pallet reposed the figure of a man. Glossin approached him, "Dirk Hatteraick!"

"Donner and hagel!" said the prisoner, sitting up, and clashing his fetters as he rose, "then my dream is true! Begone, and leave me to myself—it will be your best."

"What! my good friend, will you allow the prospect of a few weeks confinement to depress your spirit?"

"Yes—when I am only to be released by a halter!—Let me alone—go about your business, and turn the lamp from my face!"

"Psha! my dear Dirk, don't be afraid—I have a glorious plan to make all right."

“ To the bottomless pit with your plans ! you have planned me out of ship, cargo, and life ; and I dreamt this moment that Meg Merrilies dragged you here by the hair, and gave me the long clasped knife she used to wear—you don’t know what she said. Sturm wetter ! it will be your wisdom not to tempt me !”

“ But, Hatteraick, my good friend, do but rise and speak to me.”

“ I will not !—you have caused all the mischief ; you would not let Meg keep the boy ; she would have returned him after he had forgot all.”

“ Why, Hatteraick, you are turned driveller !”

“ Wetter ! will you deny that all that cursed attempt at Portanferry, which lost both sloop and crew, was your device for your own job ?”

“ But the goods, you know”——

“ Curse the goods ! we could have got plenty more ; but, der deyvil ! to lose the ship and the fine fellows, and my own life, for a cursed coward villain, that always works his own mischief with other people’s hands ! Speak to me no more—I’m dangerous.”

“ But, Dirk—but, Hatteraick, hear me only a few words.”

“ Hagel ! nein.”

“ Only one sentence.”

“ Tausand curses—nein !”

“ At least get up, for an obstinate Dutch brute,”

said Glossin, losing his temper, and pushing Hatteraick with his foot.

“Donner and blitzen !” said Hatteraick, springing up and grappling with him ; “ you *will* have it then ?”

Glossin struggled and resisted, but so ineffectually under his surprise at the fury of the assault, that he fell under Hatteraick, the back part of his neck coming full upon the iron bar with stunning violence. The death-grapple continued. The room immediately below the condemned ward, being that of Glossin, was, of course, empty ; but the inmates of the second apartment beneath felt the shock of Glossin’s heavy fall, and heard a noise as of struggling and of groans. But all sounds of horror were too congenial to this place to excite much curiosity or interest.

In the morning, faithful to his promise, MacGuffog came—“ Mr Glossin,” said he, in a whispering voice.

“ Call louder,” answered Dirk Hatteraick.

“ Mr Glossin, for God’s sake come away !”

“ He’ll hardly do that without help,” said Hatteraick.

“ What are you chattering there for, MacGuffog ?” called out the captain from below.

“ Come away, for God’s sake !” repeated the turnkey.

At this moment the jailor made his appearance

with a light. Great was his surprise, and even horror, to observe Glossin's body lying doubled across the iron bar, in a posture that excluded all idea of his being alive. Hatteraick was quietly stretched upon his pallet within a yard of his victim. In lifting Glossin, it was found he had been dead for some hours. His body bore uncommon marks of violence. The spine where it joins the skull had received severe injury by his first fall. There were distinct marks of strangulation about the throat, which corresponded with the blackened state of his face. The head was turned backward over the shoulder, as if the neck had been wrung round with desperate violence. So that it would seem that his inveterate antagonist had fixed a fatal gripe upon the wretch's throat, and never quitted it while life lasted. The lantern, crushed and broken to pieces, lay beneath the body.

Mac-Morlan was in the town, and came instantly to examine the corpse. "What brought Glossin here?" said he to Hatteraick.

"The devil!" answered the ruffian.

"And what did you do to him?"

"Sent him to hell before me!" replied the miscreant.

"Wretch, you have crowned a life spent without a single virtue, with the murder of your miserable accomplice!"

"Virtue? donner! I was always faithful to my

ship-owners—always accounted for cargo to the last stiver. Hark ye ! let me have pen and ink, and I'll write an account of the whole to our house ; and leave me alone a couple of hours, will ye—and let them take away that piece o' carrion, donner !”

Mac-Morlan deemed it the best way to humour the savage ; he was furnished with writing materials and left alone. When they again opened the door, it was found that this determined villain had anticipated justice. He had adjusted a cord taken from the truckle bed, and attached it to a bone, the relique of his yesterday's dinner, which he had contrived to drive into the wall at a height as great as he could reach, standing upon the bar. Having fastened the noose, he had the resolution to drop his body as if to fall on his knees, and to retain that posture until resolution was no longer necessary. The letter he had written to his owners, though chiefly upon the business of their trade, contained many allusions to the youngster of Ellangowan, as he called him, and afforded absolute confirmation of all Meg Merrilies and her nephew had told.

To dismiss the catastrophe of these two wretched men, I shall only add, that Mac-Guffog was turned out of office, notwithstanding his declaration, (which he offered to attest by oath,) that he had locked Glossin safely in his own room upon the night preceding his being found dead in Dirk Hatteraick's cell. His story, however, found faith with the

worthy Mr Skriegh, and other lovers of the marvellous, who still hold that the Enemy of Mankind brought these two wretches together upon that night, by supernatural interference, that they might fill up the cup of their guilt and its meed, by murder and suicide.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

To sum the whole—the close of all.

DEAN SWIFT.

As Glossin died without heirs and without payment of the price, the estate of Ellangowan was again thrown upon the hands of Mr Godfrey Bertram's creditors, the right of many of whom was however defeasible, in case Henry Bertram should establish his character of heir of entail. This young gentleman put his affairs into the hands of Mr Pleydell and Mr Mac-Morlan, with one single proviso, that, though he himself should be obliged again to go to India, every debt, justly and honourably due by his father, should be made good to the claimant. Mannering, who heard this declaration, grasped him kindly by the hand, and from that moment might be dated a thorough understanding between them. .

The hoards of Miss Margaret Bertram, and the liberal assistance of the Colonel, easily enabled

the heir to make provision for payment of the just creditors, while the ingenuity and research of his law friends detected, especially in the accounts of Glossin, so many overcharges as greatly diminished the total amount. In these circumstances the creditors did not hesitate to recognize Bertram's right, and to surrender to him the house of his ancestors. All the party rushed from Woodbourne to take possession, amid the shouts of the tenantry and the neighbourhood; and so eager was Colonel Mannering to superintend certain operations which he had recommended to Bertram, that he removed with his family from Woodbourne to Ellangowan, although at present containing much less and much inferior accommodation.

The poor Dominie's brain was almost turned with joy. He posted up stairs, taking three steps at once, to a little shabby attic, his cell and dormitory in former days, and which the possession of his much superior apartment at Woodbourne had never banished from his memory. Here one sad thought suddenly struck the honest man—the books!—no three rooms in Ellangowan were capable to contain them. While this qualifying reflection was passing through his mind, he was suddenly summoned by Mannering to assist in calculating some proportions relating to a large and splendid house, which was to be built on the scite of the New Place of Ellangowan, in a style cor-

responding to the magnificence of the ruins in its vicinity. Among the various rooms in the plan, the Dominie observed, that one of the largest was entitled **THE LIBRARY**; and close beside was a snug well-proportioned chamber, entitled, **MR SAMPSON'S APARTMENT**.—"Prodigious, prodigious, prodigious!" shouted the enraptured Dominie.

Mr Pleydell had left the party for some time; but he returned, according to promise, during the Christmas recess of the courts. He drove up to Ellangowan when all the family were abroad but the Colonel, who was busy with plans of buildings and pleasure-grounds, in which he was well skilled, and took great delight.

"Ah ha!" said the Counsellor, "so here you are! Where are the ladies? where is the fair Julia?"—

"Walking out with young Hazlewood, Bertram, and Captain Delasserre, a friend of his, who is with us just now. They are gone to plan out a cottage at Derncleugh. Well, have you carried through your law business?"

"With a wet finger; got our youngster's special service retoured into Chancery. We had him served heir before the macers."

"Macers? who are they?"

"Why, it is a kind of judicial Saturnalia. You must know, that one of the requisites to be a ma-

cat, or officer in attendance upon our supreme court, is, that they shall be men of no knowledge."

"Very well!"

"Now, our Scottish legislature, for the joke's sake I suppose, have constituted those men of no knowledge into a peculiar court for trying questions of relationship and descent, such as this business of Bertram, which often involve the most nice and complicated questions of evidence."

"The devil they have? I should think that rather inconvenient."

"O, we have a practical remedy for the theoretical absurdity. One or two of the judges act upon such occasions as prompters and assessors to their own door-keepers. But you know what Cujacius says, '*Multa sunt in moribus dissentanea, multa sine ratione.*' However, this Saturnalian court has done our business; and a glorious batch of claret we had afterwards at Walker's. Mac-Morlan will stare when he sees the bill."

"Never fear," said the Colonel, "we'll face the shock, and entertain the country at my friend Mrs Mac-Candlish's to boot."

"And chuse Jock Jabos for your master of horse?"

"Perhaps I may."

"And where is Dandie, the redoubted Lord of Liddesdale?"

“Returned to his mountains; but he has promised Julia to make a descent in summer, with the goodwife, as he calls her, and I don’t know how many children.”

“O, the curly-headed varlets! I must come to play at Blind Harry and Hy Spy with them.—But what is all this?” taking up the plans;—“tower in the centre to be an imitation of the Eagle Tower at Caernarvon—*corps de logis*—the devil!—wings—wings? why, the house will take the estate of Ellangowan on its back, and fly away with it!”

“Why then, we must ballast it with a few bags of Sicca rupees.”

“Aha! sits the wind there? Then I suppose the young dog carries off my mistress Julia?”

“Even so, Counsellor.”

“These rascals, the *post-nati*, get the better of us of the old school at every turn. But she must convey and make over her interest in me to Lucy.”

“To tell you the truth, I am afraid your flank will be turned there too.”

“Indeed!”

“Here has been Sir Robert Hazlewood upon a vist to Bertram, thinking, and deeming, and opining”——

“O Lord! spare me the worthy Baronet’s triads!”

"Well, sir; he conceived that as the property of Singleside lay like a wedge between two farms of his, and was four or five miles separated from Ellangowan, something like a sale, or exchange, or arrangement might take place, to the mutual convenience of both parties."

"Well, and Bertram"——

"Why, Bertram replied, that he considered the original settlement of Mrs Margaret Bertram as the arrangement most proper in the circumstances of the family, and that therefore the estate of Singleside was the property of his sister."

"The rascal!" said Pleydell, wiping his spectacles, "he'll steal my heart as well as my mistress—*Et puis?*"

"And then, Sir Robert retired after many gracious speeches; but last week he again took the field in force, with his coach and six horses, his laced scarlet waistcoat, and best bob-wig—all very grand, as the good-boy books say."

"Ay! and what was his overture?"

"Why, he talked with great form of an attachment on the part of Charles Hazlewood to Miss Bertram."

"Ay, ay; he respected the little god Cupid when he saw him perched on the Dun of Singleside. And is poor Lucy to keep house with that old fool and his wife, who is just the knight himself in petticoats?"

GUY MANNERING.

"No—we ~~passed~~ that. Singleside-house is to be repaired for the young people, and to be called hereafter Mount Hazlewood."

"And do you yourself propose to continue at Woodbourne?"

"Only till we carry these plans into effect. See, here's the plan of my Bungalow, with all convenience for being separate and sulky when I please."

"And, being next door to the old castle, you may repair Donagild's tower for the nocturnal contemplation of the celestial bodies? Bravo, Colonel!"

"No, no, my dear Counsellor! Here ends THE ASTROLOGER."

END OF GUY MANNERING.

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